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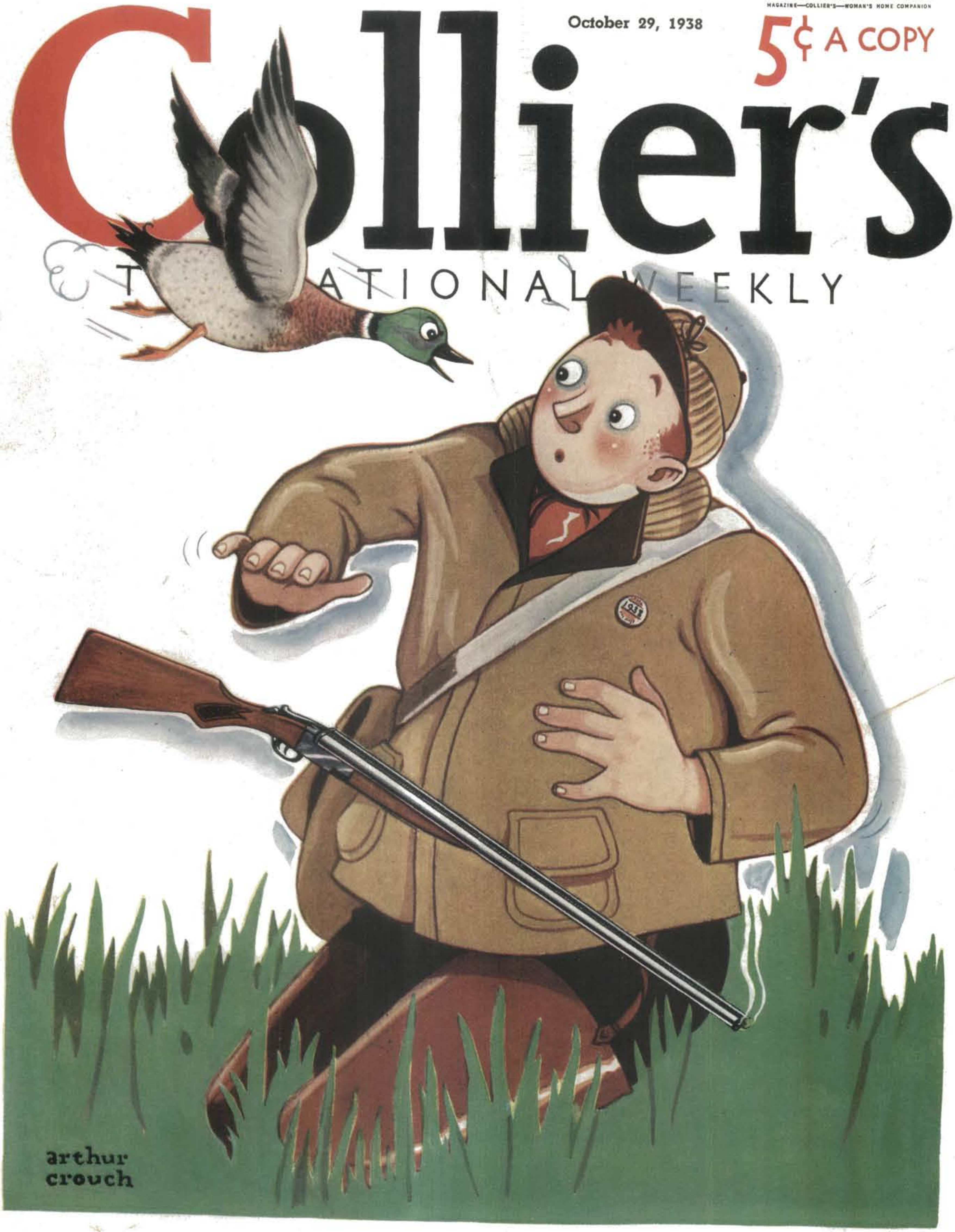
October 29, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Beginning a Story of Love and Heroism Under

NONE BUT THE BRAVE

BY HUMP

MRS J O MAJOR
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ct. 29, 1938

CONFIDENT
AND CAREFREE !
"Eat, drink and be merry — aye, indeed ! But take heed that thou eat wisely and that thou drink ever so wisely . . . else in no wise canst thou long remain merry !"
. . . Medieval Proverb
BECKHOFF
Finch's
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
JOS. S. FINCH & CO. INC.

Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

How about your next Old-fashioned, Manhattan, or highball? You're just BOUND to like it better if it's made with a whiskey you really feel good about! So why pull your punch? Go ALL the way and ask for Golden Wedding. There's a feeling of pleasant satisfaction in the knowledge it's ALL whiskey—de luxe whiskey—a truly grand union of peerless straight whiskies from the famous House of Finch. Even the very youngest whiskey in it is 4 years old. An honest, forthright, 4-square product if there ever was one—COMPLETELY whiskey—and completely delicious!

Golden Wedding

AND AT THE BAR— When you see this tall bottle at the bar, you're in a place that gives you *ALL* whiskey...Finch's finest. A blend of straight whiskies . . . 90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old!

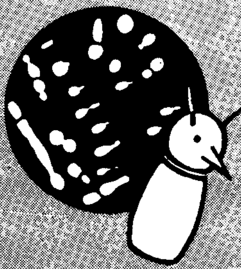
GOLDEN WEDDING
As you prefer, in Bourbon or Rye

COPR. 1938, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

Even the youngest whiskey in it is 4 years old

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WONDER WHAT A PITYROSPORUM OVALE* THINKS ABOUT



***Pityrosporum ovale**—the queer, bottle-shaped germ, finally identified by Science, after years of intensive research, as the cause of dandruff.

Oh Boy! The last club member who used this locker-room comb left me stranded on it. Now's my chance to have a little fun!

Ha! I've got this fellow, all right. He's scratching like mad. Knows he's got dandruff, but he doesn't know what to do about it.

Oops! He's going to take treatments. Doesn't look so good for me. Hope he isn't wise to Listerine—that's all I'm worried about.

Ho! Ho! The poor sap . . . using one of those trick, dandruff "cures." I needn't worry now. This guy hasn't the faintest idea what dandruff's all about.

Wow! He's looking at that Listerine ad. Sure as shooting he's going to learn that I cause dandruff; that Listerine cures it by killing me.

Help! Murder! It's all over now. Once he starts on the Listerine treatment I'm done for! And to think, if he hadn't discovered that *Listerine kills the dandruff germ*, I might be looking forward to a long happy life right now!

Thousands turn to Listerine as science proves it CURES DANDRUFF

IT IS WONDERFUL HOW LISTERINE STOPS THAT AWFUL SCALING, ITCHING AND BURNING

Clinical evidence that Listerine Antiseptic kills queer Pityrosporum ovale germ, that causes dandruff, starts wave of home treatments . . . letters pour in telling of rapid, complete cures

Ever since the amazing dandruff cures accomplished with Listerine became a matter of clinical record, thousands of dandruff sufferers throughout the country have swung over to Listerine for quick, effective relief. Many of them write to us, fervently praising Listerine Antiseptic for what it has done for them.

Here are a few random excerpts from the hundreds of grateful letters that reach us:

> *"Have been using Listerine Antiseptic for only two weeks. Already feel wonderfully relieved from the horrible itchy feeling."*
>
> *"Two weeks after first using it my dandruff was gone."*
>
> *"Tried Listerine Antiseptic for 21 days and can find no trace of dandruff now."*
>
> *"Tried everything possible, until one day I used Listerine Antiseptic. The itching stopped at once. My hair has stopped falling out."*

Kills the Germ

In the sensational research that established the Pityrosporum ovale germ as the cause of dandruff, it was positively proved that Listerine kills the germ.

When a mid-western skin clinic instructed dandruff patients to use the daily Listerine Antiseptic Treatment, a substantial number obtained marked relief within the first two weeks on the average.

Seventy-six per cent of a group of dandruff sufferers at a New Jersey Clinic, who used the Listerine Antiseptic Treatment twice daily, showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within thirty days.

Start Treatment Today

Don't waste time on ordinary remedies that merely wash away dandruff symptoms temporarily. Start ridding your scalp of the dandruff germ with Listerine Antiseptic today.

And remember, like any other germ disease, dandruff is a stubborn malady requiring persistent treatment. Even after it has been cured, it is wise to guard against re-infection by occasional Listerine Antiseptic massages at regular intervals.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Cut this out

THE TREATMENT

MEN should simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on the head right from the bottle and rub it in briskly, massaging the scalp with the fingertips.

WOMEN get best results in using Listerine Antiseptic for dandruff by parting the hair with a comb and using an eye-dropper to apply the antiseptic right along the part. Go over the entire head in this way, making parts about one-half inch away from each other. In each part apply the Listerine Antiseptic with the medicine dropper. This gets the Listerine Antiseptic right on the scalp without wetting the hair excessively. Then massage the scalp briskly with the fingertips.

Both men and women should massage the scalp for three or four minutes vigorously. Preferably do not shampoo until the following day. This treatment should be repeated daily until the infection has been brought under control. After that, once a week applications are suggested to prevent reinfection from comb, brush or hat bands.

If the scalp or hair are very dry it is advisable to use either oil or brilliantine the day following the treatment with Listerine Antiseptic. The brilliantine may be sprayed on the hair with an atomizer.

Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to affect the color or texture of hair.

LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved 4602 by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

P.S. *Listerine Antiseptic, which has been discovered to be such an excellent germicidal treatment for dandruff, is the same Listerine Antiseptic which has been used as a mouth wash and gargle for more than 25 years.*

LISTERINE the PROVED treatment for DANDRUFF

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

October 29, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and **JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editors

Next Week

MR. HALLIDAY, who ran Suprematone Pictures and, by some magic known only to himself, turned out good movies with great regularity, had a very definite standard of values. His job came first, women second and his wife third.

Bill and Jeffrey, who unwillingly wrote his scripts for him, felt that he was not such a bad sort, but no one you would want to work for. It was Jeff's wife Myrtle who evened the score in a way we defy you to guess. "The Girl Who Got There" is by James Hilton.

IT'S our job now to take up a subject that might fairly be called controversial—the President. And we make no claims that the article is nonpartisan—in case anyone believes that possible. It was written by Congressman Bruce Barton and is called "What's Wrong with Roosevelt." In it you will find the views of a Republican who finds much to admire in the President and a great deal to criticize.

NOBODY in Tommy Killgrain's home town had forgotten that he was brought up on the wrong side of the tracks. He was a hero; he had won the Open; but some people still had doubts. Then came the match with Les Jordan, and rumors of cheating. And proof, too. Even Jean Drake began to wonder. "Money Player," a drama of the golf course, is by John Hawkins.

AFTER a brief and spectacular career in the movies Miss Kiesler of Vienna married a munitions king and settled down to live in a castle. Most Viennese girls would have found that pretty satisfactory. Not Miss Kiesler. Escape, she felt, was imperative, and the direction she took was west. As a result she is now brightening thousands of screens under the name of Hedy Lamarr. Her story is told by Kyle Crichton.

NOT many get "Out of Alcatraz." It takes a determined man to make a break. Henry Smith was that. He was vicious, too, and very fast with a knife. Bill Orr and the girl would have done better to fish a cobra out of San Francisco Bay. As luck would have it, there were no cobras in the Bay, and so Bill saved the convict. Once Smith was aboard the boat, Bill was helpless. The tense drama in the fog is presented by Charles J. Hubbard.

ADDITIONAL contributions come from Stewart Robertson, Jerry Lewis, Freling Foster, Humphrey Cobb, W. B. Courtney, John August and others.

This Week

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●

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Keep Up with the World. Guess what! Page 6

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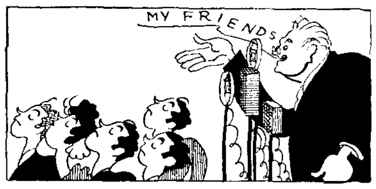
COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

WE COME now to the assistance of Mr. J. A. Hummel of St. Paul, Minnesota. He desires us to announce his call for assistance in "inducing our President to change his form of address in his fireside chats. He still uses," complains Mr. Hummel, "that introductory 'My friends.' I insist that he should include more of us."



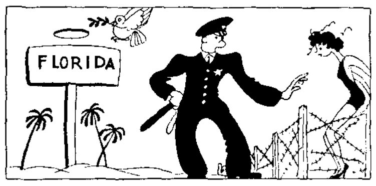
AND Mr. Alvin Hamburg of Chicago, Illinois, has arrived at the conclusion that if you don't own a motorcar you should buy one in self-defense. "According to the statistics," says Mr. Hamburg, "sixty-five per cent of all motorcars bought are used for pleasure. The other thirty-five per cent, I find, buy them in self-defense. This is clear after watching the sixty-five per cent drive. In the meantime posterity is just around the corner seeking safety."

AN AGED friend of Mrs. H. W. Sherman of Los Angeles, California, spends her days in a wheel chair listening to radio announcers relate the gory horrors in progress in distant parts. Aided by a gazetteer, a globe and a geography, the old lady has been able to keep up pretty well. But one of the announcers pulled a literary allusion on her—"a short cut to Utopia." She had quite a time locating it. She discovered three Utopias in her reference books—in Ohio, in Texas and in Ontario—but they didn't seem to fit the radio announcements. Said she: "He must have been talking about one of those foreign Utopias where they're always fighting."

WE'VE been invited by Mr. Harry O'Dell of London, Kentucky, to assist in the refereeing of the World's Championship "Chawen-Spatten Terbaccer" contest. Mr. O'Dell sends us the rules under which this juicy battle will be fought. The player sits, legs crossed, six feet from the target. When ready he lets go at a six-inch target surrounded by four white and four yellow 25-watt lamps. The idea is to deluge the exposed contact wires and put out as many electric lights as possible. Players must not hitch their chairs around or forward or, seeking greater speed, rise therefrom. The winner gets two dollars and a box of winter eating tobacco. Also a possible radio contract. A bull's-eye puts out all the lights and releases a set of chimes that play America. Only American citizens are eligible but the contest is open to both sexes.

THE most sinister news we've received for some time comes from Mr. J. Thurnweggan of Holyoke, Massachusetts. Mr. Thurnweggan informs us that only two members of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet "are traveling under their right names." For a price not mentioned by Mr. Thurnweggan but "which can be fixed up across a table" he will identify the masqueraders, "giving right names and circumstances." But we guess we won't bid. The last sentence in Mr. Thurnweggan's letter gives us pause: "After you have proved what I will tell you, publication will be at your own risk."

AND Mr. Alexander Duype of Tallahassee, Florida, announces that he will run for governor of that state "on the first available opportunity." Mr. Duype who "sells all insurance with Scriptural truth thrown in by the week" will stand on a platform "regarding the lost good name of Florida with laws to prevent visitors who do not pass the Biblical test." Mr. Duype, pronounced Dype, says that "charity is omitted from the rough draft of my platform for protection against those who have none and have no scruples. Money accepted from visitors who cannot qualify will not restore the lost good name of what was once my native state."



BUT enough of these rambling generalizations. Winter's warnings are frosting the back of our neck and our thoughts are somewhat related to Mary Miffling's. Mr. C. A. Bell of Wilmington, Delaware, notifies us that the postman stopped at Mary's house bearing C. O. D. a package of mail-order blankets. "How much?" demanded Mary. "Five dollars and sixty-eight cents," said the postman. "Honey chile," said Mary, "thass a heap of money but I gotta keep mahself warm this winter if I gotta stinch mah stomach. My ole man done get hisself in the jailhouse and I done got fo'teen moufs to feed and I's the only one roun' this place whut's cuttin' a shift."

STINCH by stinch. W. D.

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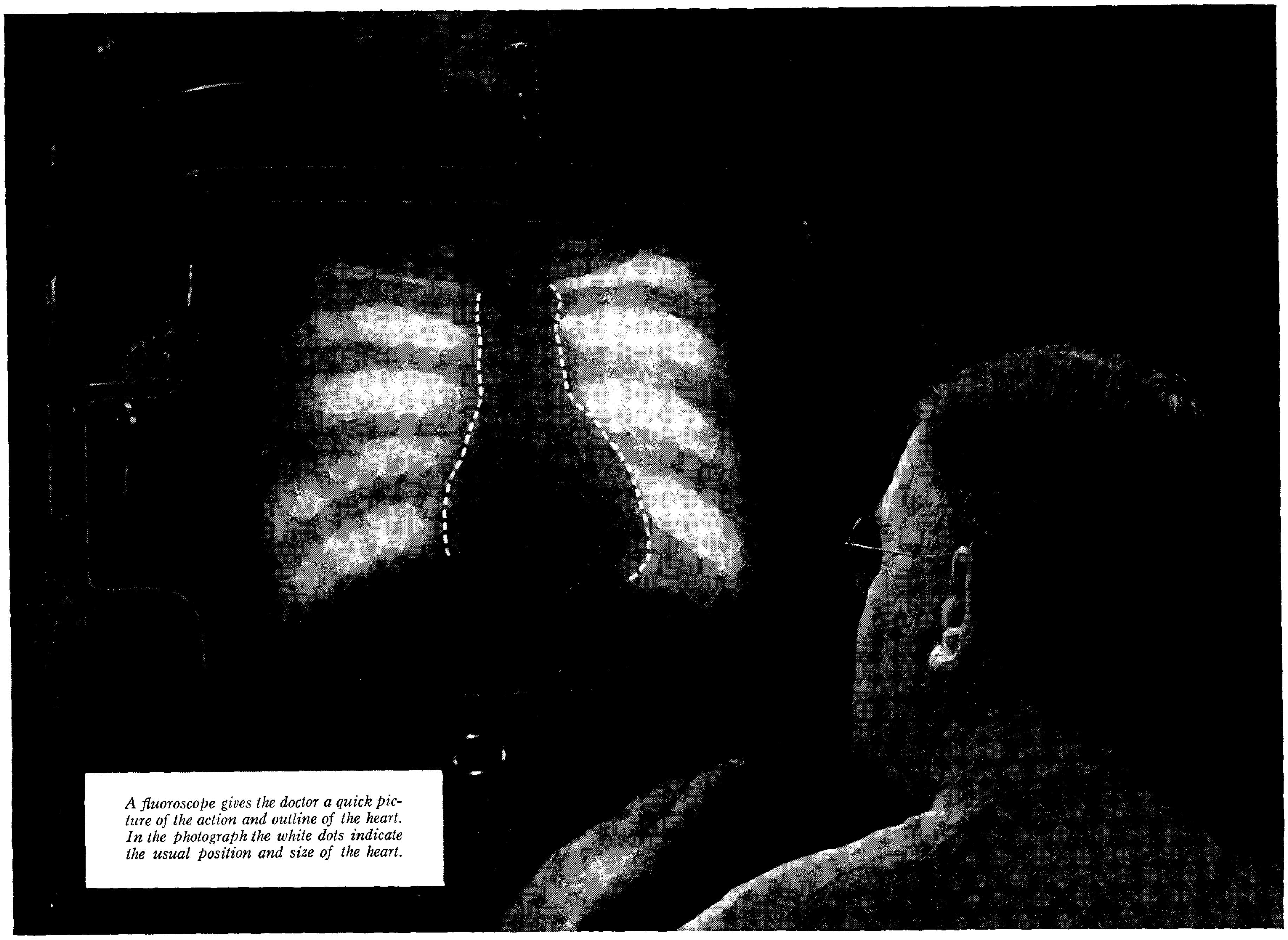

A fluoroscope gives the doctor a quick picture of the action and outline of the heart. In the photograph the white dots indicate the usual position and size of the heart.

Your Heart in Action

YOUR newspaper constantly records sudden deaths from heart attacks. Frequently the victims are in the prime of life, enjoying happy, successful careers—yet they die too soon. Why?

In thousands of cases the victim was unaware that he had heart trouble. Or he may have failed to heed warnings which would have been plain to a doctor. In still other instances, he ignored his doctor's orders to slow down on work and exercise.

The person who knows he has heart trouble is likely to live longer than the one who doesn't suspect it. It is the man who does not know or mistakes the symptoms who is in real danger.

Several common symptoms may indicate heart disease but only a physician can decide whether or not they are serious. "Indigestion" may be a cloak for an impaired heart. Shortness of breath, pounding or fluttering of the heart may be due to nervousness or overwork; or they may be caused by trouble in the heart itself. Irregularities of the heart's beat, pain near the heart, or pains in the arms and armpits may indicate that something is wrong with the heart, or they may be of little importance. Any of these symptoms calls for an early and thorough examination by a physician.

Today physicians know more about diseases of the heart and are better equipped to diagnose and treat them than ever before. When advisable, your doctor may employ the X-ray and the electrocardiograph and other modern devices to determine the condition of your heart. Give him a chance to help you.

Modern medical skill has enabled thousands of men and women with damaged or weakened hearts to lead useful, active lives, because they know what their hearts can and cannot endure.

You can do much to help keep your heart healthy. A postcard will bring you a free copy of the Metropolitan's new booklet "Protecting Your Heart"—or mail this coupon.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO., Dept. 1138-C
1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without charge or obligation, your new booklet "Protecting Your Heart."

NAME____________________________________

ADDRESS____________________________________

CITY________________________STATE____________

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

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NOTHING HAS BEEN CHANGED BUT THE PRICE!

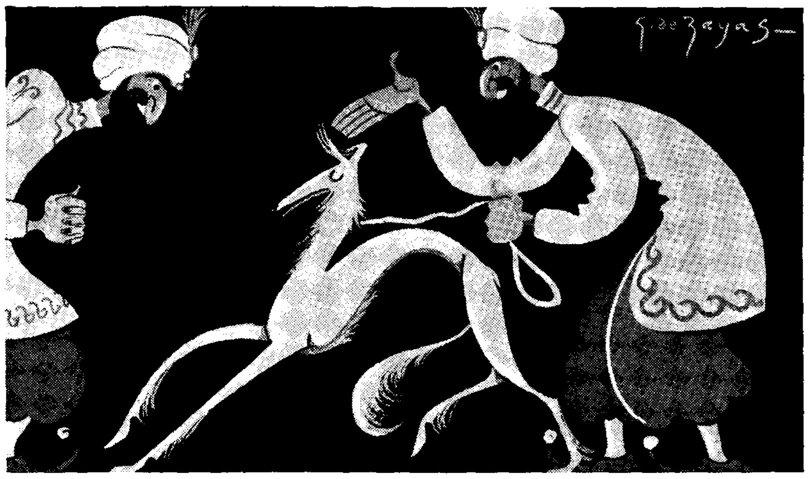
A NEW *Lower* PRICE
... A NEW *Higher* VALUE!

Florsheim standards of value now stand higher than ever. For we've lowered the price without lessening the quality. Not a single stitch has been slighted—not one second of seasoning spared. There has been no let-down in leather or labor—no forfeit of either fit or fashion. Nothing has been changed but the price! Step into Florsheims and you'll win two ways. Your money goes farther—and so do the shoes! *Style illustrated above*, The EMBASSY, S-824; *a full brogue Campus type in genuine shell Cordovan. Retails at $10.*

$8.75
SOME HIGHER

The
FLORSHEIM
Shoe

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The saluki, a hunting dog that has been bred in Arabia, Persia and Egypt for more than 6,000 years, has the oldest pedigree in existence, sometimes dating back for a thousand years. They are never sold, only presented as gifts, by their Arab owners.

Great Britain is believed to have the most highly mechanized army in the world today. The only horses now in the service with the exception of two regiments of cavalry are used exclusively for ceremonial purposes.

Some radio stations have a signal that is used during breaks in their programs to notify executives and employees who are off duty that an emergency has arisen. For example, the National Broadcasting Company, which uses four chimes instead of three in such cases, broadcast this signal last year after the Hindenburg disaster.—*By Mary Glumicich, Johnstown, Pennsylvania.*

Because the dove, or pigeon, is the emblem of the Holy Spirit in Christian symbolism, this bird was avoided as a food in Russia until after the revolution in 1917.—*By S. Laurance, Hollywood, California.*

The famous painting "Washington Crossing the Delaware" was executed in Duesseldorf, Germany, in 1851 by the German-American artist, Emanuel Leutze. He used the Rhine for the Delaware and Germans for the American soldiers.

One of the few streams that flow in and out of buildings and serve a useful purpose is the brook that runs through the great baptismal font of the church of St. Mary-in-the-Castle in Hastings, England.

The only private mausoleum in the world equipped with an elevator is in Wilmington, Delaware. It was recently built by the family of Alfred Irénée du Pont, who died in 1935, and the elevator is for the use of the men who play the carillon and tend the aviation beacon in the tower of this 210-foot, $300,000 structure.

When physicians learned, not long ago, that most lepers cannot infect others after they develop an advanced crippled nerve condition, thousands of these sufferers throughout the world were freed from segregation. In South Africa, one third of all isolated victims were released at one time.

Fragrances of flowers such as the lily and odors of substances such as camphor, long thought to be invisible, are now being photographed, by an intricate process, in London.—*By Milo Ball, Bloomington, Illinois.*

Up to a few years ago, the people of China believed that no executed criminal was "completely dead" until his name had also been destroyed. So annually the names of those beheaded during the past year were written on pieces of paper and burned in a temple in Peiping.—*By J. P. Holland, Shanghai, China.*

The religion of the Druses of Syria is a peculiar mixture of Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism. It excludes all prayer, feasts, fasts, proselytism, almsgiving and the belief in predestination.

Women require only eighty per cent as many calories as men who are engaged in the same kind of work.—*By Kenneth Davis, Norman, Oklahoma.*

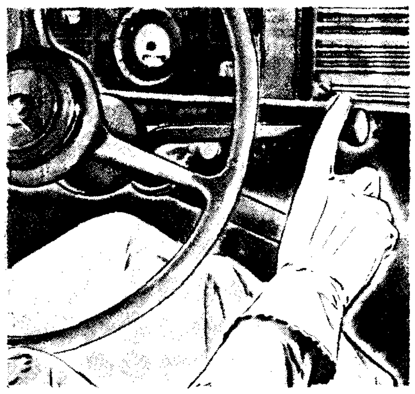
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

PLYMOUTH'S THE CAR!

[illegible]

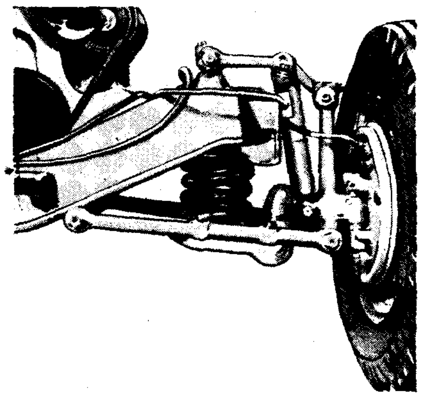
GLAMOROUS NEW DISTINCTION IN STYLING...Lavish New Luxury...Longer Wheelbase...New High-Torque Engine Performance...Perfected Remote Control Shifting with New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission ..New Amola Steel Coil Springs...New "Safety Signal" Speedometer.

PERFECTED REMOTE CONTROL GEAR SHIFT



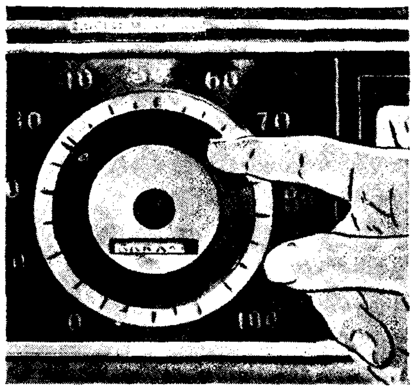
—with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission, standard on De Luxe models. Nothing new to learn.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF RIDING COMFORT

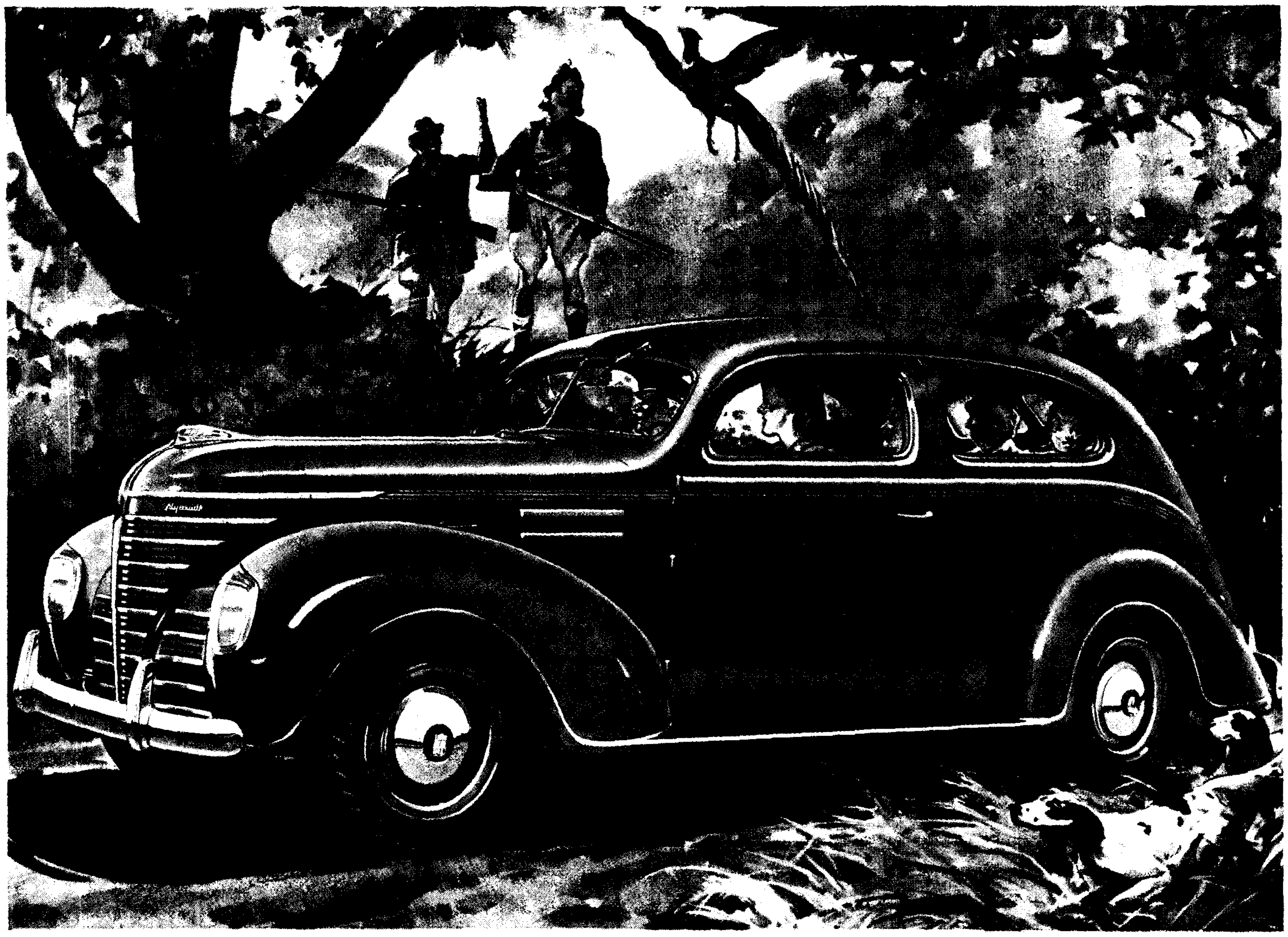


New Amola Steel Coil Springs, finest springing design in industry. Amola Steel is the new marvel of metallurgy.

NEW "SAFETY SIGNAL" SPEEDOMETER



Indicator Light shows green up to 30 miles per hour...from 30 to 50, amber ...above 50, a warning red.



THE BEAUTIFUL NEW PLYMOUTH FOR 1939 now on display at your nearby Plymouth dealer. See it, ride in it, drive it, today!

A NEW "ROADKING"...AND A NEW "DE LUXE"...GREAT NEW VALUES!

SEE WHAT IT IS that *makes* Plymouth the car of the year:

New, sweeping lines, the last word in style...new design headlamps giving greatly increased road lighting...new luxury interiors, great roominess!

Ride in this great Plymouth...drive it and experience the soft, new riding ease of its new Amola Steel Coil Springs, patented Floating Power engine mountings and 100% hydraulic, double-action brakes.

New True-Steady steering requires 15% less effort. Clutch and brake pedal pressure have been reduced. This new Plymouth is the *easiest-handling car you ever drove!*

And for 1939, Plymouth has thrilling new High-Torque engine performance...with *new* all-round economy!

Remarkably easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments. See your nearby Plymouth dealer today. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

THIS YEAR PLYMOUTH'S THE CAR

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

PLYMOUTH "ROADKING" 5-PASSENGER SEDAN

$685

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ashtray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes not included.

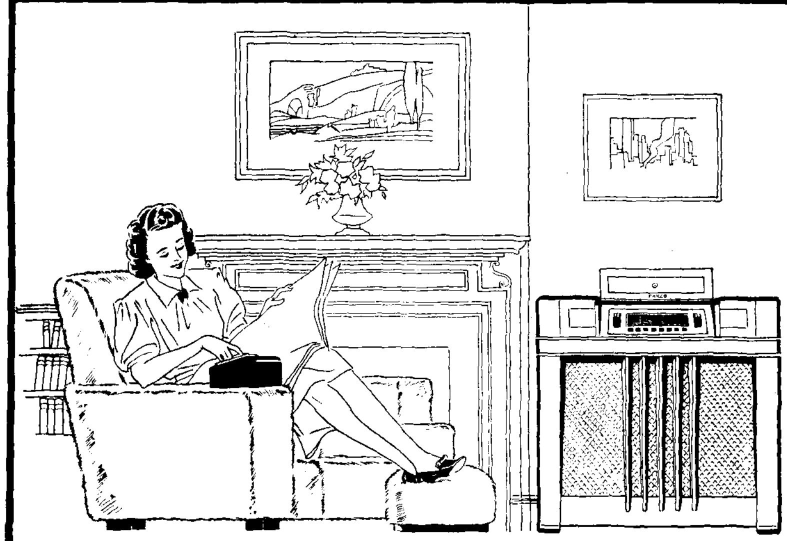
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR... COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

PHILCO

Mystery Control

PHILCO
SOFT
LOUD

No wires..No plug-in..No cords of any kind! Yet it runs the new Philco from any room.. from any place..in your home!



PHILCO MYSTERY CONTROL *consists of the radio and a separate Mystery Control unit.*

Since the control unit has no wire connections of any kind to the radio or anything else, you can carry it easily, in one hand, and place it wherever you may wish in your home. At any chair in the living room, in the dining room, kitchen or bedroom, upstairs or downstairs, even outside on your porch or lawn. And then, by simply turning the dial, you operate the radio in your living room—change stations, control volume, turn the radio off!

ONCE MORE, Philco inventive genius makes your daily life easier, happier, more comfortable. Philco engineers have produced a new radio miracle—Philco Mystery Control. *Miraculous, unbelievable* today . . . a *household necessity* tomorrow, . . . like your telephone, your electric light, like radio itself!

Now, in a new, astonishing way, you are free of the troublesome jumping up and down, the running back and forth to change a program on the radio. Are you reading comfortably in your chair? Are you playing bridge? Are you dining? Are you working in the kitchen, resting on the porch or perhaps reading in bed? *Stay where you are.. don't move a step.. don't budge from your chair!* With Philco Mystery Control, wherever you may be in your home, a mere flick of your finger changes stations, regulates volume and even turns off the Mystery Control radio in your living room! Remember, Philco Mystery Control has *no wires, no plug-in, no cords of any kind.* Carry it around to any place in your home, take it from chair to chair, hand it from one person to another. It has no connection to the radio, house current or anything else. And still, by an unseen, almost magic power, you operate the radio as if you were standing right in front of it!

See it! Try it! Buy it! Enjoy it! The Philco dealer near your home is ready to demonstrate and explain the wonders of Philco Mystery Control — without obligation. It's worth your while to visit him . . . *today!*

The *easiest* of Monthly Terms make Philco Mystery Control truly easy to buy. Liberal Trade-in Allowance! Ask your Philco dealer.

Collier's

The National Weekly for October 29, 1938

None But the Brave

By Humphrey Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Beginning a new novel by the author of "Paths of Glory"—the story of a romance that survived the years of death and terror

LOOK here, Turner," said General Shankland. "Ten years ago you promised to tell me the story of that telegram, and I haven't heard it yet." The general was six feet five, white-haired, and just as distinguished-looking in his tweeds as he had been, a decade ago, in his khaki.

"What telegram was that, sir?" said Turner, running his thumb along the blade of a skate he was holding and trying to act innocent. He was half his guest's age and looked hardly more than half his height.

It was Armistice Day of 1928, and the two men were smoking their after-breakfast cigarettes in Turner's library, side by side, their backs to the fire. To the left, through the French windows of the room, you could see the smokestack of a factory about a mile away, sticking its nose up from behind a snow-covered hill. It belonged to the Twin Falls Pulp and Paper Company in the town of that name in upper Ontario, and Turner was the president of the company.

Ever since the war, it had been Turner's custom to invite former comrades in arms to visit him at Twin Falls over Armistice Day for a little reunion and a lot of winter sport, if they happened to care for it. And on this, the tenth anniversary, he had managed to persuade Major-General Sir Algernon Vaugirard Smith-Shankland, his old division commander, to come up to the country by hinting that he would tell him the story of the telegram. His present attempt to pretend forgetfulness about it was merely Turner's way of getting all he could out of the situation, but it didn't go very far with his guest.

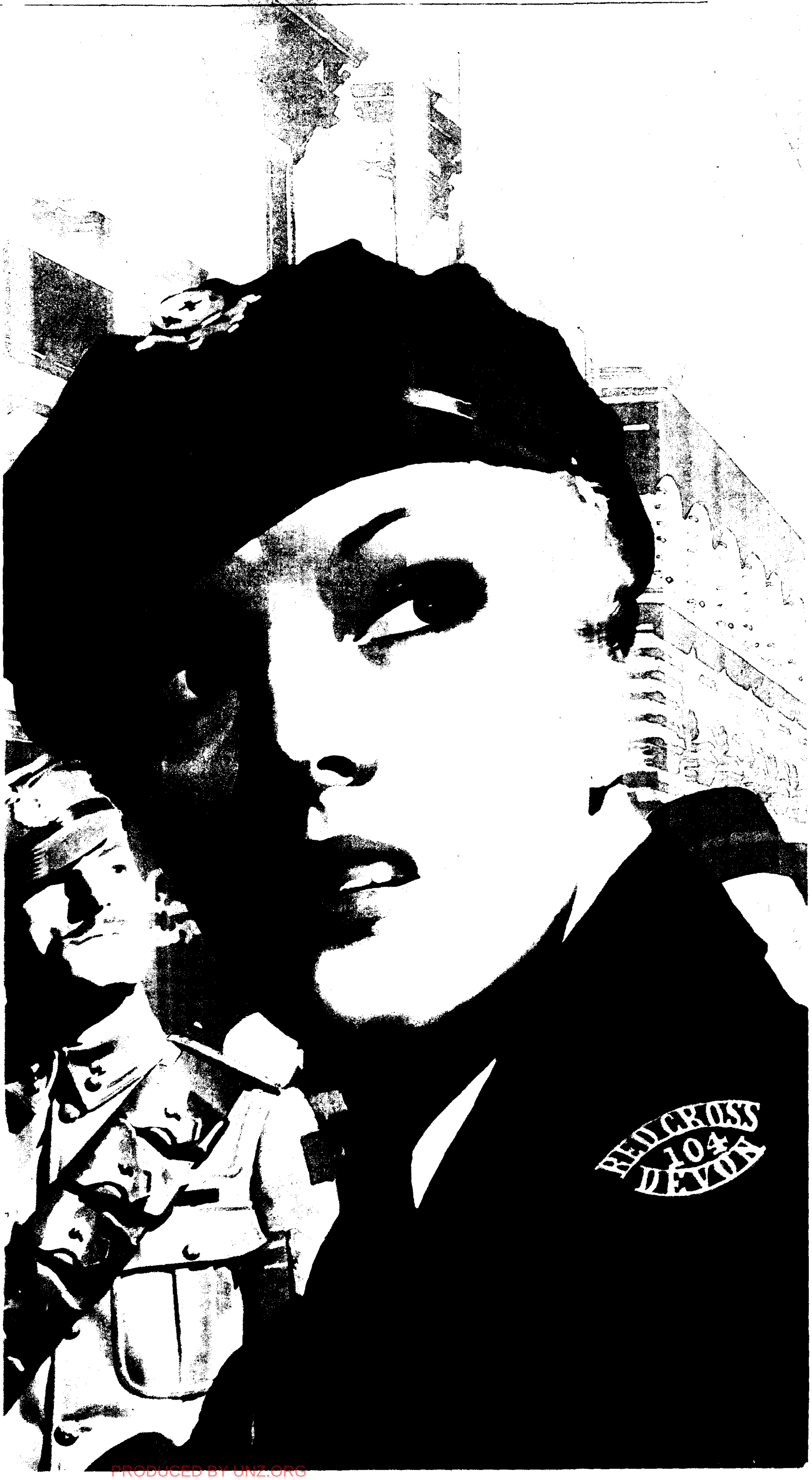
"You know perfectly well," said the general. "The telegram you sent to G. H. Q. in my absence and which, without any authorization from me, you had the audacity to sign my name to. It's damn' lucky for you, young man, that the war ended a couple of weeks later or I'd have hunted you down to the ends of the earth and had you court-martialed for that colossal piece of impudence."

"Oh, yes, I think I remember now," said Turner.

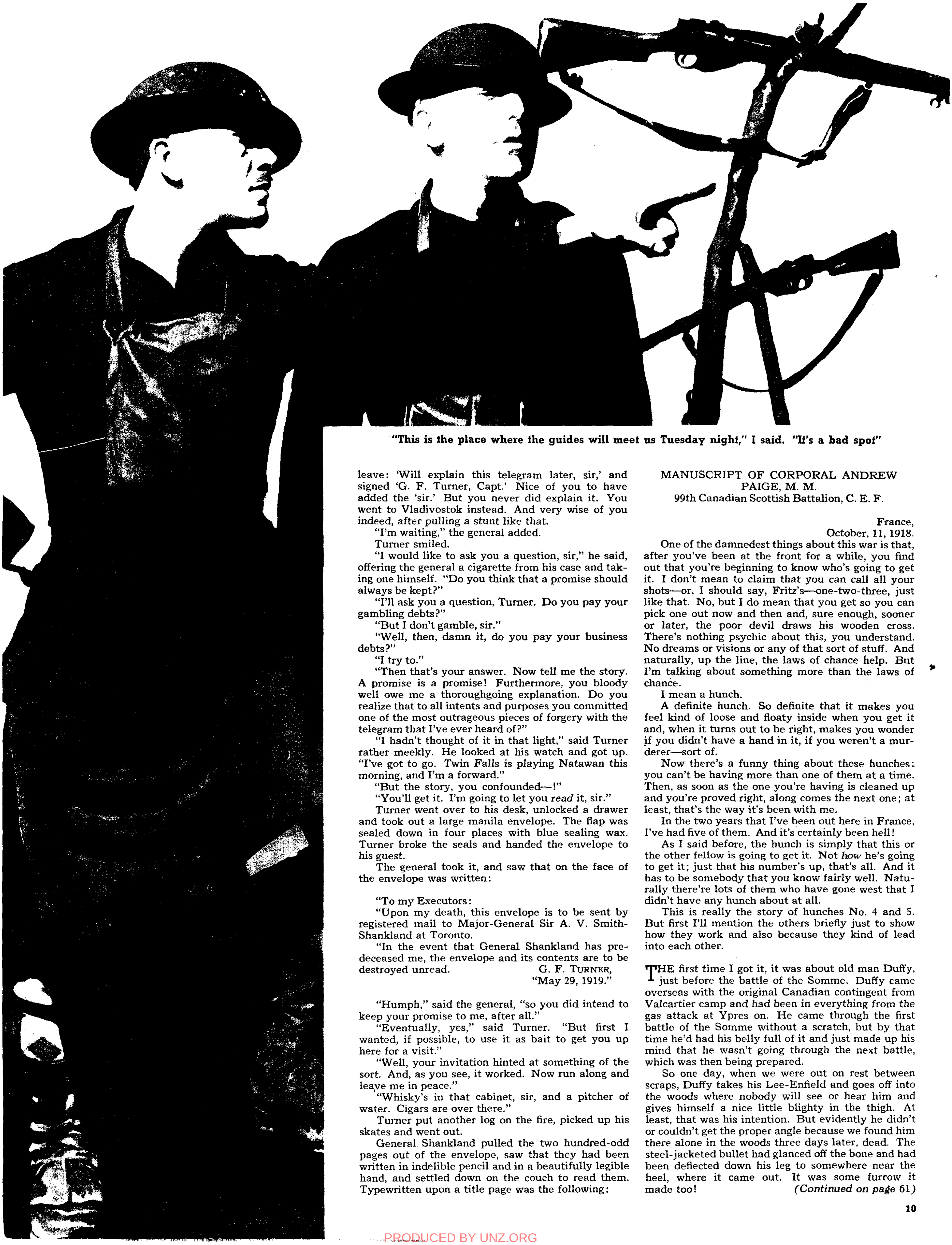
"You'd better remember," said the general.

"But did I really promise to tell you about it, sir?"

"You most certainly did. And I have your promise in writing, too," said the general, taking a worn old carbon copy out of his pocket and thrusting it at his host. "Look, there it is in your own hand, just as I found it among my papers when I returned from



"She drives an ambulance around London. Meets the trains of wounded and helps distribute them to the hospitals"



"This is the place where the guides will meet us Tuesday night," I said. "It's a bad spot"

leave: 'Will explain this telegram later, sir,' and signed 'G. F. Turner, Capt.' Nice of you to have added the 'sir.' But you never did explain it. You went to Vladivostok instead. And very wise of you indeed, after pulling a stunt like that.

"I'm waiting," the general added.

Turner smiled.

"I would like to ask you a question, sir," he said, offering the general a cigarette from his case and taking one himself. "Do you think that a promise should always be kept?"

"I'll ask you a question, Turner. Do you pay your gambling debts?"

"But I don't gamble, sir."

"Well, then, damn it, do you pay your business debts?"

"I try to."

"Then that's your answer. Now tell me the story. A promise is a promise! Furthermore, you bloody well owe me a thoroughgoing explanation. Do you realize that to all intents and purposes you committed one of the most outrageous pieces of forgery with the telegram that I've ever heard of?"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light," said Turner rather meekly. He looked at his watch and got up. "I've got to go. Twin Falls is playing Natawan this morning, and I'm a forward."

"But the story, you confounded—!"

"You'll get it. I'm going to let you *read* it, sir."

Turner went over to his desk, unlocked a drawer and took out a large manila envelope. The flap was sealed down in four places with blue sealing wax. Turner broke the seals and handed the envelope to his guest.

The general took it, and saw that on the face of the envelope was written:

"To my Executors:

"Upon my death, this envelope is to be sent by registered mail to Major-General Sir A. V. Smith-Shankland at Toronto.

"In the event that General Shankland has predeceased me, the envelope and its contents are to be destroyed unread.

G. F. Turner,
"May 29, 1919."

"Humph," said the general, "so you did intend to keep your promise to me, after all."

"Eventually, yes," said Turner. "But first I wanted, if possible, to use it as bait to get you up here for a visit."

"Well, your invitation hinted at something of the sort. And, as you see, it worked. Now run along and leave me in peace."

"Whisky's in that cabinet, sir, and a pitcher of water. Cigars are over there."

Turner put another log on the fire, picked up his skates and went out.

General Shankland pulled the two hundred-odd pages out of the envelope, saw that they had been written in indelible pencil and in a beautifully legible hand, and settled down on the couch to read them. Typewritten upon a title page was the following:

MANUSCRIPT OF CORPORAL ANDREW
PAIGE, M. M.
99th Canadian Scottish Battalion, C. E. F.

France,
October, 11, 1918.

One of the damnedest things about this war is that, after you've been at the front for a while, you find out that you're beginning to know who's going to get it. I don't mean to claim that you can call all your shots—or, I should say, Fritz's—one-two-three, just like that. No, but I do mean that you get so you can pick one out now and then and, sure enough, sooner or later, the poor devil draws his wooden cross. There's nothing psychic about this, you understand. No dreams or visions or any of that sort of stuff. And naturally, up the line, the laws of chance help. But I'm talking about something more than the laws of chance.

I mean a hunch.

A definite hunch. So definite that it makes you feel kind of loose and floaty inside when you get it and, when it turns out to be right, makes you wonder if you didn't have a hand in it, if you weren't a murderer—sort of.

Now there's a funny thing about these hunches: you can't be having more than one of them at a time. Then, as soon as the one you're having is cleaned up and you're proved right, along comes the next one; at least, that's the way it's been with me.

In the two years that I've been out here in France, I've had five of them. And it's certainly been hell!

As I said before, the hunch is simply that this or the other fellow is going to get it. Not *how* he's going to get it; just that his number's up, that's all. And it has to be somebody that you know fairly well. Naturally there're lots of them who have gone west that I didn't have any hunch about at all.

This is really the story of hunches No. 4 and 5. But first I'll mention the others briefly just to show how they work and also because they kind of lead into each other.

THE first time I got it, it was about old man Duffy, just before the battle of the Somme. Duffy came overseas with the original Canadian contingent from Valcartier camp and had been in everything from the gas attack at Ypres on. He came through the first battle of the Somme without a scratch, but by that time he'd had his belly full of it and just made up his mind that he wasn't going through the next battle, which was then being prepared.

So one day, when we were out on rest between scraps, Duffy takes his Lee-Enfield and goes off into the woods where nobody will see or hear him and gives himself a nice little blighty in the thigh. At least, that was his intention. But evidently he didn't or couldn't get the proper angle because we found him there alone in the woods three days later, dead. The steel-jacketed bullet had glanced off the bone and had been deflected down his leg to somewhere near the heel, where it came out. It was some furrow it made too!

(Continued on page 61)

The Fifth Buck

By Charles Cox, Jr.

WE ALL drank quite a lot there in deer-hunting camp, and after supper Robert Ewing, the banker, liked to get three or four shots under his belt and raise hell with these foreign dictators. He brought a radio along on this trip especially to hear Lowell Thomas, and if the broadcast was war news Ewing spouted for an hour afterward about China and Spain and the purges. He'd give it to Mussolini and then Hitler and sometimes wind up on Roosevelt.

It was Ewing's war talk that made me know why I liked the deer camp so much. Benny was part of it but mostly it was the war talk and the smoky room smelling like it did. The cabin reminded me of dugouts I'd holed up in during the war and the high bunks with men propped up on one elbow listening to the boss lay down the law eased off the reality of me trying to make a living for twenty years.

Robert Ewing owned the camp and he supplied the food, and most of the guns we used, for that matter. He was a big guy, not tall but thick-boned and broad and his face was beefy. He had shoulders like an infantry captain I'd served under and when he got going good we all listened as though by command.

Six of us hunted out of the camp. Elmer and Benny and I were the best woodsmen in the crowd even if we were bums. Benny was the head guide, a big dumb giant until he got in the timber, and then he was smooth as a cat. Con Kavinski and his brother, Aloysius, were farmers. The free whisky brought them along.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

●

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

We'd all gone hunting together for several years and really what the five of us did was to guide for the banker. We beat the swamps in a skirmish line yelping like hounds to drive the bucks toward his gun. In the backwoods town where we lived nobody looked on it in the wrong way; we weren't dog-robbing for the banker, just hunting together like a bunch of small-town fellows do. But Elmer and Ben and I knew that it wasn't that simple. Ewing owned darn' near the whole town, and in the late winter when we ran out of cash he'd stake us to five gallons of gas or a slab of liver.

The banker killed four bucks in the first nine days of the season. Four prime bucks hanging on the spruce pole in front of the cabin, each one with a license seal on the antler. You see, every hunter is allowed one buck and that seal must be fastened on the horn to make it lawful. But because the banker paid for the licenses that carried our names, he did most of the killing.

It was his getting four in a row on this trip that made Benny sour. But the thing that worked on Benny most was that *big* buck.

Twice Benny took his track and followed it until dark. When he got back to the camp the last time we were through supper. Ewing didn't like it.

"You're driving him downwind, you dumb cluck," Ewing said. "You should know that a wise buck won't run blind before the wind. Tomorrow you put him across the burn by that stump pile and I'll kill him for you."

Benny gulped his food, following Ewing with his eyes while the banker turned on the radio and Lowell Thomas told about the war in China.

"War," the banker raved when it was over. "China. A great peace-loving people bending under the heel of Japan's war lords. The Far East—Russia—Europe, all being beaten down under the iron heel. Dictators are all alike. They want to hog it all." It was quite a spiel about the rights of man, and when I dozed off he was giving it to the Kavinski brothers with Benny sitting on a bench behind the stove, half drunk.

We got up extra early the next morning. The big buck was bedded down in the High Rollway swale and the banker was to have his way and take his stand on the east of the burn.

"You drive him like I said," he gave orders to Benny, "crosswind—not down."

We ate breakfast before daylight, filed out of the cabin door, and stumbled up the popple ridge. Ewing was in the lead. Near the top of the ridge he halted to look at his watch.

"About twenty minutes before we can see to shoot," he remarked.

The Kavinskis and Elmer sat down on a log. Benny leaned against a tree watching the banker. Something about the way Benny stood there looking reminded me of the war. Before the hop-off on an attack, there'd been a corporal in our outfit who'd looked like that at our captain. Never been any hard words between them that I knew about but the corporal had got to lookin'. Funny things happen to a guy before an attack. Just watching an officer standing on a fire step counting the minutes until it's time to go over the sandbags can do it. Anyway, on one attack our captain got shot in the back.

"Let's go, men," Ewing said.

The five of us hiked it for the lower end of the High Rollway swale and the banker headed across country for the stump pile.

Benny lined us drivers up. First the Kavinskis, then Elmer and then me. At the signal we started through. Benny's wolf howl would have moved the devil himself out of that swamp. It was all animal.

Before we'd driven a hundred rods I knew that Benny had started us off wrong. We weren't driving straight through. The Kavinskis and Elmer were going too far to the left and from Benny's howling he'd work close to the crossing where the banker waited. Well, let Elmer and the Kavinskis go, I thought. I'll bear to the right and stay with Benny.

Away ahead of our drive line the buck crashed through a blowdown. Twenty seconds later came the boom of Benny's old Krag. As I started running, Ewing's gun cracked twice, followed by a second shot from the Krag.

It took me ten minutes to work out of the swale. Benny knelt on the ground beside the banker and the dead buck dripped a red puddle into a snowbank. Benny was going through Ewing's clothes.

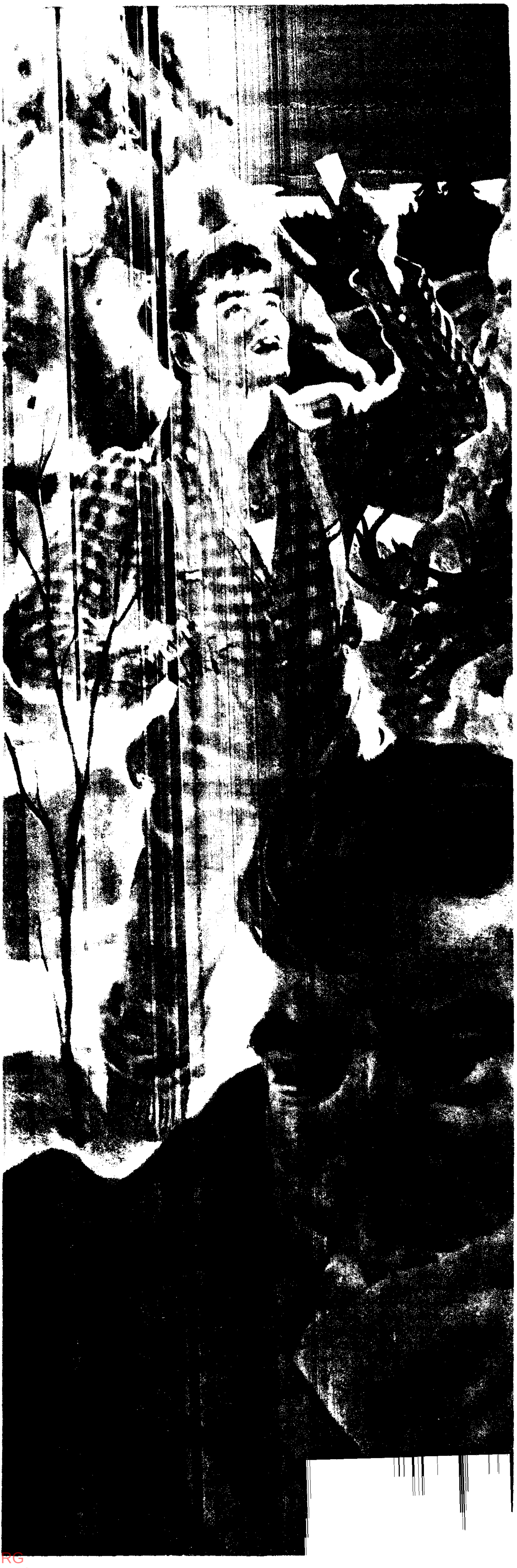
"What the hell you doin'?" I said to Benny, my gun ready.

Benny looked at me—at the way I was holding my gun ready. "He ain't hurt," Benny said.

Ewing didn't move. Benny went on searching. Then he jumped up. "Here it is," he yelled. "My name's on it, too."

I walked closer, still nervous.

"He's all right," Benny laughed. "I only gave him a sock to the chin. This here's my license," he said, waving it around. "See my name on it? Maybe he killed four in a row but not this one. Who the hell this guy think he is—a dictator?"



Then Benny jumped up. "Here it is," he yelled. "My name's on it, too." I walked closer, still nervous

Good Intentions Won't Pay Pensions

By Walter Davenport

It was wonderful, really, to see the jump in popularity of Colorado's old folks when the state pension plan went into effect. You can find six or eight of them at a time visiting as the welcome guests of younger relatives—and bringing in a neat revenue. Relief has been neglected. And the state is broke, badly in need of a pension herself

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY M. E. RHOADS

JUST what the argument was, we didn't discover. But the big fellow dressed from the waist up like a cow hand, and from the waist down like a stockbroker, swelled his buckskin-shirted chest and bellowed: "Well, tell me this: Who's running this state of Colorado anyway?"

Apparently most of the capacity crowd lolling against the four wailing walls of Governor Ammons' reception room had been waiting for someone to answer that question. The place looked and smelled like a large country barbershop on Saturday afternoon. Anyway the drone of time-killer conversation ceased instantly. The front legs of every chair hit the floor with a concerted thump. You could almost hear a hundred necks creak as heads swiveled toward the buckskin shirt, which was now heaving like that of a 1920 movie heavy.

The harassed gentleman at whom the question had been aimed—a direct hit—surrendered. Apparently he had been trying to interest the half cow hand in a volume of neatly typewritten statistics which purported to show that there was something financially the matter with Colorado—as if that were hitherto unsuspected.

He shut the book with the exaggerated calm of a man who had just suffered an ultimate frustration and for whom there was nothing left but to pick out a comfortable spot to die on.

"Brother," said he, lowering his head and closing his eyes calmly and eloquently, "try Otto Moore."

Now there are people in Colorado who will assure you that Mr. Moore—the Honorable O. Otto Moore, assistant district attorney of Denver and executive vice president of the National Annuity League, Inc.—is not running Colorado. But they can't prove it. Others will tell you that while Mr. Moore is not running the state, because it is not running, he is the large, energetic gentleman who has brought it to a standstill.

To this latter impeachment Mr. Moore gives immediate denial. He will demonstrate with history, chart and oratory that Colorado was raped years ago—before his mother and father had their memorable argument about what they should name him. Anyway, Colorado is at the moment turning toward its numerous balloting places with one burning issue lighting the way. The election of a senator, a governor and a large complement of minor patriots is a mere side issue. Much more concerned is Colorado in whether she shall retain in her constitution an article which commands (more than somewhat fruitlessly) that she pay forty-five dollars a month to every qualified citizen over sixty, or substitute therefor a less arbitrary amendment which would grant the legislature the power to modify the present system without being hampered by constitutional restrictions. And that means that a certain number of people in Colorado do not want to be pledged to forty-five-dollar pensions and do not want to pay any pension to anybody less than sixty-five years old.

But Colorado Can't Pay

Today about 40,000 citizens who have lived sixty years are on Colorado's pension rolls, entitled to receive forty-five dollars every month. Because Colorado hasn't the money, they get anywhere from twenty-four to twenty-seven dollars. And unless somebody does something intelligent pretty soon they're going to get less because the pension rolls are increasing at the rate of 300 a month while income is stubbornly remaining static or even diminishing.

That that which follows may be less obscure, you must understand that old-age pensions in Colorado start when one is sixty years old instead of sixty-five as specified in the federal Social Security Act. And whereas the federal government agrees to pay half the pension to the oldster of sixty-five and upward—up to thirty dollars a month—Colorado raised the ante to forty-five dollars. And Colorado in her current delicate condition is as equipped to pay her ancients forty-five dollars a month as a lower-bracket WPA worker is to spend his winters cruising the Mediterranean in his own Diesel-engined yacht.

All told there are about 110,000 persons at least sixty years old in Colorado. But all these may not participate in the windfall because they have not lived in Colorado long enough. To get a pension at the age of sixty, one must have lived in the state thirty-five years—a restriction which may be modified if the Mooreites consolidate their gains in this election. To be eligible at sixty-five you must have lived in Colorado five of the last nine years, the last year of which must have been continuous and immediately prior to making application. And nothing in the Colorado constitution or the legislation says that the pension applicant shall be in actual need of pension.

However, the federal government refused to participate in pensions paid to those of more than sixty-five years if Colorado did not do something about need qualifications. Therefore the Colorado Department of Public Welfare arbitrarily excluded applicants of sixty-five and over who own real estate not occupied as their residence which has an assessed value of $500 or more. The federal government insisted upon that cruelty. But the pioneer spirit of Colorado is triumphant. The chiseling going on out where the West begins is spaciously expert, worthy of the hearty applause of Bucketshop Row. We shall come to that. You'll love it.

But just to be shut of all these dispiriting statistics, which are, alas, necessary to a decent understanding of what

Center: A few of the thousands of pensioners on the Colorado benefit rolls. Right: One scene of a show to advance the pensioners' cause

The Honorable O. Otto Moore, who as executive vice president of the National Annuity League is one of Colorado's most powerful figures

is inadequately termed the situation, you've got to know that Colorado contains nearly 60,000 persons on direct or home relief—persons who for one reason or another are not eligible for WPA jobs. They're either too young, too old, physically incapacitated or there are not enough WPA jobs. In the winter this figure will rise to seventy or eighty thousand. Maybe higher.

At any rate, these 60,000 are obliged to get along as luxuriously as possible on the exceedingly slim pickings left by the pensioners. The average individual income of these reliefers is three dollars and eighty-two cents—a month. You'll find community after community wherein relief families of four are making futile gestures at paying rent and buying food, fuel and clothing on an aggregate income of sixteen dollars a month. And right next door, sunning themselves on their own front porch, reading Mr. Moore's Annuity Bulletin, are Mr. and Mrs. Julius Beltstretcher, pensioners, whose only worry is that nothing untoward happens to the postman. They are entitled to $90 a month—$45 each. They actually get about $55. But it is wholly possible they enjoy a bit of surreptitious income from property deeded to the children on a remittance basis. Or Ben, Mary and Joe may be seeing to it that Ma and Pa do not lack for clothing and groceries. This provided that Ben, Mary and Joe are not living rent-free with the old folks, augmenting the family income with wages if they have jobs, or with WPA pay if they're working for Mr. Harry Hopkins.

However it may be, the straight reliefers are downright sore—not at the Beltstretchers, Mr. Moore or the Annuity League, but at the state of Colorado for not giving them enough to live on. Under the present setup the state of Colorado itself isn't getting enough to live on.

But before we take the hint dropped to the half cow hand and visit the Annuity League headquarters, it might be well to find out just what the Honorable O. Otto Moore did to and for Colorado. The man is perfectly right in maintaining that forty-five dollars a month is not a ridiculously high pension. Neither is he in error in protesting that Colorado might well afford to pay the old folks the full dole, provide a decent income for its unemployed, and discharge all other necessary governmental functions too were its financial structure less of an idiot's delight and more in keeping with modern business. But we shall have, alas, to deal with dismal things as they lamentably are and not squander our time remaking Colorado. Let's proceed, hugging to our breasts the inescapable truth that if Colorado's government is a system, then Mr. Donald Duck takes his orders straight from Moscow.

In the Tradition of Ike Goldman

Colorado has been fooling around with old-age pensions for years. And finally the darned thing went off in her fingers. Every time the subject is mentioned in Denver somebody recalls something entertaining about the Honorable Ike Goldman, who is now dead but far from forgotten. Mr. Goldman ran occasionally and always unsuccessfully for mayor of Denver, pledging himself if elected to do something expensive for the old folks. He ran a deservedly popular saloon, one of the rules of which was that no elderly person should be thrown out the front door.

From his time on, with considerable agitation from fraternal orders, numerous attempts to solace the aged with cash were kicked around, leaving the possible pensioners exactly where they always were—nowhere. Then in 1936 the federal Social Security Act came along, providing that Washington would pay half the state pension up to a maximum of thirty dollars a month. And Colorado adopted a law that granted such pensions to all residence-eligible citizens of sixty-five or more "who did not have sufficient income to provide a reasonable subsistence compatible with decency and health." That clause covered the "need" controversy but nobody was agreed upon a definition of "reasonable subsistence compatible with decency and health."

Still there was a general disposition to regard that as that. Shortsighted persons, so intent upon their own ambitions that they hadn't been watching Mr. O. Otto Moore, spent entire evenings telling one another how glad they were that the state might now proceed to make a nice mess of things along other and more interesting lines. If by any chance Mr. Moore's name did obtrude itself into the conversation it was dismissed as the property of a politically minded person, fond of making speeches and interested in the Townsend Plan. Mr. Moore is a large, sudden person whose sigh is a hullabaloo and whose whisper a horrible yell. He is built on lavish lines, has a large amount of bushy black hair and when agitated will deluge you with statistics aimed at proving that all Colorado's aches and pains are traceable to absentee landowners and soulless corporations who do not pay commensurate taxes. And the fellow is considerably less than fifty per cent wrong.

As an aggressively capable lawyer he is particularly brilliant when fighting for a pension prospect. Without preliminaries Mr. Moore points one of his large fingers at his client and roars: "My client is guilty—guilty of the heinous sin of being old." And before the court is aware of what's going on, Mr. Moore and his aged client are clinging together in tears up to their chins and the jury is passing the hat. Even if his client is accused of so small a crime as failing to buy his dog a license, Mr. Moore is pretty sure to pin the blame on the nearest public utility corporation.

At the time the slack-brains were congratulating one another that the problem of Colorado's oldsters had been solved, Mr. Moore was organizing the National Annuity League, Inc. He had some time previously returned from Washington, where he had sighted so many flaws in the Townsend Plan that he quit it in sorrowful disgust. Returning to Denver, he was denounced by the Townsendites as a traitor. But Mr. Moore did not hear, being securely locked in his office writing an amendment to Colorado's unsuspecting constitution. An amendment, mind you—not just another law which could be amended to paralysis, lobbied to death by its enemies or outlawed by a future legislature. An amendment to the constitution, no less. And it's several times as hard to dig an amendment out of the constitution as it is to insert it. The people have to do it, not the legislature.

When Mr. Moore emerged from his sanctuary and read his amendment aloud he was once more the old man's darling. In vociferous droves Colorado's aged abandoned Uncle Mose Townsend—the Moses who was to lead them into the Promised Land. They followed O. Otto Moore to the headquarters of his National Annuity League (we'll take you there in a moment), nominating him variously for such glittering honors as President of the United States, senator, governor and, in their unbridled enthusiasm, even mayor of Denver, the unachieved goal of his humble forerunner, Mr. Ike Goldman. And, turned loose by Mr. Moore, they fled to the polls in November, 1936, and voted his amendment into the supreme law of the state by a majority of 104,912.

Mr. Moore left two or three things out of that amendment—such trivialities as the weather forecast, the history of Pikes Peak, the language of flowers and his first name. Nobody seems to know what the O in front of Otto stands for, but a large number of Denverites will assure you that it should be spelled Oh. But nothing worth mentioning was omitted.

It stipulates that all qualified residents in Colorado over sixty shall get $45 a month. The money is to be derived from eighty-five per cent of all sales and use taxes, eighty-five per cent of all liquor licenses and liquor taxes, ten per cent of all inheritance taxes and ten per cent of all incorporation fees. Moreover, it earmarked all future state income from these sources for pensions. It goes on to state that no person should be denied a pension because he owns his own home and lives in it or because he owns personal property that is by law exempt from execution of attachment. Furthermore, no person could be required to repay or promise to repay any pension received. Eighty-five per cent of the sales tax, enacted to provide funds for relief, was made a permanent impost for the pensioner. And no revenue producer for pensions might ever be repealed, amended or reduced. You might add a new tax or so to fatten the pension kitty, but you let the old ones stand.

Getting the Fat Boys

By earmarking Colorado's excise taxes for pensions, Mr. Moore says he has done the people of that state a favor. He has, says he, awakened them to the fact that the sales tax, the use tax, the liquor tax and service tax—all of them taxes upon the poor man—have replaced property and corporate taxes which should never have been repealed or diminished. Something more than three fifths of Colorado's corporate wealth, says he, is in the hands of absentee

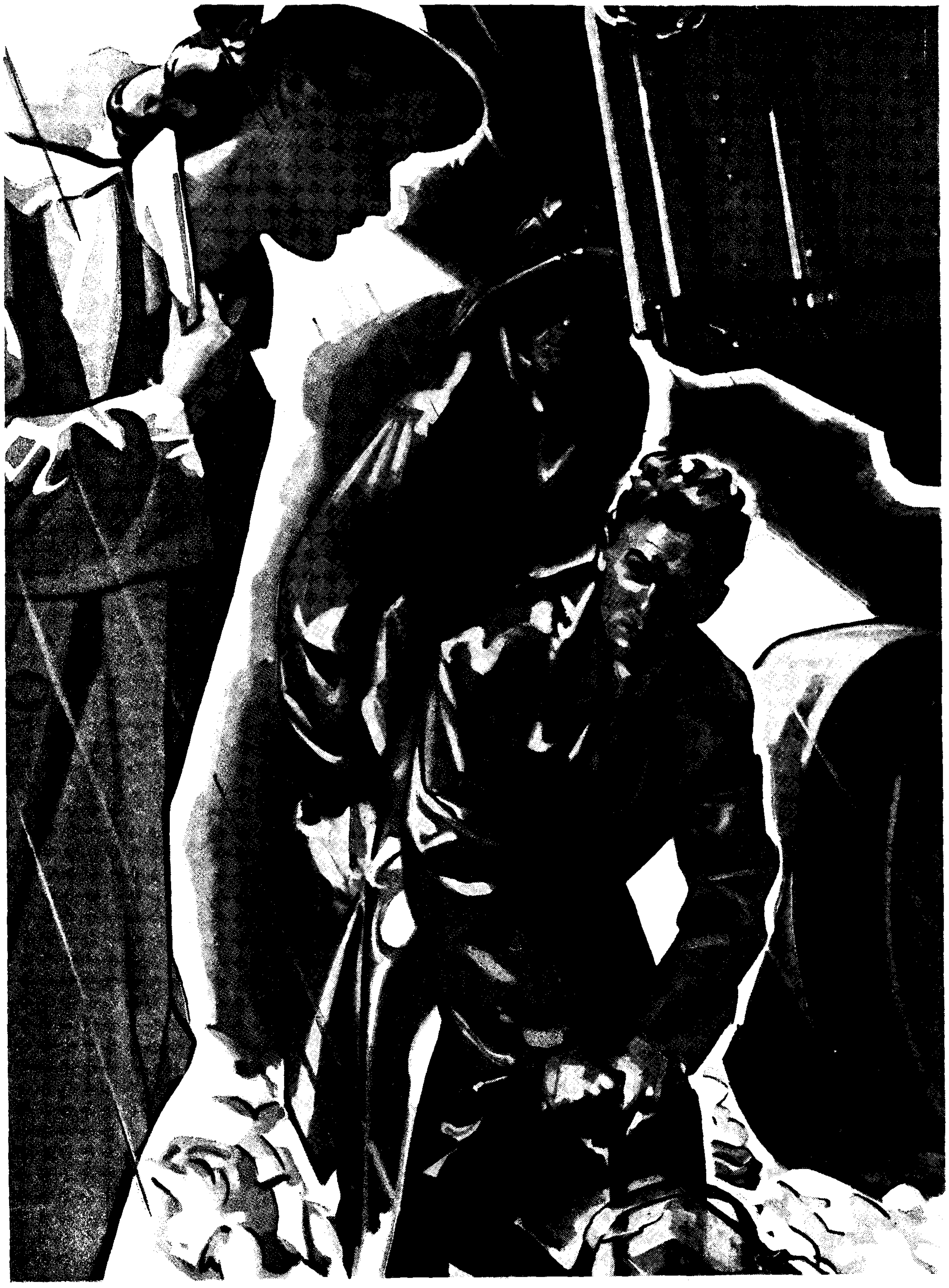
(Continued on page 26)

Home-Town Job

By John Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Pete McKay tackles a tough assignment, and keeps a promise to a girl who didn't trust him



Peter McKay said, "Ready!" and his eyes found Ruth Drake's white face

THE trucks came at 5 A. M. and that was the end of sleep. There were forty of them, running fast and close together. Big, heavily laden, and gray with dust, they rolled down Main Street and turned east toward the park.

That was the beginning—trucks and motor noise. And it was the end of the park, the playground, the pool, the tall elms, of all the years that had left the town unchanged.

Highway job! The papers and a willing Chamber of Commerce had supplied the details—cost, location, type of equipment, man hours, everything. The townsmen knew and, as early as it was, they came. The kids first, with their breakfast toast still uneaten; the men who wanted work, and the men who came to watch.

The unloading had already begun. One after another the gasoline-starting engines of the big tractors coughed and spluttered, and then the hundred-horse Diesels awoke, roaring. A crew of workmen eased an air compressor down slanting planks from a truck body to the ground; others unloaded air hose, and stacked tools along the walk.

Swede Nelson directed operations from a place a little apart from the swirling dust. He was stocky and bald, a weathered little man whose eyes were the washed-out blue of cigarette smoke in the sun. Many men spoke to him, through those early hours, and to each he said:

"Pete McKay owns this outfit, an' he hires his men. He'll be here shortly."

BUT it was nearly nine before McKay arrived. A dozen of the elms that bordered the street had come crashing down, and workmen had cut away the park fence. The car had barely stopped before Nelson was there, asking:

"Have trouble, Pete?"

"The big truck broke an axle." Peter McKay pushed his hat away from tired eyes. "We lost three hours. The shovel won't be here till late." He grinned, and some of the weariness went out of his face. "Did they meet you with a band?"

"All right, be funny," Swede Nelson growled. "We . . ."

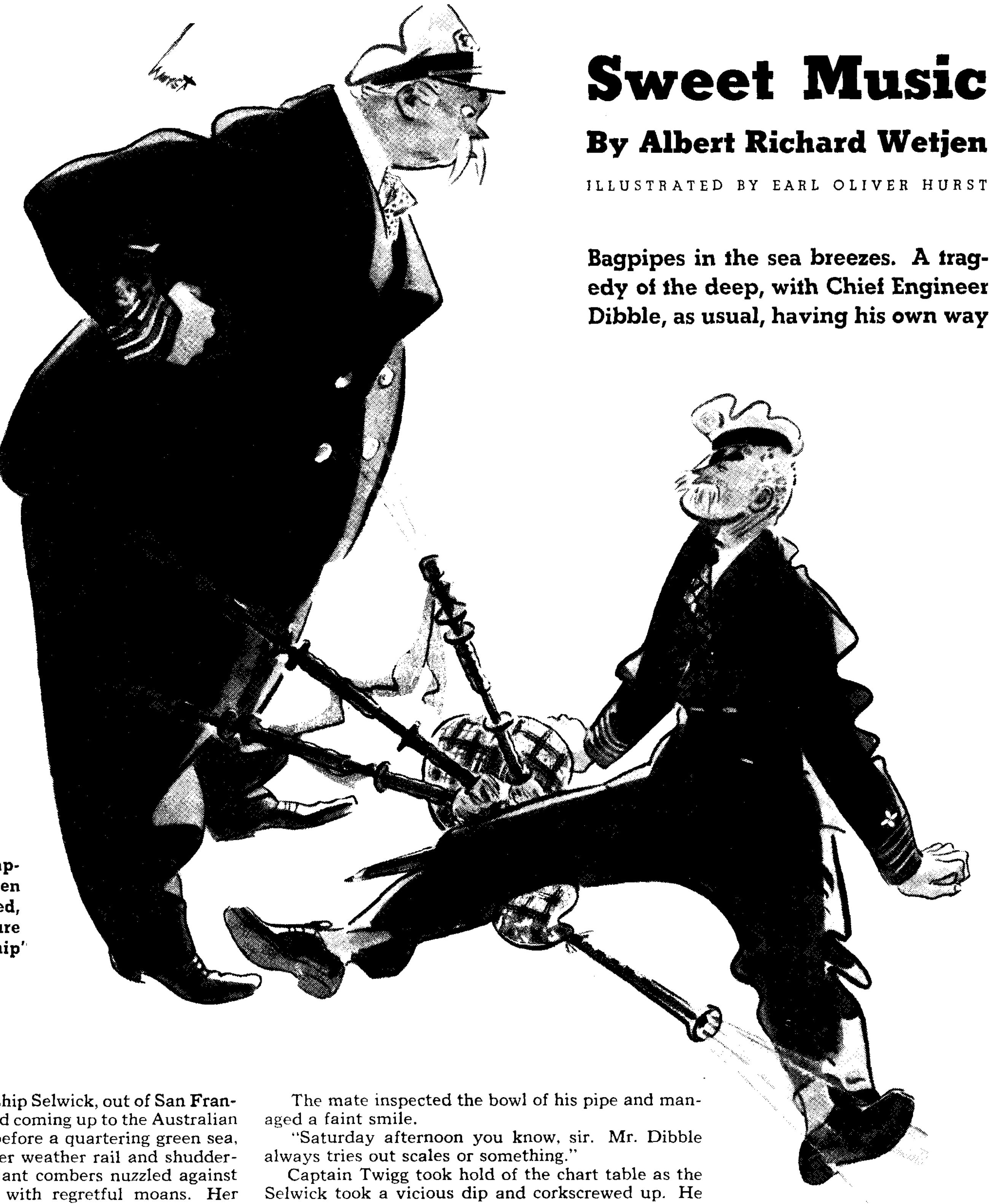
Peter McKay said, "That's no gag, Swede. This's my home town."

"The hell it is." Swede Nelson said: "That's nice, but a man can lose his shirt in his home town as easy as the next place."

Peter McKay said, "Stop hunting trouble," and got out of the car. He was a big, brown man, tall in boots and dusty whipcords. Fatigue had thinned his mouth, and his shoulders were bent with the weight of the hours just past.

Bitterness came into Nelson's voice: "I ain't huntin' for trouble—I got it! There's a hundred thousand yards of dirt to move, a swamp to fight, streets to pave. There's pay rolls and truck payments to meet"—his hand closed into a square fist—"and no money for a month."

(Continued on page 65)



Sweet Music

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Bagpipes in the sea breezes. A tragedy of the deep, with Chief Engineer Dibble, as usual, having his own way

"Now, Mister," said Captain Twigg grimly, when the noise had subsided, "maybe we can figure who's master of this ship"

THE rusty old tramp ship Selwick, out of San Francisco for Adelaide and coming up to the Australian coast, was pitching before a quartering green sea, taking spray all along her weather rail and shuddering to the keel as the giant combers nuzzled against her and then subsided with regretful moans. Her rigging shuddered in the wind, and each bulkhead and door, long since out of alignment, shuddered also to the labored pulse of her engine. She was a shuddery ship and Captain Twigg disliked to be reminded of the fact, though at this moment he was shuddering also. He ripped open the chartroom door and stamped inside.

"Do you hear that blasted racket, mister?" he roared at his first mate. "I say, do you hear it?"

Mr. Wilkins did not seem to. He was intently studying a chart and biting on his pipestem, his battered uniform cap pushed far back on his head. Captain Twigg swore hard, and his red face grew redder as he shook the mate's shoulder.

"I say, do you hear it?" he shouted. "Damn it, man! Are you deaf?"

Mr. Wilkins drew his lean, bony bulk from the chart table, stared round with some surprise, saw that the captain was talking to him, and then carefully removed large plugs from his ears.

"I beg pardon, sir. This cotton wool, you know. I always plug up on Saturdays."

Captain Twigg's ball-like five feet five seemed about to explode, and emotion alone subdued his voice when next he spoke.

"Listen," he managed. He shook the mate's arm. "The chief's at it again."

Faintly but persistently, wailing and weirdly, but plain, even across the wind, there came from somewhere amidships the sound of souls in torment. Mr. Dibble, the chief engineer, was playing his bagpipes again.

The mate inspected the bowl of his pipe and managed a faint smile.

"Saturday afternoon you know, sir. Mr. Dibble always tries out scales or something."

Captain Twigg took hold of the chart table as the Selwick took a vicious dip and corkscrewed up. He was new to the ship. He had considered a bagpipe-playing chief engineer as being somewhat of a novelty and, for the first week, somewhat humorous. But this was the third week, and he had discovered that the banshee wail of bagpipes, breaking out at almost any unexpected time, did things to his insides. Especially on Saturdays, when the chief invariably gave himself a concert at length.

"Mr. Wilkins," said Captain Twigg carefully. "I always believed I had an ear for music. I discover I have not. I am unable to distinguish between Mr. Dibble's scales and whatever else it is he tries to play. So would you kindly ask him to step up here? Present him, of course, with my compliments first. I presume he is not yet too drunk."

"VERY good, sir," said the mate, resigned, and clawed down to the main deck. He returned some minutes later, his leathery face impassive. Captain Twigg glared at him and demanded, "Well?"

"I think you'd better wait till tomorrow to see him, sir," the mate suggested. "He's a little under the weather."

Captain Twigg seemed to stand on his toes for a moment and his eyes bulged.

"What?" he roared. "I send you to get the chief engineer and you tell me I ought to wait till tomorrow. What the hell do you mean? And just what did he say? Out with it, man!"

Mr. Wilkins bit on his pipestem and shrugged.

"Well, if you'll have it, sir, he said his compliments to Captain Twigg and he can go to hell."

Captain Twigg blew through his walrus mustache, steadied himself against the chart table again and finally came under control.

"May I inquire," he said in a husky voice, "just what he meant by that?"

Mr. Wilkins thoughtfully took the dividers out of the Bass Strait and scratched his chin with them.

"If you'll take my advice . . . now look here, sir. Mr. Dibble has been on the ship for years and you have to understand his peculiarities. He's the only chief we've been able to keep aboard after one voyage, and he's the only man who understands that temperamental engine of ours."

"I don't care what he is or how long he's been on the Selwick!" choked the captain. "What the hell does he mean?"

"Well, sir, he said, to be specific, that this was Saturday and he was in his own quarters and that so long as he was not endangering the safety of the ship or refusing duty it was none of your business what noise he made."

"I didn't tell you to tell him I object to his noise!" shouted the captain. "I told you to ask him to step up here."

"I mentioned that," agreed the mate, "and he said you could go to hell. I told you that."

Captain Twigg's eyes went a little glassy. He was not, as a matter of fact, at

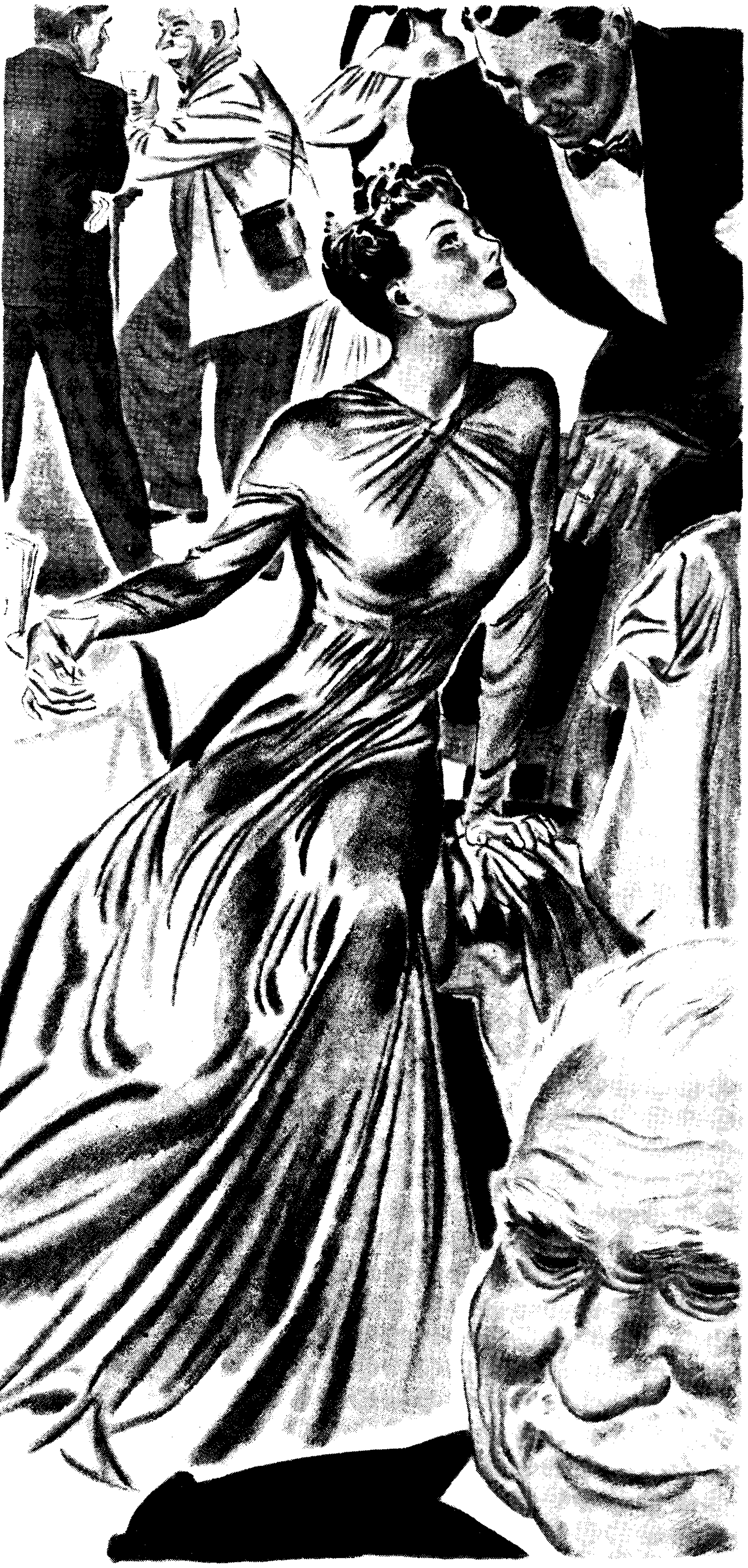
(Continued on page 39)

The Yacht in the Meadow

By Hamlen Hunt

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

What happened to a woman who almost ran away from true love



Nina looked up at him and rather shakily set down her sidecar. "No, you didn't miss me," she said. "I wish you had." Palmer grinned. "Somehow I don't believe that," he said

THE yacht was there when she looked out of the window in the morning. She saw it as she was slipping buttons into her stiffly laundered coat, pushing her stethoscope into one pocket, her percussion hammer, flashlight and fountain pen into another. The yacht lay like a lost white bird on the fields that stretched until the uneven blue mountains interfered. The Hudson was miles away and you had to know that the old Erie Canal went through some of those meadows below, *otherwise you might* be startled to wake up on a summer's morning and see a yacht anchored deep in grass. It would probably be there for six weeks or a month, while the track at Saratoga was open.

Dr. Nina Jeffries sighed irritably. "I'm not restless enough anyway, am I? No, I have to wake up and find a yacht staring me in the face." She sighed again. "I wish I were aboard. I wish it were September."

For a minute she stood motionless, a tiny, compact figure in white, staring out at the view she was so tired of seeing. Her flat, dark hair, braided around her head, hardly stirred in the light morning breeze, her gray eyes were glazed with inattention and it was several seconds before she began to hear the scattered sounds of the hospital's waking—the crunch of nurses' feet on the graveled drive that connected the stone buildings, the sound of cars as the by-the-day employees came up the mountain road, the convalescent patients talking on the sun porches.

"I'm glad it's my week end off," she thought at last. "I'll go buy me a drink —if I don't get off this mountain for a little while, I'll be in as bad a state as Ellen-May."

She thought briefly of Ellen-May and knew their problems were quite different. Ellen-May was a tall, bright-eyed brunette who found the cloistered life of the nurses' dormitory very trying; when her urges overcame her, she flung caution to the winds. She was a very attractive girl, and if she ever got caught going out with patients or grounds employees she would lose her job. Nina *wanted somebody special*—Bill Butterick—and she didn't dare break rules.

Nina hadn't had an easy time getting her job and it was her most valuable possession. It was quite an achievement for the fourth daughter of a white-collar family to get to be a doctor, but for a girl of thirty to be a good doctor, working for the Sanders Sanatorium, was even more remarkable. Nina's brothers and sisters had gone through high school; Nina had won a college scholarship and then had worked her way through Hodgkins Medical School. Women weren't any too welcome in medical school, nor *were students who worked their way*, because the authorities doubted if they could devote enough time to their studies. Nina had said rudely, "I'm not asking any favors—if I can't do the work, you're at liberty to fire me out of school. It's got nothing to do with you whether I flop hamburgers or go to the opera in my spare time."

Now that she had a good job and the prospect of a better one, she could help out with money at home when it was needed, which it always was, and she had done some respectable investigative work with Dr. William Butterick. *Their joint names* had headed *half a* dozen papers on early t. b.

NINA shifted her attention quickly because that old *almost-remembered* trouble was sand in the machinery. It made all the wheels jar and grate and stop, and she would be as apt as not to find herself crying on her bed or snapping at a nurse or morosely thinking maybe she was foolish to believe that in September things would straighten out. She and Bill had been disappointed before.

"It's only six more weeks," she reminded herself. "That makes just five years and six weeks."

But five years was a long time to have been in love with Bill Butterick, considering. *Considering how little time* they'd had for it when they were both in medical school, and how much they had wanted the kind of love they couldn't have—peaceful love wrapped up in the stout brown paper of everyday things. They had only wanted to be two people in one house where it was all right to walk around in stocking feet and read in the bathtub and sleep in the same lumpy bed. Instead, Nina had lived in a delinquent girls' home, exchanging medical services for a miserable room.

Bill and three other boys had barely managed to pay the rent of their two-room place. That was in medical school days. Later they'd interned in different cities and during eighteen months had only seen each other four times because *carfare just couldn't be found any of*tener than that. Then, when they felt a break was honestly due them, Bill had those X-rays taken.

"I thought we had trouble before," he said, showing them to her. His hair was dark with sweat, though it wasn't a very warm spring evening. He sat in the furnished room where she couldn't have male visitors after ten at night, not even Bill, and looked up at her and touched her three-dollar dress. "Feels soft," he said. "You look so nice—"

He pushed her away and pulled her back again.

"I *always meant to tell you what you* meant to me," he said. "How swell it's been to have someone who thinks the same way about things and does the same work, but who's a girl, over and above everything else. A beautiful, warm girl to hold in my arms and love. Now I can't tell you. I should have before, when there was time."

"Bill, Bill," Nina said, crying damp places all over his board-stiff coat. "Don't be a dope and try to give me up or anything like that. You'll get better, and I'll work hard and save money—" But she had to stop talking then and Bill had to go back to the hospital, anyway. When she was alone, she put on the peach-colored negligee she had bought to wear when Bill married her, and sat up all night, trying to face things that had ugly, frightening faces and that seemed able to outstare her.

AS SHE walked into the staff dining room that morning, Nina's rubber-soled shoes made only the softest of quick sounds, but Bill Butterick looked up eagerly from his third cup of coffee. When he smiled at her, she knew why she had taken the job at Sanders, against her better judgment. It was better to be near Bill than to be anywhere else.

"Hi," Bill said. "Wish I had this week end off, too. Maybe I could sneak out for a couple of hours and meet you in Saratoga or somewhere."

He didn't sound enthusiastic, though. He had the habit of being conscientious about his work just as Nina had.

"No," she said, as she was supposed to say. "Let's not. Besides—"

She smiled up at Bill, suddenly and sweetly, so that he remembered that this was an important day in their lives. It was the day his final health okay was due. When he got it, and if these X-rays were normal, as the last ones had been very close to being, it was as good as a formal release from trouble. They could definitely accept the medical school jobs in California. They could get married and have the trip to California for a honeymoon; and when they got there, there would be work for both of them, and happiness that no one could say they didn't deserve and hadn't waited for patiently.

"Besides—" he agreed. He bent nearer for the fraction of a second, straightening up as a shadow passed the dining-room door. "I'd like to give you a big, smacking kiss right this minute," he said. "Six more weeks!"

"I know," Nina said. "I could go for a little kissing myself, Dr. B.!"

"Got to go," Bill said. "Maybe you could come back a little early tomorrow? Not that you don't need the time off—but I don't like it when you aren't around. You know. Lonesome."

"I know," she said again.

IT WAS a busy morning. Nina was hurrying from one building to the next when Dr. Greer, the assistant head, finally caught up with her.

"Dr. Jeffries!" he gasped. "Wait!"

She slowed down and he got abreast of her. "Say, I can't find Dr. Butterick anywhere around," he said. "Will you give him these X-rays? Tell him I'm sorry we couldn't do any better for him."

Nina said, taking the envelope, "I'll see that they reach him before I leave."

She didn't look at the X-rays until she'd finished her work, and she didn't stop thinking about them for an instant. So these were Bill's X-rays that meant victory or disaster! Her fingers shook as she took them out of the envelope and stared at them unbelievingly for a second. Then she laid them down on Bill's desk that was littered with folders and packets of other X-rays like these—all the paraphernalia of the current paper they were working on together. She felt stunned, and all the vague, restless apprehensions of the morning gathered in a single ball in her chest.

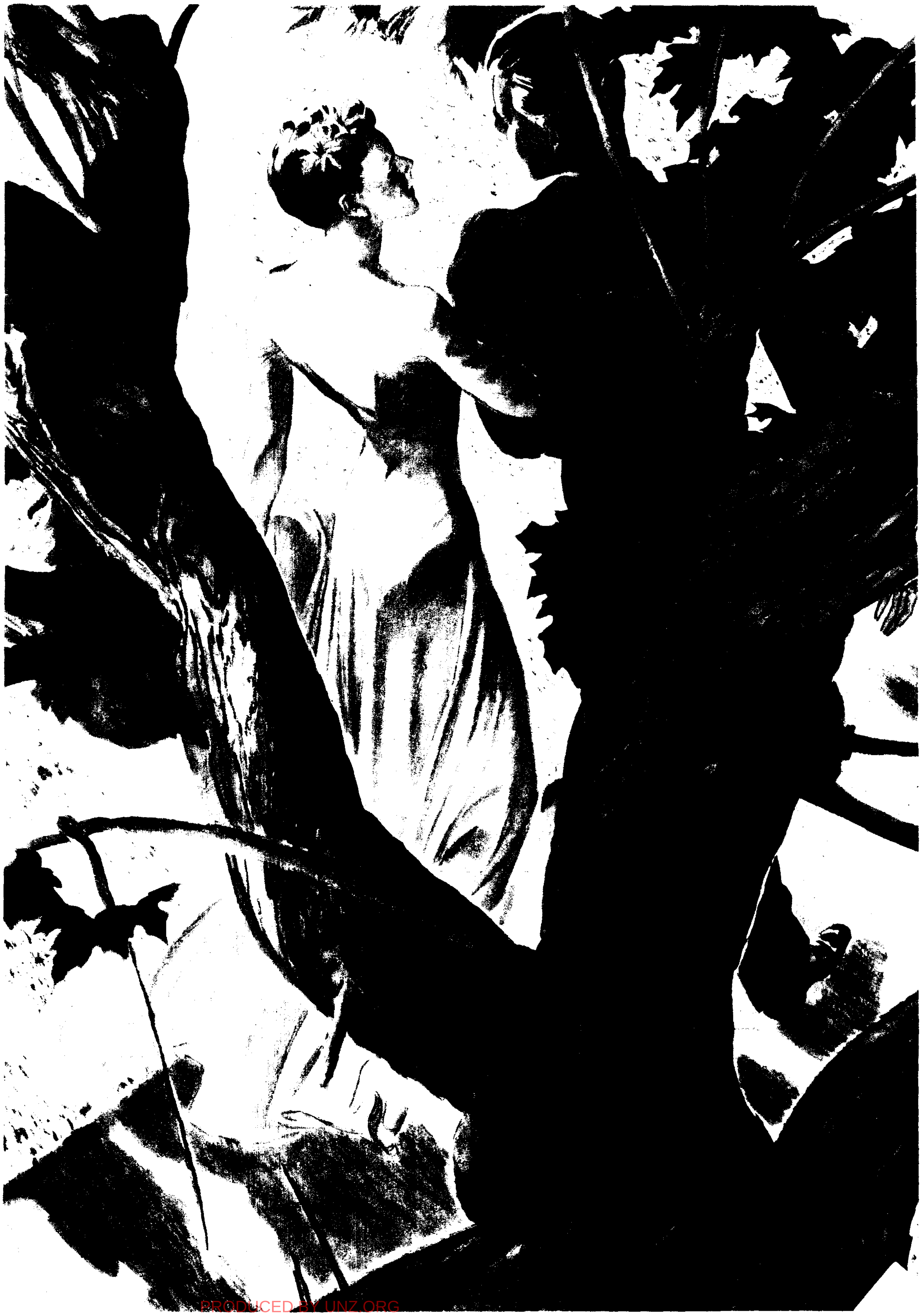
"Bill!" she thought. Then her mind said wildly, "I've got to get out of here before he comes! I can't see his face when he looks at them! I can't!"

Because the X-rays weren't normal or anywhere near it. They were worse than the last ones. Anyone whose lungs looked like that was due for at least six months flat on his back, and a long period of taking it slowly after that. Bill's lungs had looked like that when he first came to Sanders. He had been a patient first, then a doctor, and had only been doing full-time work for about a year.

"So there's no hope about September and our jobs," Nina thought.

Her eyes and throat felt achingly dry. She walked slowly back to her room, and though she was wild to get away from the mountain and Bill she was also curiously reluctant to go and leave Bill to look at those X-rays by himself. She was jittery, and did twenty needless things to delay her departure—tore up a few old letters, straightened the top bureau drawer, cleaned her white shoes for Monday. She knew why it was, too. When she went out into the world of the well, she'd feel more out of place than ever. "I don't belong up here or down there," she thought. "Me and Mahomet's coffin—it looks as though we

(Continued on page 29)

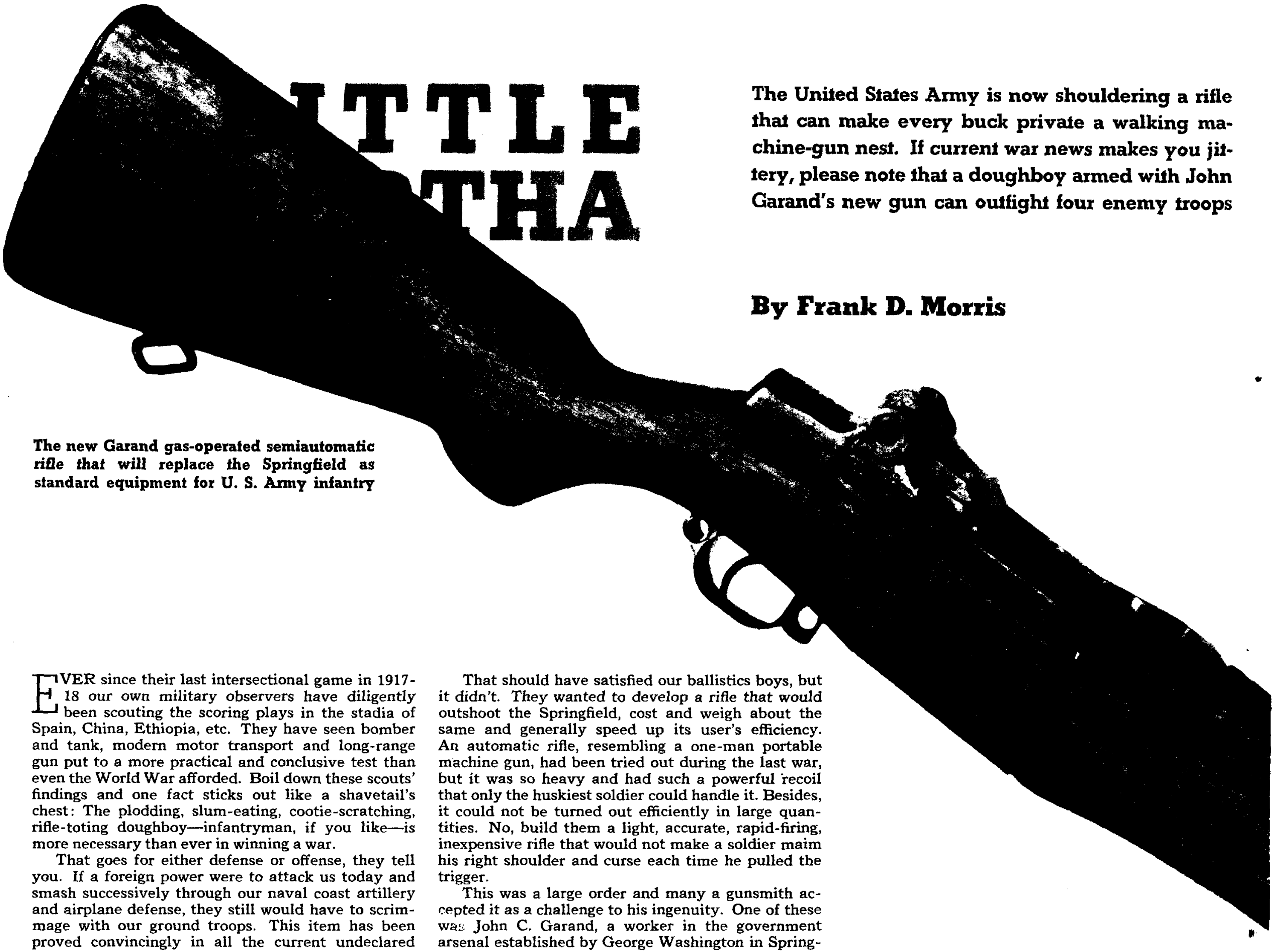


They walked through the park to the building where fortunes had once gone spinning on wheels and where a pack of cards had cost a thousand dollars

ITTLE THA

The United States Army is now shouldering a rifle that can make every buck private a walking machine-gun nest. If current war news makes you jittery, please note that a doughboy armed with John Garand's new gun can outfight four enemy troops

By Frank D. Morris



The new Garand gas-operated semiautomatic rifle that will replace the Springfield as standard equipment for U. S. Army infantry

EVER since their last intersectional game in 1917-18 our own military observers have diligently been scouting the scoring plays in the stadia of Spain, China, Ethiopia, etc. They have seen bomber and tank, modern motor transport and long-range gun put to a more practical and conclusive test than even the World War afforded. Boil down these scouts' findings and one fact sticks out like a shavetail's chest: The plodding, slum-eating, cootie-scratching, rifle-toting doughboy—infantryman, if you like—is more necessary than ever in winning a war.

That goes for either defense or offense, they tell you. If a foreign power were to attack us today and smash successively through our naval coast artillery and airplane defense, they still would have to scrimmage with our ground troops. This item has been proved convincingly in all the current undeclared wars. Japanese invaders are still inching their way into China against a stubborn wall of foot soldiers. A combined flying strength of Hitler and Mussolini, in planes and men, was stymied for months by dogged Loyalist troops. The Chaco was little more than a guerrilla duel of infantry.

Shifting over to the offensive side, no military expert will question the superiority of the infantry in storming, mopping up and holding an objective. When the headlines read: "Enemy Capital Occupied by Victors," you know darn' well the infantry has landed—and intends to stay until further orders.

Noting all this, our brass hats have been tempted to be smug. They know we have an infantry tops in discipline and morale. And as for equipment, the United States infantryman can now give his foe odds of four to one and still win. You see, the two things a foot soldier depends upon to protect him are his rifle and his gas mask. Now gas masks, used only occasionally have been perfected comparatively easily by all armies. But not every army or every infantryman can sling to right shoulder arms the Garand semiautomatic rifle, the revolutionary weapon first adopted by our soldiers, which is five times as efficient as any other army rifle in the world.

A Challenge to Army Ingenuity

It all came about in this way: At the close of the World War our Army chiefs reviewed the performance of the infantry in that mess and learned that the American doughboy's marksmanship was accurate at 600 yards. That's comfortably above the British or French soldier's limit of 400 yards and the Japanese soldier's miserable 200 yards. Much of the credit for this record goes to the Springfield bolt-action rifle adopted by our Army away back in 1903 and, after thirty-five years with only minute changes in its design, still rated the equal if not the superior of any foreign military rifle. It fired ten rounds a minute, cost only $53, was comparatively light and its ingenious drift-slide gauge—something no other World War rifle had—gave the most accurate estimation of wind deflection known to military gunnery.

That should have satisfied our ballistics boys, but it didn't. They wanted to develop a rifle that would outshoot the Springfield, cost and weigh about the same and generally speed up its user's efficiency. An automatic rifle, resembling a one-man portable machine gun, had been tried out during the last war, but it was so heavy and had such a powerful recoil that only the huskiest soldier could handle it. Besides, it could not be turned out efficiently in large quantities. No, build them a light, accurate, rapid-firing, inexpensive rifle that would not make a soldier maim his right shoulder and curse each time he pulled the trigger.

This was a large order and many a gunsmith accepted it as a challenge to his ingenuity. One of these was John C. Garand, a worker in the government arsenal established by George Washington in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Garand is a civilian, fifty years old, tall, dark and husky. He had come to Washington from Ste. Marie, Canada. Without benefit of engineer's degree—his formal education stopped when he was twelve—he pulled himself the hard way to become a master gauge and gun experimenter in the Bureau of Standards. His work there caught the official eye of the Springfield arsenal and he was signed up as a consulting engineer. Back in 1923, when the Army consulted him on the proposed rifle, Garand went quietly to work on what seemed an impossible job.

Thirteen years of painstaking labor, with model after model discarded because it didn't meet the Army's rigid specifications, didn't discourage him; he was that type of inventor. Finally, not many months ago, he folded up his tool kit and handed the War Department a weapon that conservative military experts rate the most important addition to our defense since the invention of the machine gun.

For his time and pains, Garand gets his name on the new gun and not much else. In return the United States Army gets a rifle that will make every infantryman a walking machine-gun nest and the equal of five men equipped only with bolt-action rifles.

The ordnance engineers weren't easily convinced. Garand first had to fire his semiautomatic rifle on the ground, in the air, in every conceivable position and under all climatic conditions. When he and the other testers finally wearied, they used mechanical firing devices. And for 10,000 rounds, the Garand rifle showed that it could take it. At the conclusion of the test, the barrel was examined and found still precise for average firing. No other Army gun even remotely approaches this degree of durability.

Physically the new rifle resembles the old Springfield. It weighs nine pounds, and is generally of the same dimensions as the Springfield. For a precision machine its innards and action are comparatively simple. You insert a clip of eight cartridges and squeeze the trigger. A gas chamber opens, discharging its contents. This operation automatically ejects the empty cartridge, cocks the gun and carries a new bullet into place. Your trigger finger controls all this; there is no cumbersome bolt to lift and slide before each shot as on the old Springfield.

The Army sticklers said the rifle must be accurate. Garand proved that his invention was from 12 to 34 per cent more accurate than the Springfield. And if they thought their drift-scale gauge on the old gun was a marvel, he said, have a look at the one he built in as an integral part of *his* model. The Garand gun's rear sight has notched graduations on a knob. Turn the knob one click and you change the range of fire 25 yards. A second knob similarly regulates wind drift.

Gentle, Fast and Accurate

Is it easy to dissemble and clean? Well, to take the Garand rifle apart for cleaning, no tools are necessary and the only care its mechanism demands is the scraping of carbon from the gas cylinder plug after a thousand rounds have been fired. The only tool required for this job is a small screw driver.

The Garand does not need a special type of cartridge either. Its inventor designed it around the standard .30 caliber used in the Springfield. That's a money saver.

All right, said the engineers, how about recoil? They know that the short-lived automatic rifle tried out in the World War had a kick that knocked a man silly and even the Springfield bounced back like a pile driver on your shoulder. Such jouncing naturally throws you off your aim. Garand helped them measure the recoil of his gun and the gauges registered ten to fifteen per cent less than that of the Springfield. This showed that the new rifle would have much more accuracy and give the soldier less firing fatigue.

Rapid firing? Ten shots a minute is the average for the Springfield after cocking with the bolt action—three seconds—and aiming. At 200 yards, Garand's rifle averages fifty shots a minute and top-flight marksmen have fired 80 to 100 shots a minute.

Then they turned their scrutiny to a most important detail—the cost. Garand had an answer for that one too. The first small batch turned out averaged $104 apiece. As duplicate dies and machinery were produced the second batch brought the price down to $88. When mass production is eventually speeded up to its most efficient pace, it is expected that the Garand will be as cheap as or cheaper than the $53 Springfield. To equip the Army with Garands will then set the taxpayers back about $10,000,000. That seems like a formidable figure until you inspect the appropriation for our recent national-defense program of battleships, superbombers and mechanized cavalry—$112,000,000. To save you further Andrew H. Brown cost accounting, let's say the Army will get its new semiautomatic rifles for the price of one naval oil tanker.

And there, soldier, is your new shoulder piece, the belligerent giant fathered by a modest scientist tucked away in an old stone arsenal. When you carry it into your next unwanted battle at least you will be assured that it will speak five times as effectively as the best one your enemy can think up. And if you are a veteran of the last war when helpless ground troops were the prey of ground-strafing planes, here is your chance to fight back. With the Garand, you can take aim at the swooper, and maintain it reasonably well, after allowing for slight changes necessitated by recoil, while you empty your cartridge clip. With the help of a few squads in your company, similarly equipped, your chances of bringing down that plane are excellent.

Possibly you read recently that the Army is considering reduction of a division's size from 26,000 to 12,000 men. The plan for streamlining has been tentatively approved and calls for a standard regiment of 2,400 instead of the current 3,600 troops. Army officials believe the smaller division would be as effective as the oversized one of today largely because of the increased fire of the Garand gun.

The Napoleonic theory of the "tidal wave" is the yardstick of modern warfare. It means simply that the most effective way to fight is to lay down an artillery barrage, hurl a tremendous force of men at the enemy and follow up the blow with swiftly moving artillery and additional infantry to mop up amid the confusion.

What a difference of impact there would be when the initial thrust is made by men armed with Garands! Five thousand men doing the same job 25,000 of our doughboys had to do in 1917-18. And the mopping-up force would increase in potency as much as a streamlined Diesel locomotive has increased over its funnel-stacked, wood-burning grandfather.

Thirteen Years Ahead of the Spies

Of course equipping our standing army with the new guns isn't an overnight job. Like all precision instruments, they can't be spewed out like toothpaste tubes, since each must be inspected with the same care a parachute jumper uses in packing his silks. But the wheels of production at the Springfield armory have been speeded up and already 7,500 of Uncle Sam's infantrymen include Garand rifles in their regulation equipment. An order for 7,900 more is now being filled and present plans call for the Garand to be in the hands of at least 45,000 troops by the middle of 1940. Foreign papers please copy.

Our military bigwigs, bogged down to their shoulder straps in the quicksand of espionage and sabotage rumors, naturally are most reticent when queried about the Garand brain child and pass it off lightly as just another routine improvement in defensive equipment.

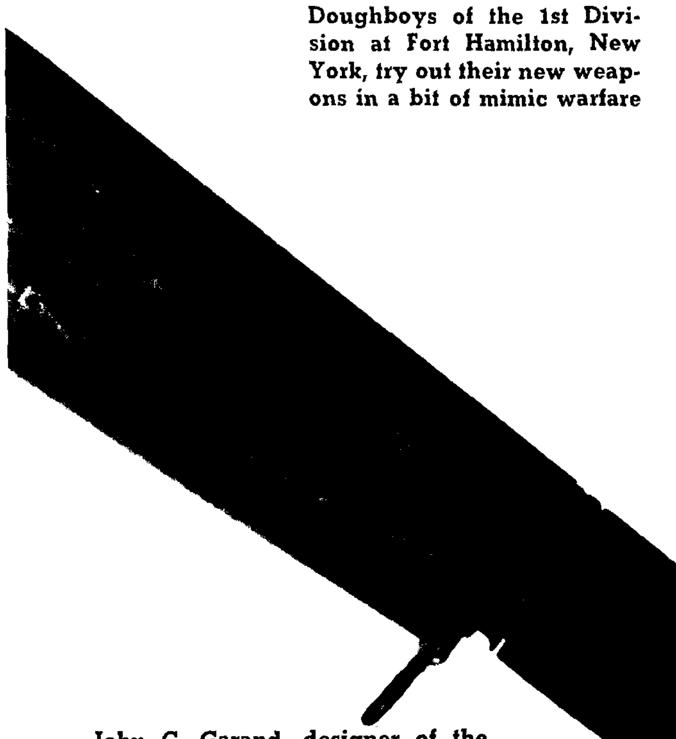
The more rational of the brass hats, however, are not so jittery, and they speak quite frankly and proudly of the rifle, realizing that even if a foreign power were to kidnap the Garand blueprints, the kidnapers would not be able to duplicate it for years. First they would have to design intricate dies and machinery, thousands of guns would have to be produced for testing—remember Garand's thirteen long years—and then, after all that conniving, the slightest flaw in the manufacturing process would make a copy of the Garand useless to them.

Official Washington and 130,000,000 of its sons and daughters can breathe more freely and can face nose thumbers across the ocean with equanimity when they think of the Garand invention. Assistant Secretary of War Louis Johnson, who is no empty theorist—having picked up a practical knowledge of men and guns while serving in the trenches of France as a captain of infantry—told Collier's:

"The American doughboy, whose indomitable qualities of personal bravery and good judgment have always marked him as the peer among fighting men, has a right to insist upon the best of the sinews of battle. In providing him with the new Garand semiautomatic rifle, the Army is placing in his hands the best shoulder rifle in the world. It will add to his confidence; it will increase his effectiveness.

"The adoption of the Garand semiautomatic rifle is part of the broader War Department program of substituting machines for men wherever possible, which is manifested in the increased emphasis upon tanks, combat cars, trucks and robots of all sorts that the Army has now introduced. The Garand semiautomatic is probably the outstanding contribution of the new program, since the doughboy with the rifle is still the backbone of the Army. Whatever contributes to his greater effectiveness is bound to result in speedier and more certain victory in battle."

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS



Doughboys of the 1st Division at Fort Hamilton, New York, try out their new weapons in a bit of mimic warfare

John C. Garand, designer of the new rifle that will bear his name

HAN

Troubled Star

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

"If you pride yourself on making shrewd guesses," Susanna cried, "why have you never guessed that we are married?"

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Susanna Bradford comes home to Morrison University, she finds her father, President Bradford, brilliant administrator, the victim of an unscrupulous political attack waged by the Zimmerman newspaper chain, whose owner has political ambitions.

She also meets Alec Cornish, young instructor assigned on a government research project, to whom, six years before, while they were both undergraduates, she had been secretly married. They had been quietly divorced, but a revelation of that marriage now would injure her father's record. Susanna is alarmed then when, shortly after being seen about the campus with Carl Gilson, disreputable but wholly charming young professor, she begins to receive anonymous letters threatening an exposure of her marriage. Carl, too, receives similar letters, warning him to stay away from Susanna.

Susanna and Alec meet Emery Smith, brilliant young college daily editor, and Betty Stevens, attractive young coed, who confide that they suspect Maxie Blotz, owner of a popular student rendezvous, Tetlow Inn, and Bill Snelling, metropolitan sports reporter, of being agents of Zimmerman's, with orders to create a campus scandal that will wreck President Bradford's career. Betty learns that her roommate, Julie Lomax, talented lead in the college varsity show, has been having a violent love affair with Gilson. When she receives an anonymous letter, Gilson seizes the opportunity to terminate the affair abruptly. Betty takes the letter to Emery and Alec. With the final letter, Alec goes to Gilson and accuses him of writing these letters himself, to challenge Susanna into marrying him. Alec and Gilson quarrel violently. Later, when Alec attempts to forestall Susanna's marriage, she informs him that she intends to marry Gilson immediately. Whereupon Alec announces that her divorce was not legal—she is still Mrs. Alexander Cornish!

Soon after this, Susanna learns the truth about Gilson from Betty. In anger, she goes alone, on the night of the varsity show, to Gilson's lodge, but he is not there. She goes then to Alec's cabin, but he, too, is away. Meanwhile, a few minutes later, Julie, retrieving her personal belongings from Gilson's lodge, hears two men enter and quarrel bitterly. Julie escapes through a bedroom window, but injures her ankle. Shortly after, news comes that Gilson has been found in his home—murdered! Betty finds Julie, takes her to a hospital and destroys all clews of her visit to Gilson's cabin. Later, at an assemblage where they are questioned by the dean, Betty protects Julie, but in so doing she makes all the clews point inexorably—toward Susanna! How long will it be before the police seek Susanna for the murder of Carl Gilson?

IX

SOME time during Saturday night Chief Allen called on the state police for help. So on Sunday they were everywhere about the university, in a fury of measurements, picture-taking and interviewing. They were, Alec soon perceived, deeply devoted to what they called scientific investigation and laboratory analysis. They set out to discover the manufacturer of the blue slipper and sift his records, and they stormed through the sororities and women's dormitories looking for its mate. They would be really formidable tomorrow, when they could harry professors in their offices and set classrooms in a panic.

Sunday, however, brought a lull in newspaper excitement, for no extras followed the acres of wood pulp squandered on the Morrison scandal in the morning editions. But relief was tempered by the knowledge that the pause gave the papers a chance to prepare a carnival for Monday. They would spend Sunday drawing sketches full of arrows and question marks, photographing places and people who had no conceivable relation to the crime, making coeds hysterical and producing innumerable columns of copy that would assay one fact per ton.

A forecast of that Monday carnival came through just as five o'clock boomed from the campanile. The dean answered a phone call from Benton and listened for some five minutes, grunting, "Yes, George . . . I see . . . No, I suppose not," and interspersing little exclamations of "Oh, dear!" and "Good heavens!" which amounted to violent profanity. He hung up at last.

"That adds up to nothing much," he told his collaborators. "George Peters says we can't stop the resolution to investigate Morrison. So there will be legislators tramping our classic halls, and our Zimmerman friends will have a field day with our bills. George has nothing that concerns us here—except that the papers have got the window and the slipper."

That had been only a question of hours, and now the hours were over. Louis French swore without heat. "Well, it will be a relief to have the radio asking about a blondined widow instead of Maxie Blotz." He shrugged into his overcoat. "I'll go see if I can learn who bought and who sold the information."

He went out and Dean Hannan began to arrange his desk. "Go get some supper, Alec. And some sleep. I won't need you again till tomorrow."

ALEC recognized that as permission, perhaps instruction, to go to Suzanne. Neither he nor the dean had mentioned the dean's adroitness in working him so urgently at jobs that had to be done so immediately that he could find no justification for refusing. As always, the dean had calculated stresses perfectly—in another hour Alec would have abandoned everything else and gone to her.

"Why is it so absurd to suspect Maxie Blotz?" Alec demanded.

"You will please not blow up for at least a week more, Alec. Why, it seems such a trivial reason to kill a man—some I O U's over a gambling debt. It is particularly stupid since, once you've killed him, you can never collect them."

"Psychology!" Alec snorted. "Why don't you use common sense? It was Maxie who disappeared. Carl Gilson is shot and Maxie Blotz leaves town. On the lam."

The dean shrugged. "That's psychology, too—the consciousness-of-guilt notion. It was quite wise of Maxie to leave. No man with his record would care to talk with the police when they were investigating a murder. No, Alec—imagine you are Maxie's attorney. Imagine your delight in putting your client on the stand, calling for Exhibit A, and asking Maxie to try on a blue satin slipper."

Alec stood up and the dean said, "Don't prowl, Alec!" and he said, "I will prowl, if I like. . . . Common sense—we must use our minds at least as intelligently as you'd ask a freshman to! Has your mind burned out, Dean Hannan?"

"Do call me Oliver," the dean murmured, but Alec snatched up a photograph and slapped it down under his eyes, an enlargement of the police flashlight of Gilson's living room. Alec pointed to an overturned chair. "Is it your idea one of Gilson's women tried to brain him with a chair? If one did,

(Continued on page 55)

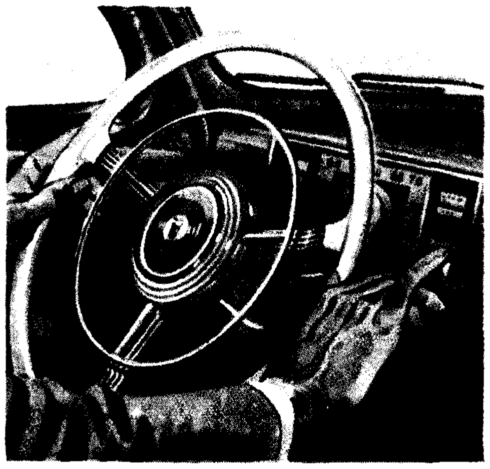
NEW DE SOTO

IS NOW ON DISPLAY...
TED HUSING TELLS THE STORY!

HUSING'S HIGHLIGHTS OF A GREAT NEW CAR

- ★ **De Soto's Handy-Shift**—on the steering column—old "wobble stick" is gone.
- ★ **Goodbye to "Trunk Bustles"**—the Streamlined Luggage Locker is here!
- ★ **Sofa-Wide Seats**—front and rear—room for six big people!
- ★ **5 Speeds Forward!**—with *Perfected* Automatic Overdrive—optional equipment on all models.
- ☆ **Full-View Windshield**—higher, wider—with constant-speed wipers.

1 STREAMLINED STYLING is a fresh new note. Wide-range safety headlights *flush* in fenders. Most beautiful front-end you've ever seen on a motor car.



2 GEAR-SHIFTING IS EASY with De Soto's Handy-Shift mounted on steering post. Safety-Signal Speedometer shows green, amber, red . . . warns you of your speed.

3 NO TRUNK BUSTLE! Here's De Soto's new Streamlined Luggage Locker. Much bigger. 23 cubic feet of luggage space—but no bustle.

4 ROOM FOR SIX! De Soto's seats are as wide as a sofa! Room for 3 *big* people—front and rear. Plenty of leg room, head room.

5 NEW RIDE FORMULA! You enjoy a cradled ride. Rubber Float Body Mountings absorb vibration. Airplane-type Shock Absorbers smother bumps.

6 DE SOTO GIVES you BIG-CAR performance. Yet it's *priced just above the lowest.* See it at your De Soto dealer's! DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

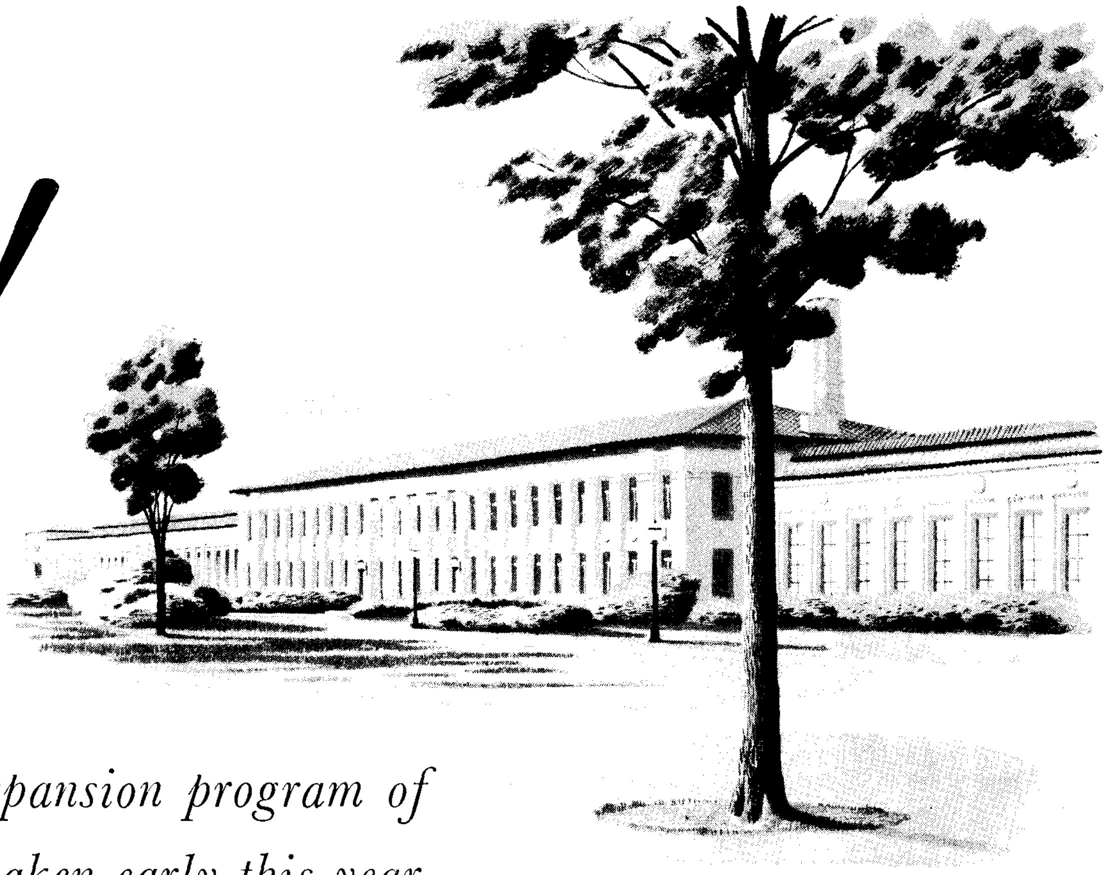
SEE YOUR
DE SOTO DEALER
FOR A GREAT CAR...FINE SERVICE & A SQUARE DEAL

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Full speed

$34,000,000 for plant expansion is a lot of money. Yet Ford workers get that much in wages during three months of normal plant operation. And on a single semi-monthly settlement day recently, $43,000,000 was paid to Ford suppliers for parts and materials used in building cars.

ahead!



From the Ford engineering laboratory at Dearborn have come many important advances in motor car value. Here, too, the word is always "Full speed ahead!" on new and better ways of doing things.

Moving steadily forward, the expansion program of the Ford Motor Company, undertaken early this year, is nearing completion. Nearly $34,000,000 is being expended for new construction and new equipment.

But what does $34,000,000 for plant expansion mean?

From our standpoint, it is a continuing expression of confidence in the future.

> America knows but one direction, and that is—*onward!* Time will bring changes, but *not* in the *main course*. The openings and opportunities for men and women who can *do* things, who *know their jobs*, are becoming more numerous. Our schools should bear this in mind and prepare their students *for life*. Every school should be a place where students *learn by doing*.
>
> Henry Ford

To you, as customer, it means new and better facilities for building even greater value into the car or truck you buy.

To various American industries, it means orders for thousands of tons of steel and other building materials. It means hundreds of new machines and additional equipment.

To the employees of these industries it means more work and more money for more men.

For today's construction becomes tomorrow's payroll. New plants, new products, new machinery, new manpower call for still greater purchases of raw material and supplies.

It is like tossing a pebble into a pool; you can see the circles widen.

It is the Ford belief that industrial progress—which is a constant striving for new and better ways to build better products at lower cost—is the only sound foundation for a lasting prosperity.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

MAKERS OF FORD V-8 CARS AND TRUCKS, THE V-12 LINCOLN AND LINCOLN-ZEPHYR

Human serum therapy begins with withdrawal of blood from a donor. Dr. William Thalhimer (right) is supervising the operation at his New York blood-bank laboratory

LAWRENCE MONAHAN

Liquid Assets

By J. D. Ratcliff

Here's a new sort of bank—a health bank. Its depositors are men and women who dislike disease enough to want to help others. Its currency is serum

OFFHAND, you'd say that no one but a crazy man would pick the foot of East 15th Street, New York City, as the site for a bank. The district is hedged in on one side by the great dismal swamp of the city's East Side slums; and on the other by the smelly, soupy East River. Tugs, escorting sand and coal barges, garbage scows and lighters, keep up a constant screeching din; and the peddlers of the seas, the rust-pocked freighters, make constant contributions to the umbrella of smoke that hangs over the neighborhood.

Still, there is a bank located here, and a very flourishing bank at that. Its prosperity rests on the fact that it isn't interested in money or credits or loans. The commodity the institution deals with is blood—human blood. It operates on the somewhat idealistic concept that people recovering from a disease might be willing to help utter strangers avoid the same disease.

Even before doctors discarded eagle-feather bonnets, elk-tooth necklaces and gaudy war paint for the more conventional but less colorful cutaway and striped trousers, it was noted that attacks of certain diseases seemed to confer lifelong immunity to a second attack. Reasons for this were discovered during the golden age of bacteriology—during the 80's and 90's. Once attacked, the human system went into action and manufactured antibodies, submicroscopic proteins capable of killing bacteria. Whenever bacteria tried to make a second onslaught, these defenders got to work and killed them off before they could do any damage.

Very well, reasoned a number of investigators, why not collect these antibodies, contained in the serum—white portion—of the blood and use them as shock troops? Take them out of a man who had recently recovered from a disease and shoot them into a man who had just come down with the same disease. Maybe they would give the extra boost needed to turn the tide against the invaders and save a life. The idea was tried scores of times but methods were bad. So results, although hopeful, were spotty. What was needed was a large-scale trial. And that is what Dr. William Thalhimer, head of the East 15th Street blood bank, is furnishing.

A Laboratory Launched on Hope

Thalhimer is tall, dark and rather intense. There is not so much as a suggestion of the society doctor in him. He is all researcher—a man soberly devoted to the project that once and for all will give a true appraisal of human serum therapy.

He was born in San Francisco, raised in Richmond and educated at Johns Hopkins. After graduation he practiced and did laboratory work in New York, then moved to Milwaukee, and finally to Chicago. While director of laboratories at Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, he got launched on his idea of serum banks—all more or less by accident.

After dinner at his house one night in 1930 a guest, a daughter of the late Samuel Deutsch, Chicago philanthropist, was questioning him about the mild flurry of infantile paralysis Chicago was experiencing. A friend's child had been stricken. Couldn't *anything* be done about the cruel, disfiguring disease, she asked?

Pitifully little, Thalhimer said. Of course, some men had tried human convalescent serum, but it didn't seem to help a great deal. It was strange, too, he added, because serum worked very well with other diseases. In Munich a doctor named Degkwitz had recently reported a nice series of cases where he had used serum to keep youngsters exposed to scarlet fever from catching the disease, and in Paris two Pasteur Institute men had done the same kind of job with measles. Others had found that the serum had marked curative powers with these diseases, as well as preventive powers.

Maybe the whole trouble, Thalhimer said, was that serum hadn't a good enough trial with infantile paralysis. Too bad someone couldn't try what the Detroit city health department was trying. There, he told his guest, the city was collecting serums for a number of diseases and distributing them on a large scale. What's more, the stuff was working splendidly with some diseases. The nursery raiders particularly—measles, mumps, chicken pox, scarlet fever.

Thalhimer thought no more about the talk, dismissing it as merely a polite bit of conversation people were always making with doctors. Then one day the lady called on the telephone. She had, she said, repeated his words to her brothers and sisters. They had been impressed and thought Chicago should get started doing the same thing Detroit was doing. And, what was more important, they had decided to provide funds from their father's estate. Would Dr. Thalhimer take charge. He would.

War on the Nursery Raiders

The Michael Reese Hospital furnished space and Thalhimer took newly acquired funds to buy equipment and set up the necessary organization. Then he began trying to wheedle blood out of people recently recovered from the diseases he had decided to work with: infantile paralysis, and the nursery raiders already mentioned. The city health department kept a registry of all these people, sick with infectious diseases.

Thalhimer called on some and wrote letters to others. It was a tedious process trying to get people to exchange half a pint of blood for $5. About half of those approached flatly refused. Yet as more and more contacts were made the supply began to mount.

Processing this blood into usable serum was a straight laboratory problem. First it had to be Wassermann and Kahn tested for syphilis. Then the blood was allowed to clot at room temperature to separate the unwanted red cells. Next

(Continued on page 35)

Here IS WHAT LIGHT CONDITIONING DOES FOR YOU

Protects Young Eyes . . . Light Conditioning makes seeing easier for young eyes when they study or play games. It helps them develop normal vision . . . instead of being damaged by eyestrain. Give your children the benefit of an I.E.S. Better Sight Lamp, equipped with a 100-watt G-E MAZDA lamp.

Brings Comfort . . . whether you read or play cards, light conditioning gives your eyes new comfort through better light for better sight. Try this suggestion to help you light condition a single chair: a three-light I. E. S. bridge lamp, with 50-100-150-watt G-E MAZDA lamp.

Cheers Up Kitchen . . . Light conditioning gives a break to folks in the kitchen. It makes recipes easier to read . . . speeds the preparing of food. The suggestion illustrated calls for indirect light . . . from a 150-watt G-E MAZDA Silvered Bowl lamp, in a modern fixture. With an enclosing globe fixture, try a 150-watt daylight bulb.

Adds Pleasure . . . because it guards eyes from strain while you read, sew, study or play games. At the same time, light conditioning brings out the beauty of furnishings and enhances their charm. Why not give its benefits to young folks at college, too, with a three-light I.E.S. Lamp and a 50-100-150-watt bulb?

★ ***LISTEN IN***—THE G-E HOUR OF CHARM . . . WITH DOROTHY THOMPSON . . . PHIL SPITALNY'S ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA . . . EVERY MONDAY EVENING 9:00-9:30 E. S. T., N. B. C. RED NETWORK

For "Better Light-Better Sight" let these brighter G-E BULBS help you Light Condition

For I. E. S. table lamps, laundry, garage and single socket bedroom fixtures. **100-watt** now down to . 15¢

For enclosing globes in kitchens, and for home workbench and game room. **150-watt** . . . . now 20¢

Daylight Lamps for laundry or sewing room . . . daylight color helps detect ironing scorches . . . makes color matching easier. **150-watt Daylight** . . 45¢

Three-Lite Lamps for use in three-light I. E. S. bridge and floor lamps . . . and three-light fixtures.
50-100-150-watt . . . 45¢
100-200-300-watt . . 60¢

Silvered Bowl Lamps make it easy and inexpensive to have pleasing, glareless indirect light.
60-watt . . . . 45¢
150-watt . . . . . . 65¢
200-watt . . . . . . 85¢

For multiple-bulb fixtures, for decorative lamps, and many other places in the home.
75, 60, 40, 25 and 15-watt 15¢

Easy to begin with new "tailor-made" package

Ask your dealer to help you make up a package of G-E Bulbs for light conditioning. He will help you select the sizes needed in your home. Be sure to include at least one 100-watt bulb.

Simple Recipes
THE EASIER SEEING
MAZDA LAMPS
MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'
FROM THE LOOKS OF OUR FRIEND'S FARMHOUSE THERE'S A REAL OLD-FASHIONED HALLOWE'EN IN STORE FOR US
TRAILER TRIP
HALLOWE'EN IN NEW ENGLAND
GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN. WE HAD SUCH FUN AT THE COUNTY FAIR TOGETHER
WELCOME, WELCOME---JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE GAMES THE BOYS HAVE GOTTEN UP FOR TONIGHT
LOOK AT CHUBBINS SNAP UP THOSE APPLES---- SHE'LL WIN SURE!
GUESS SHE CAN SHOW HER FATHER HOW IT'S DONE, EH JUDGE?
I'LL JUST HAVE TO STICK TO MY PIPE COLLECTING
CAREFUL, CHUBBINS, NONE OF US COULD PIN THE WITCH RIGHT IN THE CENTER
GOOD FOR YOU, CHUBBINS! IT'S PERFECT!
CONGRATULATIONS, JUDGE---YOUR DAUGHTER'S WON ALMOST AS MANY PRIZES TONIGHT AS MY FAMILY DID AT THE COUNTY FAIR!
REMEMBER UNCLE GEORGE'S PRIZE PUMPKIN? HE MADE IT INTO THIS HUGE JACK-O'-LANTERN
WE FOUND MISTER JACK-O'-LANTERN LOOKS EVEN MORE AT HOME WITH A PIPE IN HIS MOUTH--SO I MADE THIS BIG CORN-COB FOR HIM
HE DOES LOOK HAPPIER, UNCLE GEORGE
WELL, ANYBODY MAY LOOK HAPPIER WITH A PIPE, BUT WHEN THERE'S PRINCE ALBERT IN IT, YOU CAN BE SURE HE IS HAPPIER---EH, JUDGE?
YOU'LL GET AN O.K. ON THAT STATEMENT FROM ANY P.A. SMOKER--- THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!
SMOKING PLEASURE GALORE IN STORE FOR YOU!
THERE'S BETTER TOBACCO IN RIPE, FULL-BODIED PRINCE ALBERT__IT'S EXTRA RICH-TASTING, YET THERE'S NO BITE!
P.A.'S THE JOY SMOKE IN 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES, TOO__AND I GET AROUND 70 TASTY SMOKES FROM EACH TIN
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

YES! YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you *ever smoked, return the pocket tin* with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Good Intentions Won't Pay Pensions

Continued from page 13

owners. Twenty years ago these nonresidents paid 42 per cent of the taxes used to run the ordinary affairs of state government. Little by little (and Heaven knows how) this levy was whittled down until today from these same sources Colorado derives only five or six per cent of such expenses. Therefore the growth of the excise taxes. Somebody had to pay the bill. If the fat boys didn't, the lean guys would have to.

"Look," cries Mr. Moore, "during the past seven years the fat boys have induced our legislatures to revise downward the valuations on their properties—downward by three hundred and fifty million dollars. Thus, mister, Colorado has lost $10,000,000 in taxes. Well, we've got to get back to where we were before that happened, got to restore the old valuations. Look, mister. Read the slogan of the National Annuity League."

It reads: "God's reign does not come in talk but power."

Too Hot to Handle

"Okay?" demands Mr. Moore. "Got it? Well, brother, we've got the power now. Votes. We're going to get those taxes back—with votes. No wonder the fat boys are sore at me and at the league. No wonder they're out with a gutless amendment which they want the folks of Colorado to substitute for the one we put into the constitution. Honest, I don't blame the fat boys for being sore. They got their assessments reduced, God knows how, and threw the cost of running Colorado over on the poor man. And now we poor folks are going to throw it back. Nope, I don't blame them. They used to have the power and we had to be satisfied with talking. Now they're doing the talking. S'funny world, brother, s'funny world."

Colorado would have begun paying pensions on the first of January, 1937, if the courts hadn't got in the way. The courts said the pensions would have to wait, impounded, until the legislature should discover money to take the place of the newly earmarked funds. It took the legislature almost six months to discover that it couldn't. Mr. Moore could have told them that before they began. And yet they made several well-meaning gestures. To keep the reliefers quiet—those fortunate ladies and gentlemen who are now living riotously on $3.82 a month—the legislators appropriated $900,000 for them. It wasn't until some hours later that the legislature discovered that the state didn't have $900,000.

This sort of thing went on until someone suggested that the legislature adjourn. Such was the enthusiasm with which this novel idea was adopted that the lads celebrated by authorizing a state building program which would cost $5,000,000, passed a police pension bill and, having found it impossible to decrease the cost of state government, decided to increase it by creating nine new expensive bureaus. No one could say that Colorado was going to tolerate any halfway measures about going broke.

Anyway, the pensions didn't begin to roll out until September, 1937. And because the state had an eight-month accumulation of the earmarked funds, all successful applicants got forty-five dollars a month—for four months. Not only did everybody get forty-five dollars a month up to January 1, 1938, but at the end of the year the pension fund contained a surplus of $800,000. Of course the rest of the state functions were crippled, but who cared?

The amendment had it that if there were any funds in the pension treasury at the end of any year, that kitty should be divided evenly amongst the old folks. Whereupon, amid general rejoicing, 34,800 pensioners got bonuses of $27.77 in addition to their regular checks.

So vast was the enthusiasm that the pensioners began to complain that it was a real shame that a kitty should be left lying around all year. Something should be done whereby the excess funds should be prorated every month. There were those who argued that the split should be made every week but calmer minds prevailed. We weren't in Colorado when the checks for January, 1938, were issued. But they tell us that the outcry was pretty hideous. Each pensioner found his dole eight dollars short. The next time the checks were mailed they were $13 shy. And the next time too. Today the average check is $27—about the size of last December's bonus.

When the obvious became apparent in Colorado—that the legislature was not going to revise the state's taxation racket and would not be able to find income to take the place of what the Annuity League had grabbed, Governor Ammons asked all the departments, bureaus, boards, and so forth to cut their expenditures ten per cent. He caused the Board of Equalization to take up taxation on utilities ten per cent and increase the tax valuations of telegraph and telephone companies and of railroads twenty per cent. That his own office might not run short of postage stamps and brass spittoons he saw to it that the property levy for the general fund went up a mill and a half—half a mill short of the constitutional limit. The uproar was awful. The railroads wouldn't pay, fled into court to ask protection. They were still there when we left the state. And that started something very much like a general tax strike. Merchants were collecting the sales tax but refusing to turn it in to the state treasury. And two of the new taxes became almost too hot to handle—the use tax and service tax.

One Third the State's Income

The use tax is what one was supposed to pay on something bought in another state—with a view to escaping the sales tax. And the service tax was a complete flop too. One was supposed to pay two per cent on every paid service rendered—shoe shines, dentistry, the doctor, the plumber, the fellow who mowed the lawn, clothes pressing, the barber. And so on. Nobody paid any attention to it. An army would be required to collect it. It would cost more to collect than the state would get if it could be collected.

One of the liveliest state wits got busy and invented a phrase for the situation—a pretty kettle of fish.

Both sides—Mr. Moore's Annuity League and the opposition organized under the banner of the Federation for Workable Old Age Pensions, known to the Mooreites as the Fat Boy Federation—began lashing out. On behalf of the league, one Mr. J. Charles Frisbee, a pensioner, went into state court demanding that Colorado pay him his full pension and stop stalling. Moreover he demanded that the state pay him the full amount as from January 1, 1937, to date. Judge Homer G. Preston decided in his favor. The case is now in the Colorado Supreme Court. If Judge Preston is upheld, all pensioners will of course be the beneficiaries of Mr. Frisbee's victory and Colorado will have to dig up nearly $3,000,000 in addition to its current pension obligations—a mere $18,000,000 or so.

And the state is pledged to give the old folks this $18,000,000 (on a basis of $45 a month) out of a total income that, for 1938, cannot be estimated with any accuracy because of the tax strikes and the general tendency of income to dwindle. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, Colorado's total income from all sources was $59,500,000. If we knew just what Colorado's income would be for 1938 we'd gladly tell you what percentage of it was pledged by her constitution to her oldsters. But the best estimates have it one third.

In reply to the Frisbee case, the opposition began to shower the state with hilarious tales of pension chiseling. Mr. Carl Ph. Schwalb, manager of the Health and Charities Department of Denver, had prevailed upon Governor Ammons to let him hire a lawyer to force pensioners not in want to return pension money to which they were not entitled. Mr. John P. James was hired. It's no one-man job but, quite alone, Mr. James has been doing rather well. In August alone he got $5,000 back. All told he's been able to retrieve about $18,000.

Mr. James' Job is Delicate

Some months ago a Colorado sheriff invited his mother and father, his wife's mother and father, two grandparents and a few elderly aunts and uncles to Sunday dinner. The old folks were a bit amazed at his sudden solicitude, but ate heartily. They accepted, too, his invitation to spend the night in his new home—a house obviously too capacious for his immediate family of four.

Bright and early on Monday morning he herded the old folks to the local pension depot, had them all registered without delay, and then sprang the surprise of the month. He and his wife and children were lonely. They hungered for the society of their elderly relatives. Therefore he had taken over this large new home. Wouldn't they like, therefore, to come live with him? And the astonishing thing is that they all agreed.

That started something. All manner and degree of state officials, deciding that the only people in Colorado with any prospects at all were the oldsters, have been calling home the family pensioners. Into yonder county commissioner's home come monthly checks for $162. And over there's a tax collector who has five pensioners under his roof.

It would pay you to hang around Mr. James' office for a day. You'd learn much more than all the scientific lectures on old-age pensions could teach you. We became interested at once in a gentleman who had replied to Mr. James' summons so hastily that he had forgotten to put on his shirt and socks. His wife, being a bit older than he, had been enjoying a pension for six months. He had registered and qualified the moment he had reached sixty. He had just received his first check too. But somehow Lawyer James had heard that that first check had not gone into groceries at all but into the bank. And Mr. James had called him in to inquire into his bank account. Let's see your deposit book, Mr. Pourapeck.

There was considerable argument. Lawyer James ended that by suggesting that they all go down to the district attorney and look into the fraud laws. There is nothing in the law that says you may not bank your pension, but if you do, the natural inference is that you don't need it. Some guy's always suspecting a body. Perhaps Mr. James was bluffing about the district attorney's office and maybe the gentleman knew it. Still Mr. James might do something legal—and the gentleman was scared. So he showed his bank book. He also gave back that first check. In the bank he had $6,001.03. However, his wife could still go on taking down her monthly dole. Mr. Pourapeck left Lawyer James' office vowing to turn Communist.

O. Otto Moore does not deny these little incidents. But he will tell you in loud clear phrases that these chiselings are done purposely by *agents provocateurs* at the earnest solicitation of the fat boys to discredit the National Annuity League and the pension amendment.

Into Mr. James' office came another lawyer—a politician who looked as if he hadn't slept much. And we couldn't blame him. Not so long ago this gentleman ran for governor and made quite a respectable showing. When the pension amendment went into effect it occurred to him that there would be a great many oldsters who would like a bit of legal advice on how to hide those personal assets—cash, real estate, bonds and so on—that they might be eligible for the dole. A very smart chap. In no time at all he was doing quite a neat and welcome business.

But one day one of his clients was trapped into admitting that she had three thousand dollars in the bank and received seventy dollars monthly from property she had, at the lawyer's suggestion, turned over to her married daughter's keeping. Briefly Mr. James told the lawyer just what he had to do.

"It's only until we get a new dummy, Pilsen!"

When She Smiles She Sparkles

... because she knows her dentifrice provides quick, complete refreshment to her mouth, gums and teeth

Fight Acid when you brush your teeth!

It is only obvious that every time we eat, minute food particles lodge in many tiny crevices in and between the teeth.

There fermentation may begin and acids form—the acids that are a common factor in tooth decay. Such fermentation may quickly dull the brightness of teeth and mar the freshness of the breath.

Ordinary care may not be effective in completely refreshing the mouth, gums and teeth—in providing the help you need to safeguard health and beauty—and to be sure of attractiveness.

Because of these facts Squibb Dental Cream is made with a safe, scientific antacid. As it cleans, it neutralizes the acids of decay wherever it comes in contact with them.

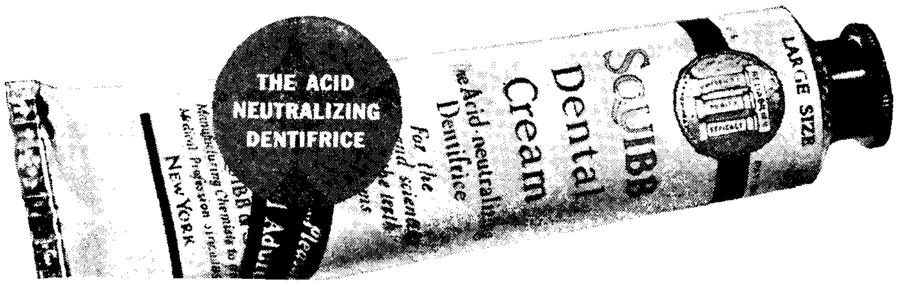
Squibb Dental Cream is a scientific product of the Squibb Laboratories. Get a tube today from your druggist. Use it every day—at least twice a day.

See how quickly it cleans. Notice the instant feeling of refreshment to mouth and gums.

And don't forget that, by the daily use of Squibb Dental Cream and adequate professional care, most tooth decay can be prevented.

For Those Who Prefer Powder. Squibb Tooth Powder contains the same essential ingredients as Squibb Dental Cream.

SQUIBB *Dental Cream*



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Colgate RAPID SHAVE CREAM

One was to collect and return *all* the pensions his clients had collected.

"Okay, okay," said the unhappy statesman, "but can't you let them keep enough to pay me what they owe me for my legal services? You'd think these pension folks would be honest about paying their bills, wouldn't you?"

Mr. James' job is a delicate one. As we've told you, the amendment does not require that the pensioner be without other means of support. His hardest job is in wangling restitution from those pensioners between sixty and sixty-five. He may threaten them with publicity, of course, and this frequently works. Or he can threaten them with family complications by invoking an old and widely disregarded state law which makes it mandatory upon children to support their parents. This law was forgotten until the amendment was adopted. There is a sturdy movement afoot to have it repealed. But when Mr. James is dealing with pensioners of more than sixty-five he has the federal government to retreat to. The federal government pays half the pension of such oldsters up to a total of $30. And it withdraws that fifty per cent where fraud becomes apparent.

An Unholy Spectacle

Although the amendment has it that no pensioner may be required to return anything already paid out to him, it does not protect anyone from prosecution for obtaining money under false pretenses. But then, Mr. James' activities are limited to Denver. Outside that city, chiseling may be indulged in right merrily and quite openly. And no one in official position is valiant enough to challenge it, fearful that Mr. Moore's boast of 11,000 members in his Annuity League may be true. Political jobs are hard enough to win. Nobody seems anxious to lose his.

Because the small town and village merchant and professional man cannot afford to lose the patronage of the pensioner and the pensioner's relatives, he is much more willing to subscribe to a false-application affidavit than to assist in fraud hunts. It is not humorous to have your store or shop picketed by pensioners and friends of pensioners because you're "unfriendly." Nor do doctors, lawyers, dentists and other professional men find it healthy to antagonize the oldsters and their adult but dependent children. Colorado is not proving that old-age pensions are uneconomic or intrinsically unsound. The state is merely making an unholy spectacle of administration.

You are bound to be interested in the case of a Denverite whose income is $7,500 and whose father is one of the pensioners. Very frankly he admitted his income to the authorities and the fact that he owned several houses, two motorcars and had $13,000 in bank in one form and another. Just as definitely he assured them that he would not provide for the old man. And to make it clearer, he defied them to make him. Well, it was bad politics to press this case, a considerable bloc of the Negro vote being involved. So the old man's still getting his pension—and no further questions asked.

But let us at long last get over to the headquarters of Mr. O. Otto Moore's National Annuity League, Inc. The place was formerly a grocery store, someone told us. We arrive as a special drive for political campaign funds gets under way. We are met at the door by a tidy little granny who sells us half a dozen doughnuts. She tells us that she'll sell us the other six as we leave. Get them coming and going is her motto, she says. Another old lady asks us how many pennies we have in our pocket. We investigate and find nine. She takes them, saying that they'll be a great help to the mile of pennies the league is collecting. She rattles off the figures—sixteen pennies to the foot, 5,280 feet to the mile, 84,480 pennies, $844.80. And thank you. If you'll leave the name, address and birth dates of your mother and father, she will see that they each get a pretty greeting card on their birthdays.

Before you get to the office of the Honorable O. Otto Moore you have bought a slice of the cake the ladies are going to make for his birthday. Ten cents a slice. Of course the cake hasn't been made yet. Before you know it you've given an old gentleman seven cents because you were born on the seventh. We buy four tickets to a dance. But we do not subscribe to the profanity fund, never using the stuff, which would oblige us to forfeit a penny every time we said damn or something. The lady who tries to put us down for the profanity fund says that it is much, much too easy. A good roundhouse curse is worth a nickel, she thinks.

Before we reached Mr. Moore's office at the back of the store we had bought a lemon meringue pie and a quart of homemade hair tonic. We dropped the hair tonic, which was too bad because, then, we could not get two cents rebate on the bottle. We put the pie down somewhere and never did see it again.

Mr. Moore is conferring with Mr. Oliver T. McIntosh, a real-estate man and member of the directorate of the National Annuity League. Ancient Dr. Ellis drops in, shakes hands with everybody and departs. Messrs. Moore and McIntosh are struggling with the problem of pension chiselers. They insist that most chiseling is traceable to the underground efforts of the fat boys to discredit the league but admit that the Tom Burke incident was bad. Tom Burke, eighty years old, was a pensioner. He died rather suddenly one evening in a rooming house and the doctor found $1,530 in Tom's pockets.

"A very, very small percentage—say two per cent—of the pensioners are not entitled to benefits," says Mr. Moore. "It is up to this league to help weed out the chiselers. Unless the true pensioners take it upon themselves to get rid of the chiselers who are gnawing at our vitals, the entire pension system is headed for disaster. Will we shirk our duty? I say no."

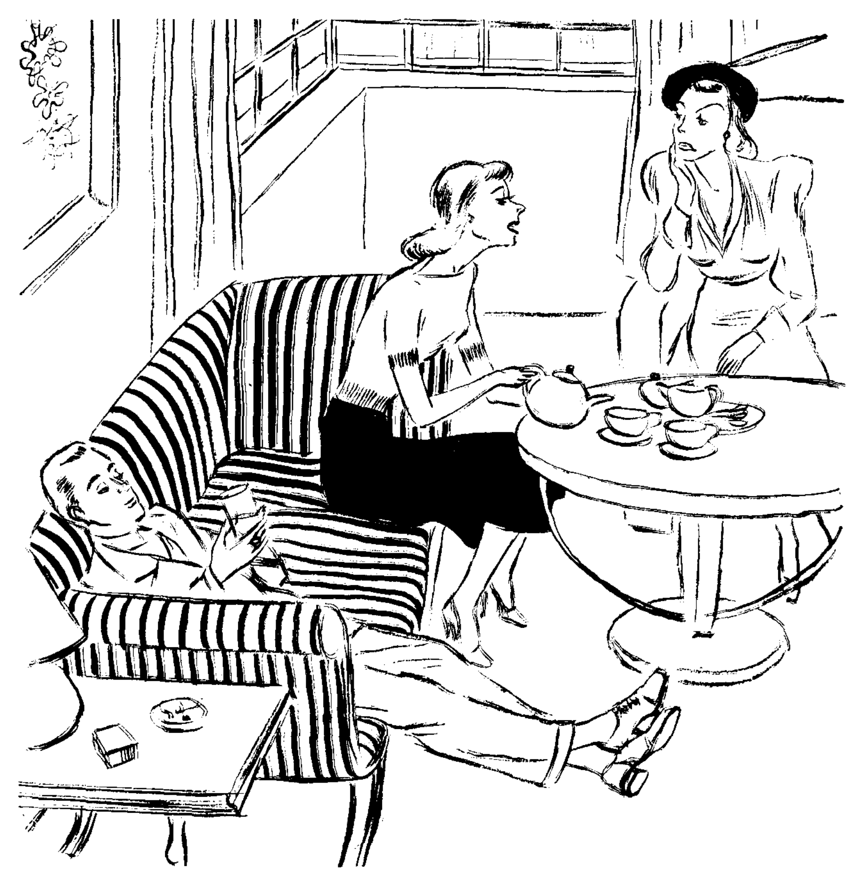
He tells us that the league has 11,000 members, that the dues are one dollar a year. Of course, for emergencies special levies are made, contributions solicited—and received. Mr. Moore takes no salary from the league.

"This league spells security to young and old alike," he cries. "We'll all be old some day. We're accused of wrecking the state—bankrupting it. Nonsense. Balderdash. Piffle. Bunk. The sales tax is a tax on the poor man. All right, we've taken over that poor man's tax to help the poor man. The liquor tax is the common man's tax. We've taken over the proceeds from liquor—that common man's tax—to help the common man. They adopted these poor man's taxes to run the government for the rich who were able to have their own taxes reduced many millions. Well, let them go back to the fat boys. We got tired paying their government bills."

The Ladies Are Perplexed

Presently, as we leave Mr. Moore's office, we see two old ladies weeping quietly but thoroughly behind a pile of packing cases. Naturally we inquire into this one sad note in an atmosphere of cheerful industry. Well, well. Both ladies are pensioners. And both have given many years of their lives to the service of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and The Anti-Saloon League. But a large part of their pensions comes from the sale and licensing of liquor—eighty-five per cent of the liquor tax. No, they hadn't just learned this. They had known it all along. But every day they meet and discuss their dreadful problem—should they resign from the W. C. T. U. and the A. S. L. or give up their pensions? And they are no nearer the answer now than they ever were. Every day their deliberations culminate in tears of frustration.

Sympathetically we ponder their dilemma for a while. Then we do the only thing we can think of. We go out and buy a drink.



"We're thinking of going to London for the New York World's Fair!"

F. WILKINSON

The Yacht in the Meadow

Continued from page 17

were always going to live in mid-air."

There was more to the feeling of indecision about going, and she knew it. Here, on the mountain, there was Bill, and Bill's picture inside the case of her wrist watch. There were old, loving letters in her locked metal box. And there was also a wild, selfish, unreasonable longing to put an end to the whole hopeless business—to try to get happiness or the next best thing, because this last setback was more than she could bear. The years of waiting had been too long and too hard and hope had been stretched out too thin to stand the strain of more waiting. That was half of the problem. The other half was that down at the foot of the mountain, in the world where people took health and happiness for granted, Palmer Avery was waiting to see her. She knew because he had telephoned her several times during the morning, and each time she had told the operator to say Dr. Jeffries was busy and couldn't come to the telephone. Palmer was probably up for the racing season at Saratoga, too.

She saw Bill heading toward his office as she started the car down the mountain. He looked long and lonesome in his white suit and she wondered if he'd seen his X-rays yet. She wanted to stop and find out, but something like rebelliousness inside her wouldn't let her. She waved again and kept going. "I *can't!*" she said. "I just can't, that's all. We can have it all out when I get back tomorrow night."

SHE meant to go farther, perhaps as far as New York, but Saratoga looked very gay and attractive. The enormous old-fashioned hotels were open for their brief span of life, renting their twenty-five-dollar-a-day rooms like hot cakes. The elegant little shops were open, and the brokerage branch offices were doing business. Everywhere there was the bustle that meant the season was on.

Nina, who had never got over feeling guilty at spending a penny more than was absolutely necessary, went into a beauty parlor and had her hair and face and fingernails done; and when she came out, transfigured, at four-thirty, she felt so reckless she went and bought a charming yellow cotton dinner dress, and that, in turn, made her decide to take a room for the night. She wouldn't go back to the mountain until tomorrow night. She would dress up and go out looking for adventure enough to put trouble out of mind. She tried not to let the thought turn up in her mind that somewhere in Saratoga she could find Palmer Avery if she looked hard enough.

"I'd like a little excitement," she thought. "Pleasant excitement." She stood looking at herself in the mirror, wearing her new yellow dress. "Why, Dr. J., you look like a girl again!" she said mockingly, and then put her face against the cold glass. "I'm *young*," she thought, and there was something like fright at the bottom of her mind. "I'm not going to get enough out of life this way. I'm being gypped."

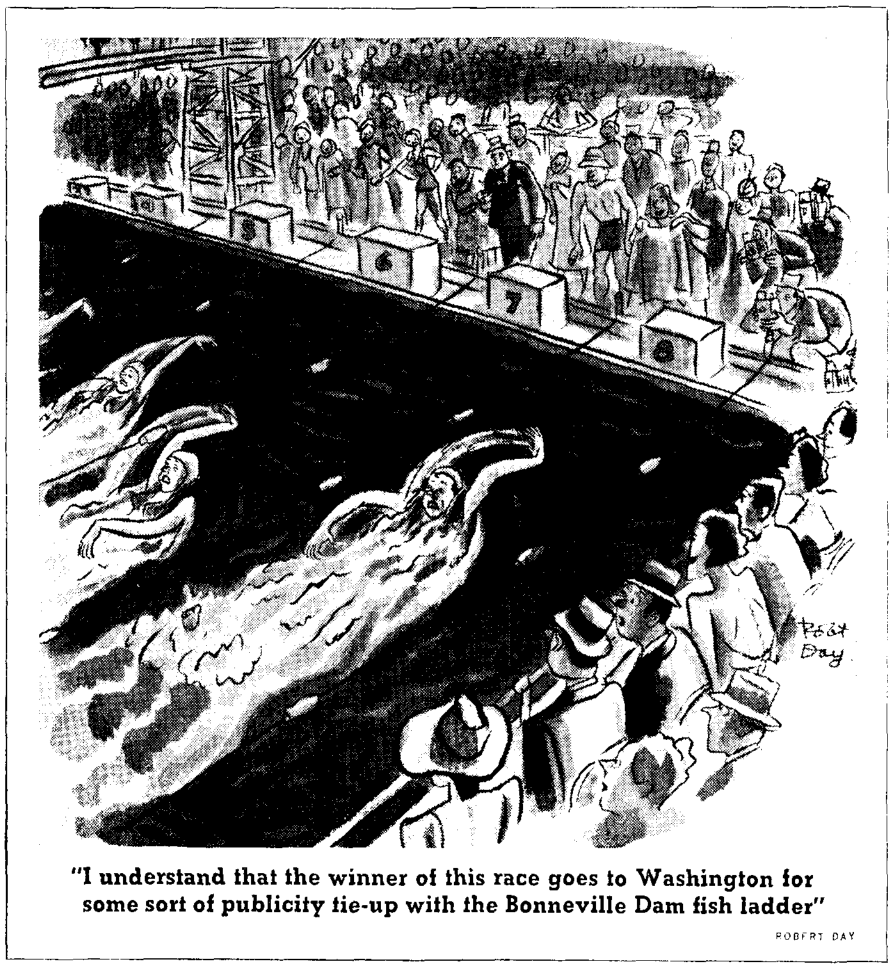
She still felt that way as she walked toward the bright center of town—her rooming house was in one of the quieter sections.

As she crossed the street, she saw a familiar car go by and park in front of the big old United States Hotel. If Ellen-May was meeting someone she shouldn't, she was a fool to do it so near the sanatorium!

"I ought to report her," Nina thought. "It's my duty, really—her mind's not on her work—she might make a serious slip and then I'd feel responsible." But almost instantly she stopped and shook her head at herself. "If you reported Ellen-May, it would be pure spite, and you know it."

And that was so true she hurried into the hotel's big, ornate bar. If she weren't careful, she'd be wasting her few free hours thinking about the mountain and the problems that went with it, and she promised herself not to do that.

"You see," said a voice close to her,



"I understand that the winner of this race goes to Washington for some sort of publicity tie-up with the Bonneville Dam fish ladder"

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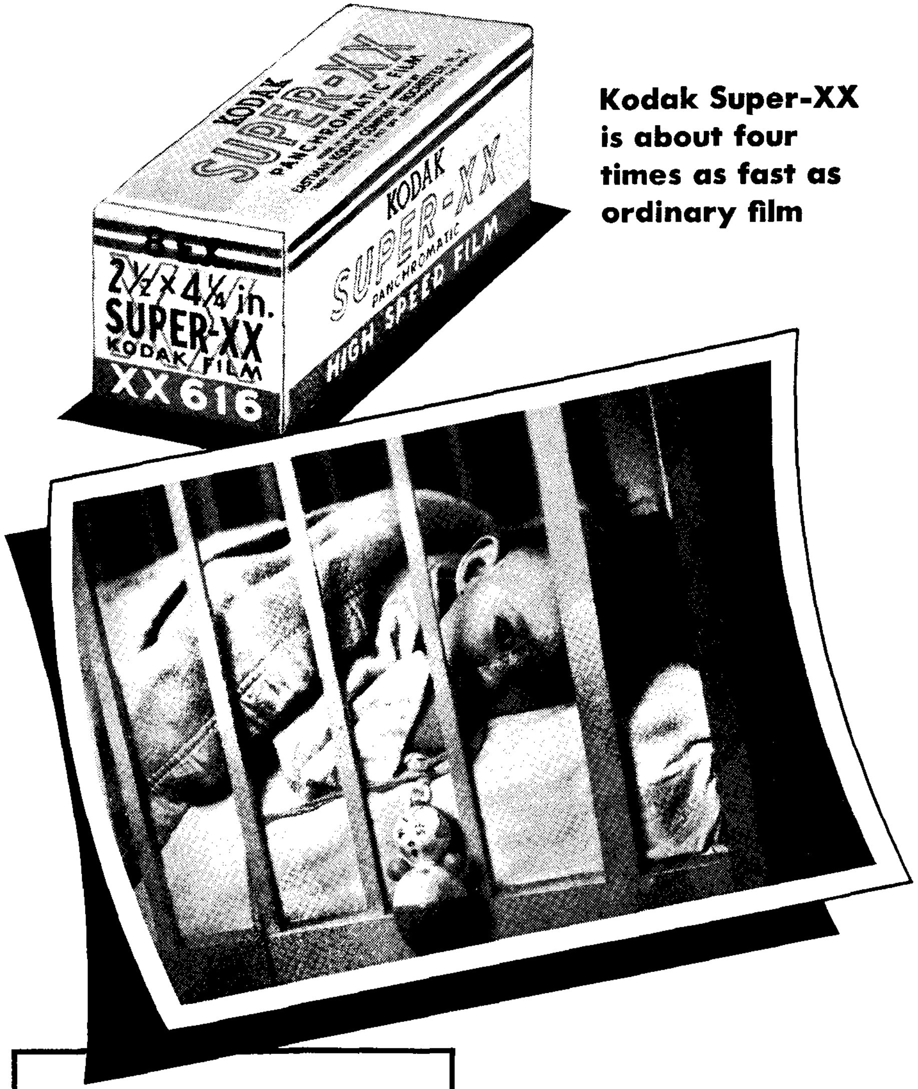

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Easier THAN EVER!

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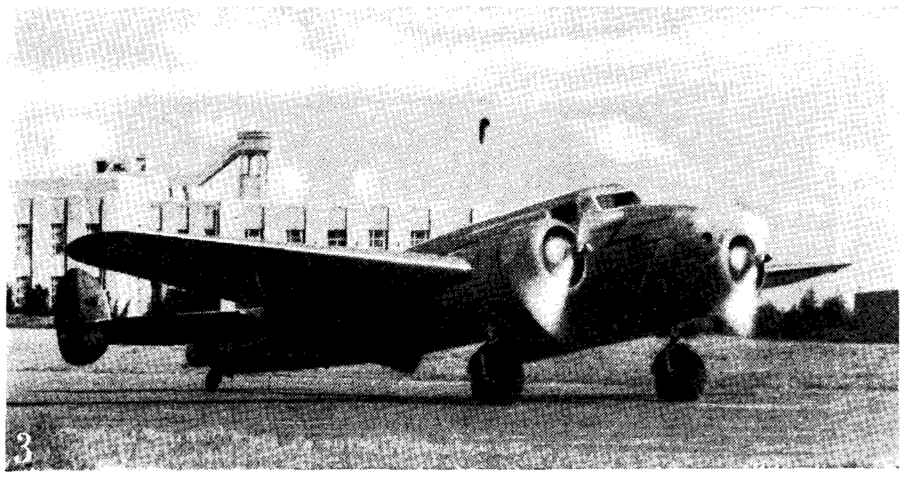

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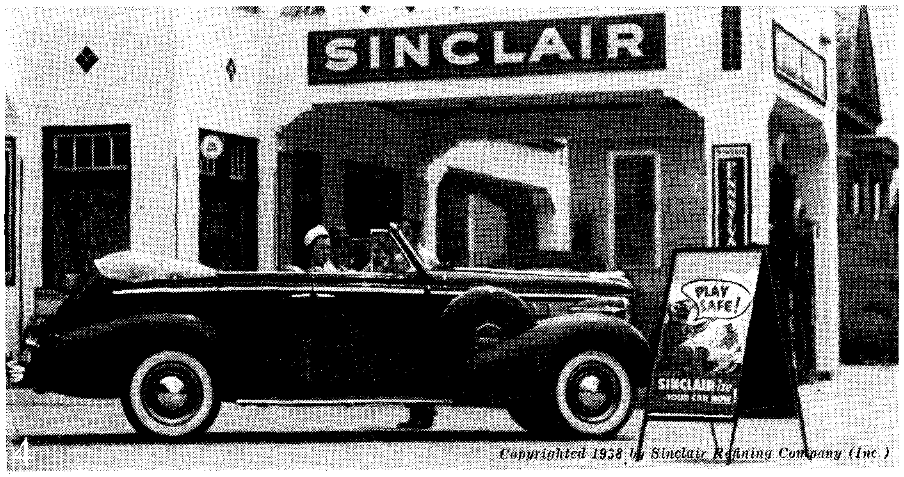

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"you see, I told you I'd come back and try my luck again. I called you half a dozen times at the hospital today and I was almost afraid I'd missed you."

Nina looked up at him and rather shakily set down her sidecar.

"No, you didn't miss me," she said. "I wish you had."

Palmer Avery grinned. "Somehow I don't believe that," he said, and sat down opposite her, and smiled his slow, eye-crinkling smile. "The way you look makes me feel that I've come at a crucial moment. I think maybe I've got a good chance this time, haven't I?"

"No," Nina said instantly, and thought, "This is why I was afraid to leave the mountain."

PALMER said, "Didn't you see the Stag this morning when you looked out of the window? I anchored her there on purpose."

Nina said, drawing in her breath, "That was *your* yacht down in the meadow?"

Palmer nodded, smiling. "Mine. And I've a lot of other nice things I'd like to share. Money's really swell, you know—it buys books and boats and—"

Nina interrupted brusquely: "I know—everything I've never had, including flowers." She glanced down at the camellias Palmer had put beside her glass when he sat down, then looked at Palmer again. *What a handsome human being he was, and how nice!* It was idle to say his money hadn't helped make him that way, too, because it had. Everything that had come to him by way of inheritance had been given every chance to grow. The final product was this tall, browned man with the handsome head and confident gestures. Palmer had never needed to be afraid. He hadn't had to scrape and struggle and fight opponents too powerful for his strength: it made him a very peaceful person to be with.

"I'm glad to see you," Nina said, suddenly smiling herself. There wasn't any reason for her to be afraid, either. She'd taken care of her obligations. She had a right to reach out for sweet-smelling fruit and crowd it into her mouth until the juice ran—just until tomorrow. "I'm feeling weak-minded, and discontented," she said. "I want—all sorts of things, including a good time tonight. Just a plain ordinary good time." She made her voice quaver mock pathetically. "I want to be like other girls, just for this once!"

Palmer laughed and called the waiter over.

"Another of the same for the lady," he said. "And Scotch here."

He said to Nina, "You're going to get that good time, and let's hope it's only the first of many." When their drinks arrived, he bent half across the table and said, "You're beautiful in that yellow—makes me think of golden apples and the Hesperides."

Nina said, "Me? A girl from Somerville, Mass.?" She laughed and felt as though she were softening and mellowing in strong sunlight, just because she was with Palmer.

Palmer said, "Remember last year when I first saw you up there?" He waved vaguely in the direction of the mountain and the sanatorium of which he was one of the trustees. "I fell in love with you almost immediately—and you were so snippy to me!"

"Well, you're a big shot," Nina said defensively.

"That's not the reason," Palmer answered. "We both know that, too. One thing that makes us get along, Nina, is that we're both used to looking right straight at things. I've been hoping I'd succeed with you just for that reason—because you know enough to realize something will snap one day, if you go on like this, and then you'll be sorry. You're a doctor and you know that emotions are important, and you're a young and lovely woman who knows the same thing. You're attracted to me—"

Nina said, because Palmer was getting too close, "Only because you're a well man and I don't see so many of those."

Palmer shook his head and went on: "For whatever reason, you're attracted to me, and you've a lot of love going to waste. On the other hand, I'm crazy about you. If you don't love me, you don't dislike me, either, and I could make that attraction you feel grow into something a lot more satisfying if I had the chance. If you'd marry me—"

"I *can't,*" Nina said wearily, as she had said fifty times in the past few months. "I just can't, Palmer. I'm engaged to Bill."

Palmer shook his head. "That used to be a good answer," he said. "But it won't do this time because it isn't even satisfying you, is it? Is it?" he insisted, and made her look straight at him and answer, very low, "No, I guess it isn't."

"I thought so," Palmer said. "Something's happened to make you realize things are pretty hopeless—" He broke off. "Anyway, the Stag's out there, anchored in the meadow, waiting for you to come aboard. I'll take care of your resignation; we can be married tomorrow, and then there'll be the whole world before us—*all the lovely places* you've never seen and never will if you don't watch yourself."

"Don't!" Nina cried. "Please!" She finished her drink and felt excitement and longing and an old, revived hopelessness mixing into a strange drug that quickened her heart. "Look," she said. "Let me have a good time with you tonight, Palmer—let's have fun and no problems, and then maybe before I go back to the mountain I'll know the answer once and for all."

Palmer said, "I always like gambling, and I'm pretty lucky. Where to first, lady?"

Nina powdered her nose and said, "I feel like flirting, so I'm going to smile at you now, to start things off on the right foot." She closed her compact and, leaning on her elbows, brought her face nearer Palmer's. Then, slowly and deliberately, she smiled her warmest smile and saw color seeping up under Palmer's tanned skin.

"Speaking of gambling," she said. "I've never seen the old Canfield place—let's go and look at it before dinner, shall we?"

THEY walked through the park to the building where fortunes had once gone spinning on wheels and where a pack of cards had cost a thousand dollars. The big room with its chandeliers and balconies was quite lovely, but it was too bare and empty. It made Nina think of fortunes lost, rather than fortunes won, and she hurried Palmer upstairs to the crowded little museum.

The old lady custodian was following them around, reciting her ancient lay, "This is General Hasselton's coat—see the blood stain under the heart—it is said—" when Nina saw Ellen-May in a corner. She was about as inconspicuous as a parade of Elks in her blazing white sharkskin suit and cerise blouse, and she kept turning to see if the person she was waiting for was coming up the stairs. Was it Nina's imagination, or did Ellen-May look startled? She wished she hadn't seen her, somehow; it touched the evening with unpleasantness.

"I'm hungry," she said decisively. "Let's go to dinner now."

As they drove down the main street, Nina saw Bill. Probably, after looking at the X-rays, he had felt he had to have a farewell glass of beer, if only by himself, and even if he was on duty. She had wanted to avoid seeing him, but it gave her a funny feeling to have him go by without seeing her.

She and Palmer had dinner and drinks and, as they danced, something like desperation underlay Nina's excitement. Time was so short. The evening was melting away. And after that? "I don't want to go back and wait and wait and wait all my life," she thought.

"Now?" Palmer asked. "Now what would you like to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Something exciting and nice."

THEY found her car and at last Palmer, who was driving, stopped it in the shadow of a clump of trees beside the road. It had been a silent, tense ride. He turned and took her in his arms before she realized what he was doing, and when she did she didn't care. He kissed her slowly, bending her head back against the seat, pressing against her until she felt helpless and glad to be that way at last.

"Is that what you meant?" he asked her after a long time.

"Yes," she said, because she was used to being honest. "I guess that was it." But she knew there was something wrong, too. It was that she hadn't made up her mind yet, and kissing like that was for the time after you'd definitely decided to take what was offered.

Palmer said, putting his hard, warm hand on her knee: "I know what's on your mind, Nina. But it wouldn't always be. Once you're mine and all that's over with—it's pretty hopeless, isn't it? Or why don't you marry Bill anyway?"

"It's pretty hopeless, all right," she said. "Bill won't marry me."

"If the Stag were safely at sea and we were on it," Palmer went on, "you'd be happy. I'm sure of it."

He put his arms around her again, but this time she pushed him away, wondering if what he said was true.

"If you'd give it a try," Palmer said. "If you'd come aboard the Stag with me, and give me tonight to prove I'm telling the truth—if you'd let the stars help me out, and the night wind—and your own feelings—well, I think you'd marry me tomorrow morning."

Nina whispered, "I can't. If I could, don't you think I'd be glad to get away?"

Palmer said, "But you can."

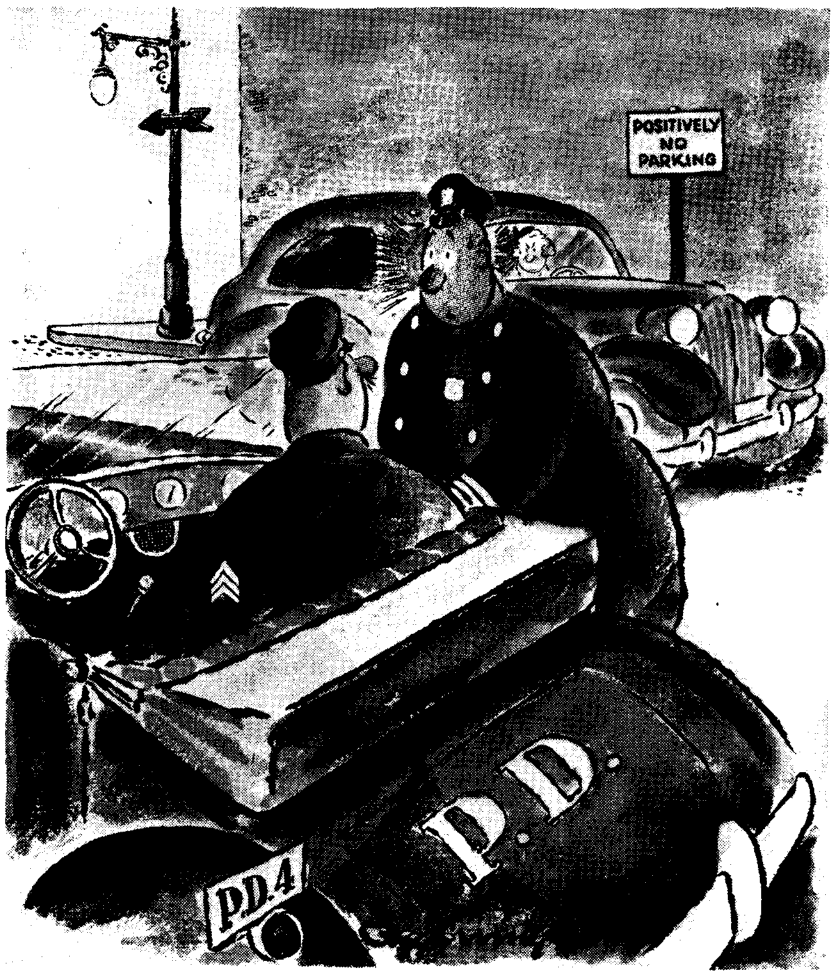
Nina said, "In the morning I'll let you know my answer once and for all. I won't keep half saying yes, half saying no—" She didn't say anything more, except, "Take me back now. Please."

The ride was silent and at the door of her rooming house Palmer, his face showing strain, said, "I realize this is the turning point, too, Nina. I'll love you no matter which way you turn, but I want it to be my way. The Stag will wait where she is until sunset tomorrow, and I'll expect you long before then. In fact, I think I'll order luncheon for two. A wedding luncheon, with champagne. Good night, darling."

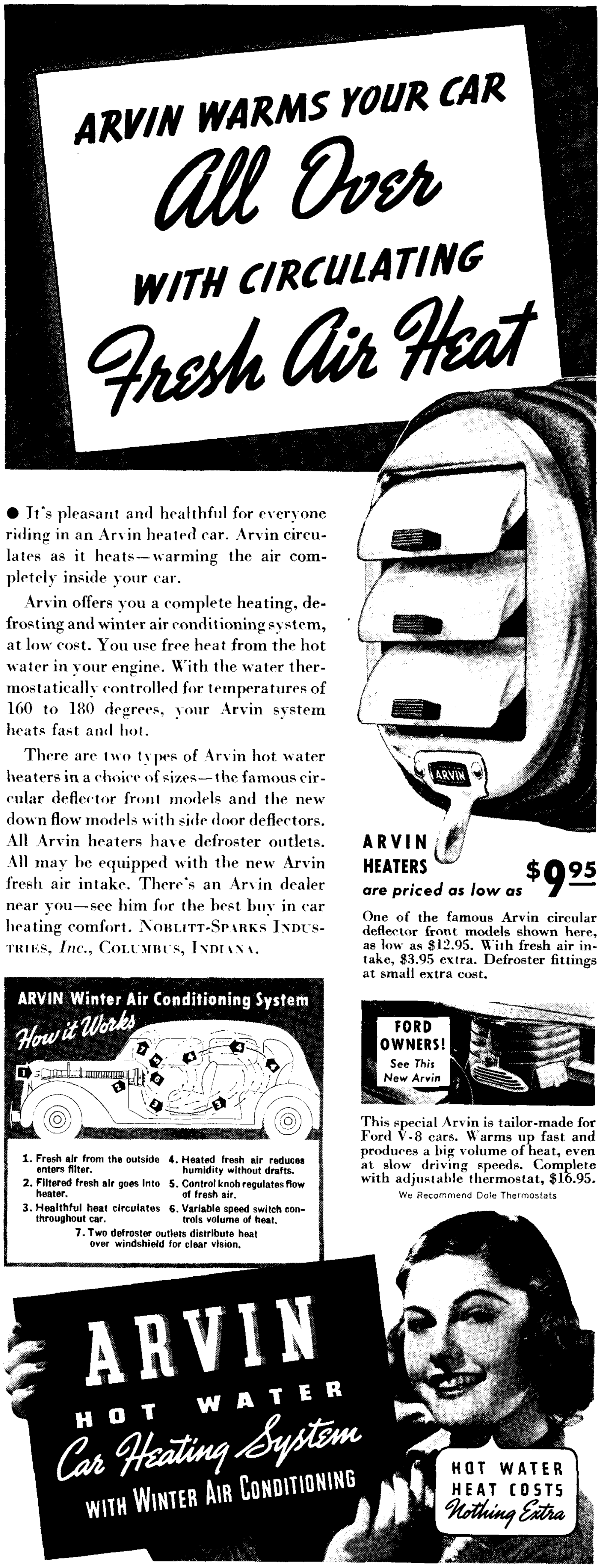
"Good night," she said. "No, don't kiss me any more—I won't know what to do about it if you do."

"Until tomorrow, then," Palmer said. There was still confidence in his voice, and his touch was warm and sure. Nina heard his quick, solid-sounding steps go into the darkness, and once she couldn't hear them any more she ran up to her room and flung herself on the bed without undressing. She lay there smoking cigarettes, rumpling the dress that had made Palmer think of golden apples. She reached for still another, and found she had smoked all she had. "I've *got* to have cigarettes," she said, in a panic, as if she were talking about something without which she couldn't live.

As she drove back to the center of town, she noticed that there were still a lot of people on the streets. A few hours before the rich and the elegant had been in evidence, or was that just Palmer's influence? Was it Palmer who swept misfortune out of sight? There were still a few people in evening dress, but Nina felt more at home than she had earlier, because the humble were again



"Maybe you better talk to her, Sarge. She used to be my teacher back in P. S. 184!"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5. Control knob regulates flow of fresh air.
6. Variable speed switch controls volume of heat.
7. Two defroster outlets distribute heat over windshield for clear vision.

FORD OWNERS! *See This New Arvin*

This special Arvin is tailor-made for Ford V-8 cars. Warms up fast and produces a big volume of heat, even at slow driving speeds. Complete with adjustable thermostat, $16.95.

We Recommend Dole Thermostats

ARVIN HOT WATER *Car Heating System* WITH WINTER AIR CONDITIONING

HOT WATER HEAT COSTS *Nothing Extra*

It looks like Five Years from Now!

THE vast Buick factory is a grand place to visit, these days.

Down the roaring aisles, throughout the sprawling bays there's an electric something in the air, a sense of great things happening.

You can *see* it—in the alert intensity of men, in the pace of the thundering machines, even in the way the hand-trucks roll.

What you're seeing is the conviction of men outpouring itself in good work. They're building something ultra, here at Buick, and they know it.

And they're saying—"looks fine for '39!"

They'll point to a sparkling new car inching down the assembly line—a car so different it makes you stop short, look long.

They'll point back further to giant forges hammering toughness into stubborn metal, machines honing surfaces to mirror smoothness and "on the money" accuracy.

They'll show you blueprints that define not merely the birth of new style, but on which are traced some of the most meticulous engineering thought ever put down with drafting pen.

It looks like five years from now, they'll say of this dazzling 1939 Buick, and they're not talking of appearance only.

They're talking of "catwalk-cooling" that floods air under forced draft to ease the temperature of your engine.

They're talking of BuiCoil springing and the soft shock-smothering spirals that give you the true "full float" ride.

They're talking of that Dynaflash great *eight* engine, instant with life and wringing good from every drop of fuel.

They're talking of weight-balance and gravity-center that hold you to your

line—of wheels that camber to let yo take the curves more safely — of ne *visibility*—up to 413 square inches moı glass in Special and Century model

They're talking a thousand and one dı tails of Buick that you'll never know nı

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE... world's ablest eight, with a cyclone in each cylinder.

BUICOIL TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ... flutter-free "full float" ride — anti-skid safety—longer tire life.

MORE VISIBILITY... up to 413 *more* square inches of safety glass in sedans.

HANDISHIFT TRANSMISSION ... gearshift on the steering post, out of knee-way.

ROOMIER UNISTEEL BODIES BY FISHER...with lighted trunks, No Draft Ventilation, Silent Zone body mountings, built-in defroster connections.

TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE... nearly two inches lower ... chassis sealed against wear and dirt.

TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES... safe, sure, smooth stops at a touch.

CROWN SPRING CLUTCH ... 9 parts instead of 41, longer trouble-free life, quicker shifts.

"CATWALK-COOLING"... radiator at point of greatest air pressure.

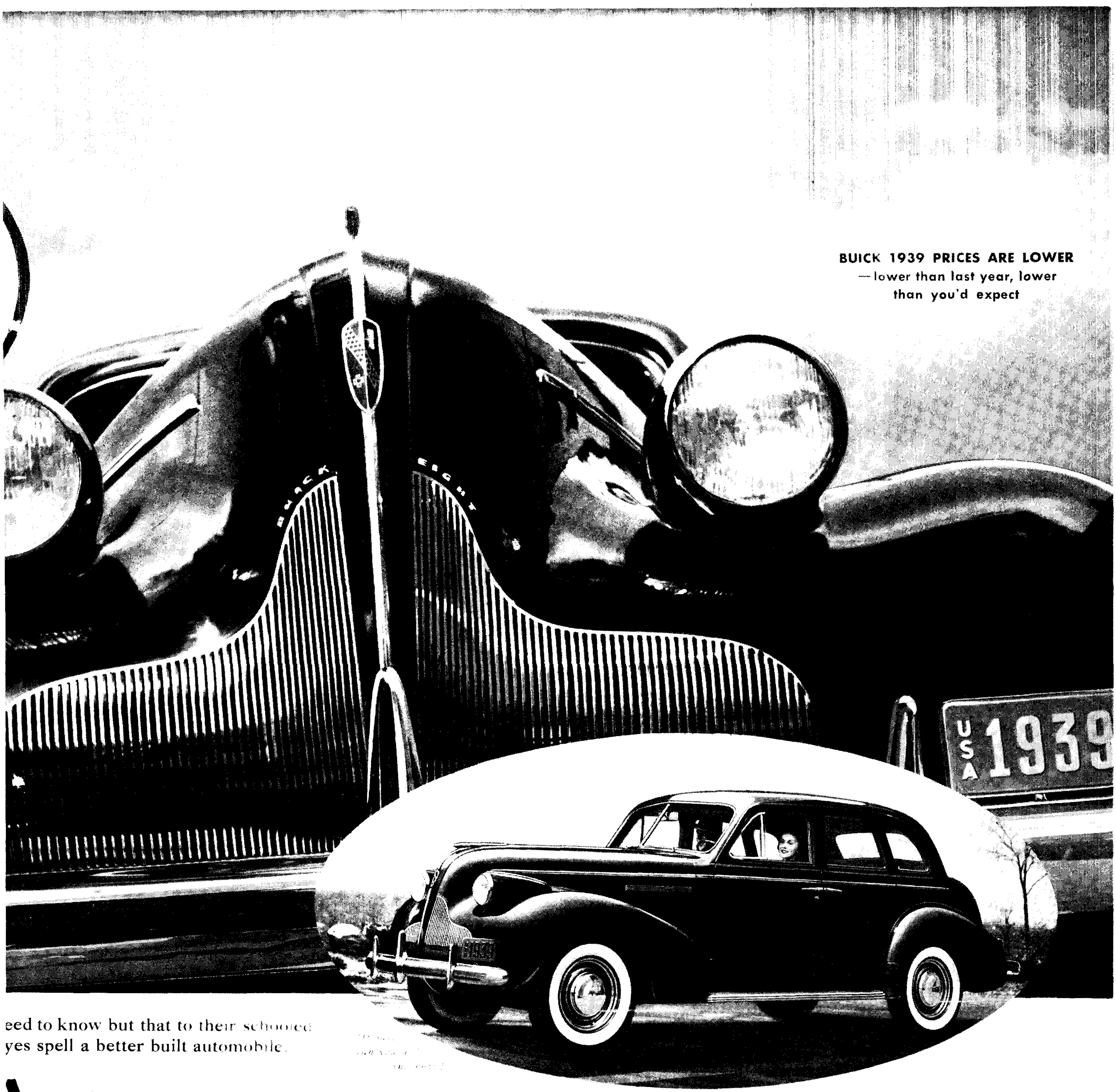
OPTIONAL REAR AXLE GEAR RATIOS ...take your choice between power and speed, brilliance and extra gas economy.

FLASH-WAY DIRECTION SIGNAL... no need for arm signals in bad weather.

KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING ... with new geometry for banking effect on curves and light, positive steering.

ABLEST OF THE EIGHTS is this mighty Buick Dynaflash Valve-in-Head Straight-Eight, with a cyclone in each cylinder to squeeze full power from every drop of fuel.

GENTLING EVERY JAR, BuiCoil Torque-Free Springing is this year even softer, smoother ... still a vital safety factor. It reduces skid risks and makes rear tires last longer.



BUICK 1939 PRICES ARE LOWER
—lower than last year, lower
than you'd expect

eed to know but that to their schooled
yes spell a better built automobile.

And they're thinking of *now* as they
alk.

or they know that no car sells spec-
acularly when it's merely up-to-date.
hey know that for *big* years a car has
be *ahead*—that a car which looks like the future means better times for today.

You can see this car they're talking of at the nearest Buick showroom.

When you do see it, think of what the men who built it are saying, not boastfully, but with quiet sureness. They *know.* You spot that in their glance.

It's a level glance—lighted by that spark you see only in the eyes of confident men!

Buick's the Beauty!"

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That little Carburetor lets air into the bowl. The harder you puff on your pipe, the more updraft of air goes through that little inlet into the bowl. If you "heat up" your pipe, you'll appreciate the Carburetor. It keeps the pipe cool *all the time*, and you get a sweet, dry smoke *all the time*, no matter how hard you puff. Naturally, the Carburetor Kaywoodie is like *all* Kaywoodies: it's made of that *sweeter*-smoking briar that comes from the "prime cut" of very *big, mature* briar burls. The Carburetor is a plus. Your dealer can show you a fine assortment of new shapes in Carburetor Kaywoodies. See them. (And while you're at it, ask for Kaywoodie's entertaining little Almanac for Pipe Smokers. Free, of course).

Shape pictured No. 05 (BILLIARD). (Slightly less than actual size.) Color: "Tobacco Brown," an exclusive Kaywoodie color.

Other Kaywoodie Pipes:—
Super Grain $5, Flame Grain $10,
Meerschaum $15, Matched-Grain
Sets $100 to $1,000.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, NEW YORK *and* LONDON

in possession of the town—waiters going home, jockeys breakfasting before going over to the track, people having a late, gay evening before going to the sanatorium the next day.

She had just reached the newsstand and asked for cigarettes when the old-fashioned elevator clattered down into the lobby and Ellen-May walked unsteadily out of it. "Well," Nina thought, "it must have been quite a party!" Ellen-May's blazing white suit was wrinkled and slightly askew, and she had obviously had more than enough to drink at the party.

Ellen-May waved gaily. "Hi, Dr. Jeffries! Whe-where's Bill? You always know where Bill is. I'm mad at Bill. He wouldn't stay at the party—he lef'—too—early—" She was slowing down fast, Nina realized grimly, and would very soon be at a standstill.

"You didn't leave early enough, I'd say," she said crisply. "You'll get thrown out on your ear if you're caught coming in drunk at this hour."

"I know," Ellen-May said brightly. "Bill told me, too. I don' care—Ed was suppose' to take me home before—before—"

Ed, Nina supposed—and wondered at the sudden sharp relief that it wasn't Bill who had promised to take Ellen-May home. It must have been a bad evening for him, and Ellen-May might have looked pretty good to him . . . must be Dr. Edward Anderson. Well, it was his business, and a doctor could get away with what would get a nurse fired instantly.

"I'll take you home right now," she said. She caught Ellen-May's arm tightly, and not a minute too soon, because the standstill had just about been reached. She half walked, half carried Ellen-May out to the car and dumped her into it. She went back to the rooming house and took her things, and then began the ride back to the sanatorium she hadn't meant to see again until tomorrow.

"I can get Ellen-May in, and get a little sleep myself without anyone knowing," she thought. "I can slip away to Palmer in the morning if I want to."

THE road was dark and flat with only an occasional long-haul truck going by for company. She sat there behind the wheel of the car, with Ellen-May lumped beside her, and cried and cried.

She cried for a lot of things she thought she'd forgotten—things she hadn't let herself cry about at the time: The peach-colored negligee that had never gone on a honeymoon. The salt-box house Bill and she had seen one afternoon when it seemed as if they might some day live in such a house. The X-rays, old and new. The lost California jobs. The lost yacht. Because she knew all at once that she couldn't leave Bill and go aboard the Stag tomorrow morning, or ever, not for any heroic reason, but because she didn't know how to get along without Bill. They loved each other, and there wasn't anything to do about it, except go on waiting.

At last she reached the garages behind the staff living quarters. She knew which room was Ellen-May's, and got her to it as quietly as possible. The door opened and Ellen-May's roommate anxiously viewed them.

"Ellen-May!" she whispered. "Is that you? Gee, I certainly thought you'd get caught this time!" Then, through the gloom, she recognized Nina. "Oh," she said flatly. "Dr. Jeffries."

"It's all right," Nina whispered back. "I'll forget the whole thing, and if nobody else has seen her she'll be all right—until next time."

"That's swell of you, Dr. Jeffries," Rose said gratefully. "Ellen-May'll never know how to thank you. And this is your week end off, isn't it?"

"That's all right," Nina said again. She struggled with a sob, so Rose wouldn't hear it. "I had to come back anyway."

She hurried down the dark stairs and out into the night again. The sky was filled to the brim with big, cool, untroubled stars and it was hard to believe that tomorrow would mean she and Bill were back in the old life that didn't quite starve them, but that kept them perpetually half-hungry, and with no promise before them any more that in six months, or a year, or two years, they could get married and be happy. If Bill could have one relapse as serious as this, he could have others; he would know that. She looked down at the dark meadows and saw the white blur that meant the Stag was still at anchor. It would be there only until sunset.

SHE heard footsteps on the gravel and turned hastily to see Bill coming toward her. She held out her arms and he caught her in his, holding her so tightly it hurt and she was glad it did.

"You came back," he said. "I saw you with Palmer."

"I saw you," she said. "I thought you were with Ellen-May."

"I got someone to take over for a few hours while I went to see if I could find you around in Saratoga, to tell you the news," Bill said. "And when I saw you with Palmer I decided it could wait. Ellen-May tried to get me to a party, but I came back."

"I'm terribly sorry," she said, and thought how inadequate a phrase that was for the way she felt. "I—saw those X-rays, Bill. I guess"—she made her voice casual and undistressed—"it means another little postponement, doesn't it?"

Bill pushed her away a little. "I don't get it. Are you trying to tell me—something about Palmer?"

"Oh, Palmer," she said lightly. "I guess I'll have to do something about him in my next reincarnation when I live on a yacht and eat caviar for breakfast. My time and love's all spoken for in this reincarnation. I love you, Bill, remember?"

Bill said, "You gave me a scare, kid. I thought you'd decided you wanted a yacht instead of a teaching job in California—I don't know that I'd blame you."

"I guess," Nina said, "they won't hold those jobs at the medical school open until next year."

"Why the hell should they?" Bill demanded.

"Bill!" Nina said. "You needn't bother—I tell you, I saw those X-rays. Dr. Greer shoved them at me and said he was sorry it had to be bad news. That's why I ran away. I couldn't bear to see you get more bad news."

Bill said, "You must have had a tough day, what with one thing and another. All my fault, too. I should have told you and saved you all that worry—it never occurred to me—" He held her tighter. "I asked Greer to get me about a dozen X-rays of the toughest kind of cases for our monograph. He found only one we could use and that was the bad news he must have been talking about—he thought there were a lot of better X-rays kicking around in the files, but I guess there weren't. Thank God those weren't pictures of my chest! My X-rays came through this afternoon—that's why I wanted to find you. They're fine. Normal. Okay. Swell. Catch on? The Doctors Butterfield are going to be teaching in California this fall, as per schedule. Glad?"

Nina let herself relax and melt against him. "Oh, Bill," she said. "Bill. Dearest. You mean it's only six weeks, not forever?"

"That's the idea," he said. "It's just going to seem like forever, that's all. What do you mean, *only* six weeks?"

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An independent research organization in a nation-wide survey just completed, reports that, in answer to the question:

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Liquid Assets

Continued from page 24

it was centrifuged—whirled on a fast moving merry-go-round so that centrifugal force would make a hard cake of red cells on the bottom of the spinning glass tubes—then filtered, tested and retested for possible contamination, and finally bottled.

Hope of helping people suffering from that fearful body-twister, infantile paralysis, was responsible for launching the laboratory. It was ironic, therefore, that serum made from the blood of people recently recovered seemed to be of no help to those just coming down with it. In fact, the serum appeared to have no influence, either helpful or otherwise, with infantile paralysis. But elsewhere results weren't so discouraging. With the nursery raiders. . . .

"Look! An earthquake!"

Most parents have the disconcerting habit of regarding measles as a mild and necessary evil, a disease that strikes, discomfits its victims for a few days and passes on. Some of these misguided people deliberately expose young babies to the disease, a criminal procedure so far as the medical statistician is concerned. For measles *kills* eight out of every hundred babies it strikes that are under a year old. In the one- to two-year group it is 5 per cent fatal; and 1.5 per cent fatal in the two- to three-year bracket. The death rate continues to decline as the age groups rise.

These figures indicated what use Thalhimer should make of the amber-colored liquid in his laboratory icebox. The measles serum should be used to ward off the disease in children under five, and to keep it away from older children who were sickly. But for the healthy kids over five? Might as well let them have measles, since this would confer a permanent immunity. But not the kind of measles that would make them sick as pups, but a very special brand. A tiny shot of serum would attenuate the disease—weaken it so that, instead of having fever of 104 degrees F., their temperature wouldn't run over 101. And instead of being sick for a week or more they would be confined to bed—probably over protest—for a day.

Thalhimer settled on dosages that would produce these results. When children under five years old had been exposed to measles they should get a 5-cubic-centimeter shot of protective antibodies directly into a vein. A sickly six-year-old, eight cubic centimeters, etc. The immunity thus conferred was good for fourteen days, and was about 80 per cent efficient.

The significance of these figures may be gathered from a study covering a ten-year period in one state. During the period there were 35,930 cases of measles, and 1,441 deaths in children under three years old. Had they been protected by serum until they reached an older age group where measles is less lethal, something over 1,300 lives would have been saved. So the stakes the serum bank was playing for were large.

Scarlet Fever Antitoxin

The case of scarlet fever is somewhat different from that of measles. For one thing, an efficient preventive for the disease exists: scarlet fever toxin. A series of five injections of this substance is usually sufficient to confer a protection as sure as that given by smallpox vaccination. But due to the number of injections required, and due to the fact that scarlet fever is a somewhat rare disease, few people trouble to take this precaution. Hence the problem is to protect people who have been exposed to the disease and cure those who already have it.

For this job human convalescent serum has a potent rival, scarlet fever antitoxin, a substance derived from deliberately infected horses. This substance has a distinct advantage in that it contains far more protective factors than human serum. But it stands at a distinct disadvantage in that many people cannot tolerate horse serum and react to it in a violent manner. Faced with these facts Thalhimer decided the best course of procedure in using the scarlet fever serum his bank collected was to administer large doses. This would make up for the fact that it was not so potent as horse serum. And there was no drawback to using large doses of human serum. It was so bland that it caused no reactions.

Under ordinary circumstances, Thalhimer knew, something like fifteen out of every hundred people exposed to scarlet fever would catch the disease. He tracked down every dose of scarlet fever serum that left his bank to see what kind of results it turned in. When he had collected 862 individual cases he reported. With no protection at all, 129 people in this group should have gotten the disease. But protected by doses of serum that varied between ten and twenty cubic centimeters only 24 got it! Most of these had extremely mild attacks.

In treatment of the disease after it had developed, results were equally good. Doses had to be considerably larger—from 20 cubic centimeters for infants to 100 cubic centimeters for adults—but results were frequently striking.

About 70 per cent of the time, desperately sick children were converted overnight into well children. Toxic symp-

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OLD alike in name and fame are these four whiskies.

They were the toast of New York when "Diamond Jim" Brady played host at Rector's and the Hoffman House.

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Millions of men have learned, through actual use, that Botany Ties are Wrinkle-Proof. You have a right to know, before you buy, on what *facts* a necktie claims to be wrinkle-proof.

Here are the *facts* about the Botany Tie. Check them when you shop for neckwear:

1 • The Botany Tie is tailored of a special "live" fabric that smooths out when hung up overnight.

2 • The Botany Tie is constructed and tailored in such a manner as to retain resiliency in the whole of the tie.

3 • The Botany Tie knots and drapes perfectly, and the knot will not slip, because the fabric is wrinkle-proof *naturally*...requiring no artificial processing.

4 • The Botany Tie is smart, because Botany Worsted Mills also make shirts and worsted for men's clothing fabrics...and the tie patterns are planned to go with advanced trends.

5 • The Botany Tie is economical, because it will outlast the ordinary tie, at whatever price. **$1**

If you can't locate a Botany dealer...write us and we will direct you.

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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S WEAR FABRICS • BOTANY TOP-DYED KNITTING YARNS

toms—flaming-red throat, rash and high temperatures—magically subsided, and complications, which are often worse than the disease itself, were rare. On the average, fever dropped 2.5 degrees within twenty-four hours of administration of serum. In a series of 773 cases there were only four deaths—a mortality of 0.5 per cent. During this same period the general scarlet fever death rate in Chicago was over three times this figure.

Probably the most dramatic case of all was that of the son of a rich Milwaukee man who prefers to keep his identity secret. At eight o'clock one night Thalhimer's telephone rang. It was a doctor he had known in Milwaukee. He described the boy's case. The youngster was in a bad toxic condition. He was covered with a brilliant rash and his temperature stood at 105 degrees. Could Thalhimer get some serum quickly?

An interne from Michael Reese Hospital caught the 9 o'clock train. The boy got the serum at midnight. Next morning his temperature was normal and toxic conditions were disappearing rapidly. A grateful father was naturally impressed by this wizardry. Would the Chicago serum center accept a donation? Thalhimer had a counter proposal. Why not start one in Milwaukee? Every large city should have one of these novel banks and he would be willing to help get it started.

Blood Banks Supply Ready Stream

It took Thalhimer only a few months to get his second blood-collecting and serum-distributing agency going. Then he moved along to New York to start another.

Similar blood banks have been organized in Los Angeles, Des Moines, San Francisco, Minneapolis and Philadelphia. Each is supplying a ready stream of serum that otherwise would not be available.

Spread over the country as they are, these serum centers can service practically any town in the United States by air express. Packages leave them daily, bearing a label that guarantees expedited service: SERUM—RUSH.

All these centers operate in more or less the same manner. People convalescing from scarlet fever, measles, mumps or other similar diseases are reached by telephone or letter and asked to sell—not donate—a tiny amount of their blood, which they can easily spare. If they agree, they are asked not to eat for at least three hours prior to the time the blood withdrawal is to be made. This precaution prevents the blood taken from containing food protein and fat. Women are asked to make donations every three weeks and men every two weeks for a period of four months following their sickness.

Although demand is constantly increasing, the centers have been able to keep adequate reserves on hand. Foresightedness is responsible for this. The reserve is built up—as many as twenty-five people being bled a day—during the summer and fall months. The banks are then ready for the wintertime peak of these diseases.

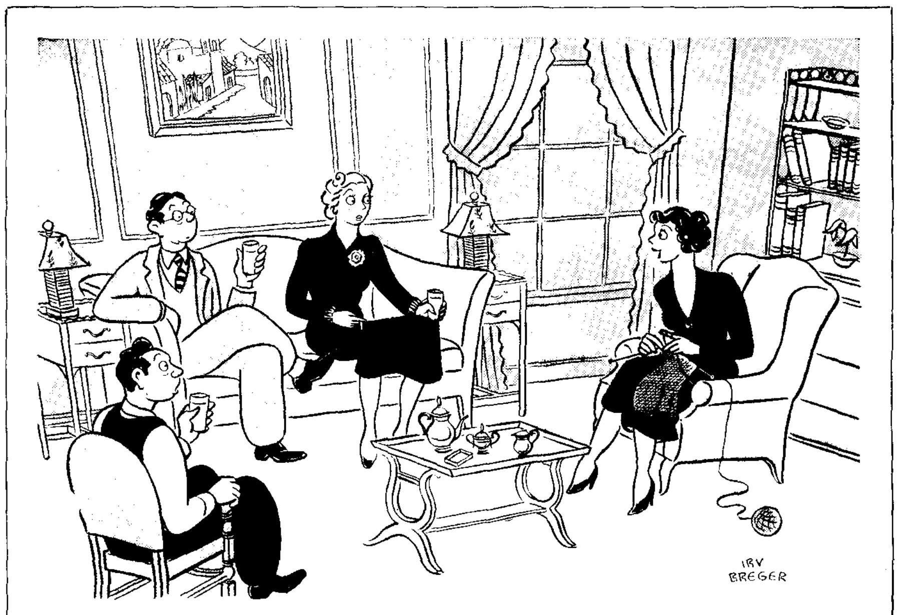
When shortage threatens, a doctor and a technician can be flown into an epidemic area—there is usually one in the United States—to make wholesale blood withdrawals from volunteers. But this is rarely necessary. The usual practice in this humanitarian federal reserve system is for a bank with a shortage of one particular serum to borrow from another that has an excess. Weekly reports of stocks on hand facilitate this movement.

Possibilities for expanding the scope of activities are limited only by the progress of serum research. Statistics now flowing in suggest that human serum is valuable in preventing whooping cough in sickly children, and in preventing complications that so often attend mumps.

Another use for scarlet fever serum that has engaging possibilities is just appearing. Scarlet fever—like a host of other diseases—is caused by a hemolytic streptococcus. This microbe bores into red blood cells, splits and destroys them, causing such diverse ailments as the skin disease erysipelas, strep pneumonia, strep meningitis, strep blood poisoning and general peritonitis, the devastating infection of the lining of the abdominal cavity.

Very well, doctors are reasoning now, if scarlet fever serum helps with the streps of one disease, why not with others? Furthermore, why not use it in conjunction with sulfanilimide, the magnificent new drug that has a specific, killing effect on the strep family? This is being tried with striking results in many cases. One doctor reports using this combination on thirteen cases of that nearly always fatal disease, strep pneumonia. There has been but one death. Apparently the serum and sulfanilimide act synergistically—that is, the sum effect of the two is greater than the sum of the individual effects.

For the present the serum centers are working to save the lives of young babies that would die with measles and to pull those with scarlet fever back to health. And that is enough to justify this completely new type of banking.



"I hope you won't mind my knitting, so I won't feel the evening's been wasted!"

IRV BREGER

Sweet Music

Continued from page 15

all used to tramp ships and their easy-going ways. He had been mate of one of the line's larger passenger-freighters, and this was his first promotion to command. But he did know what was due a master and he thought it was time to show that he did.

"Very well, Mr. Wilkins," he said in a strangled voice. "I'll condescend to go down and see Mr. Dibble in person."

"If you take my advice—" the mate began a little wearily. But Captain Twigg snorted and slammed out of the chartroom with a furious "I don't need any advice on how to run a ship!"

The mate chewed on his pipe for a moment or two and then shrugged. Carefully he closed the chartroom door to shut out the tortured sound of the bagpipes, and to make doubly sure he replaced the cotton plugs in his ears.

"My money," he said absently, "is on the chief. Though I do wish he'd find another hobby."

MR. DIBBLE, chief engineer of the Selwick, was a wiry little man with a bristle of red hair, a bristle of red mustache, watery blue eyes and innumerable freckles. He was also very obstinate. He was, as he used to declare sometimes, a mystic combination of one-third Dutch, one-third Scotch and one-third Welsh. He had on occasion the phlegmatic obstinacy of the first, the granitelike persistence of the second, and the soul of the third. He liked music, or what he considered music.

Now it is an unfortunate fact, in some respects, that bagpipe playing requires movement. There is something rather futile in a bagpipe player standing still; while to contemplate one seated in a chair and confined to a ship's cabin is incredible. When Captain Twigg arrived amidships, therefore, Mr. Dibble, in the tradition, was marching up and down the lee side of the deck, his eyes inspired and the tartan ribbons of his instrument fluttering in the breeze as he droned out Bentrauchan's Lament. The third and fourth engineers, who were off watch, sat resignedly on the storm steps of their cabins, having given up all hope of sleep for that afternoon. As a matter of policy, they were trying to seem pleased with the performance.

"Mr. Dibble!" said Captain Twigg. Mr. Dibble marched past him and turned and marched back. "Dibble!" the captain roared. "Am I talking to myself? Stop that racket!" The pipes wailed on. Mr. Dibble turned, marched back again, let the pipes subside for a moment and then burst into The Road to the Isles.

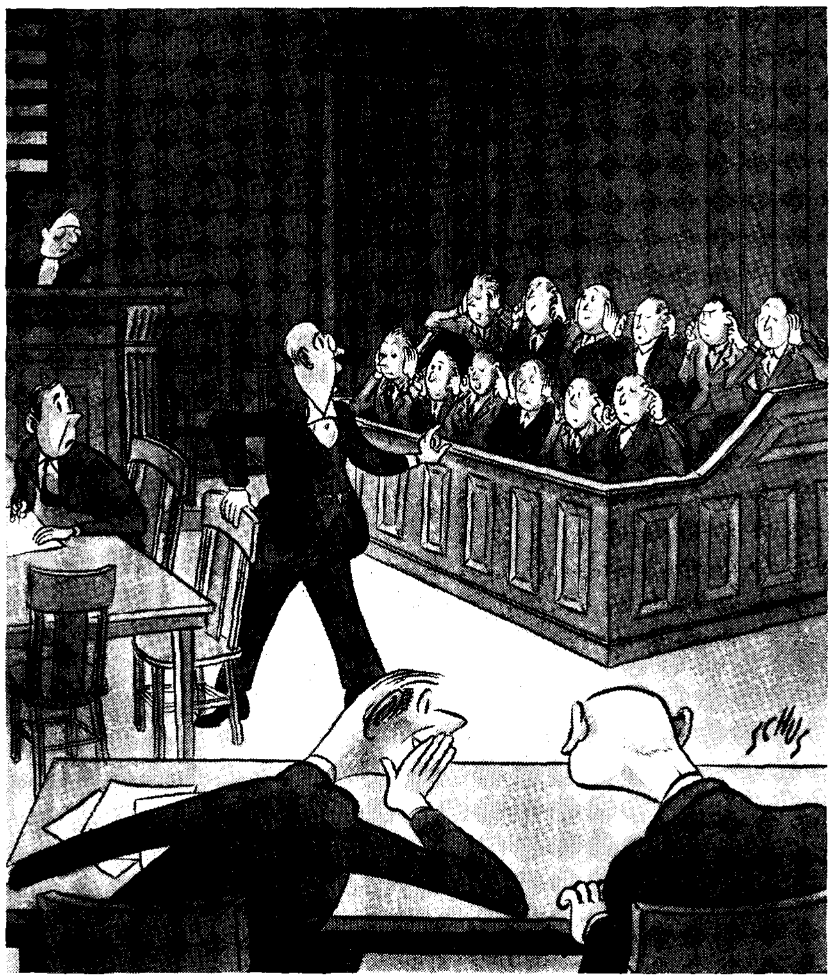
The veins in Captain Twigg's neck swelled. He stuck out a foot and tripped the inspired chief.

"Now, Mister," said Captain Twigg grimly when the noise had subsided and in the strange, unearthly silence that then settled on the Selwick, "maybe we can figure who's master of this ship. I sent word I wanted to see you and you told me to go to hell."

Mr. Dibble brushed himself off, anxiously examined his pipes to make sure they were not damaged, and then became indignant. "I did not, sir," he insisted. "I used lots worse language." Captain Twigg breathed hard.

"I ordered you to stop playing that damn' thing," he said between his teeth. "You've got everybody crazy. The watches below can't get any sleep and even the men on deck have to stuff their ears."

The phlegmatic and obstinate Dutch third of Mr. Dibble rose within him and



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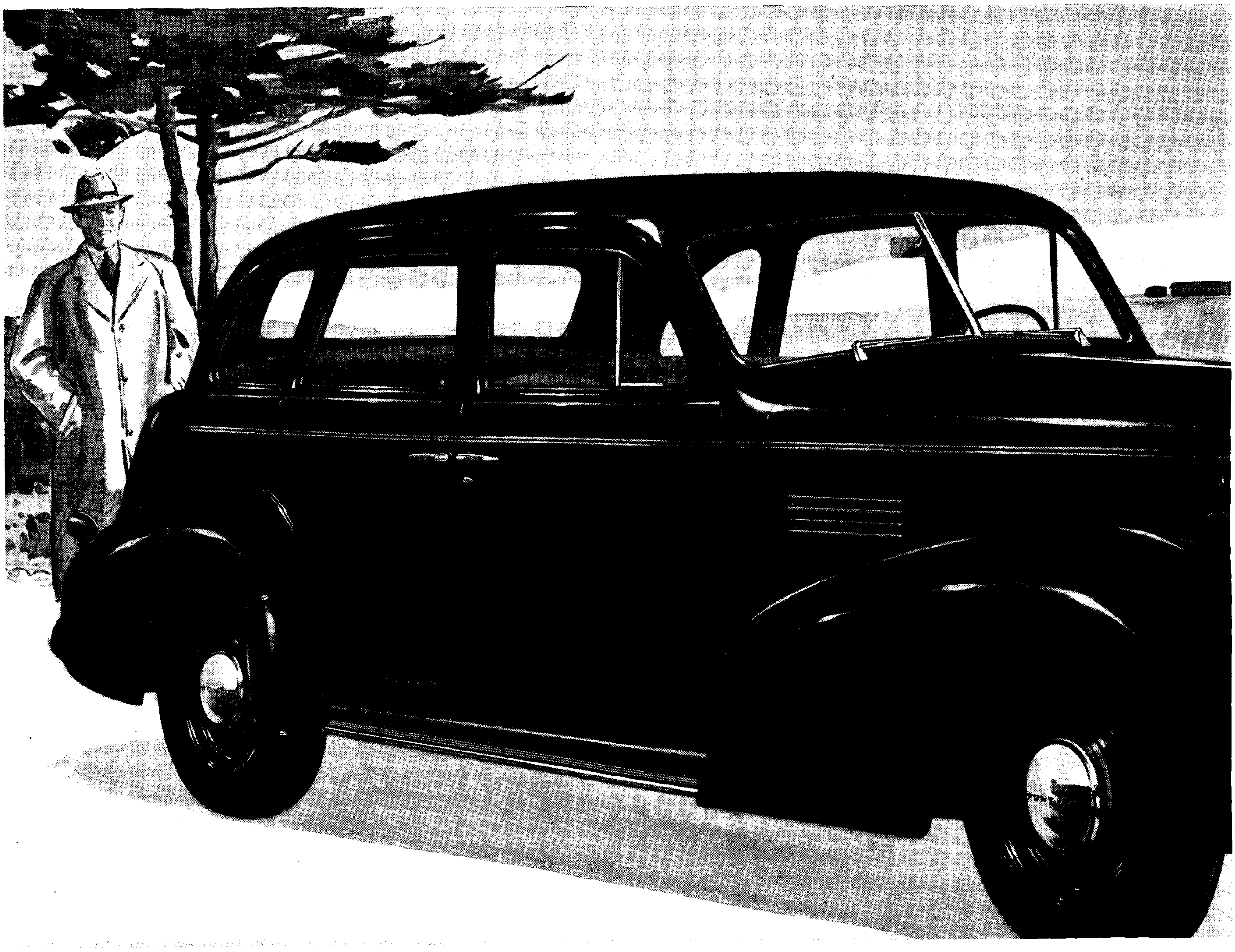

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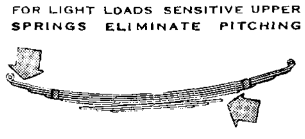
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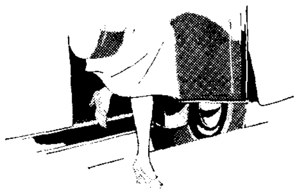

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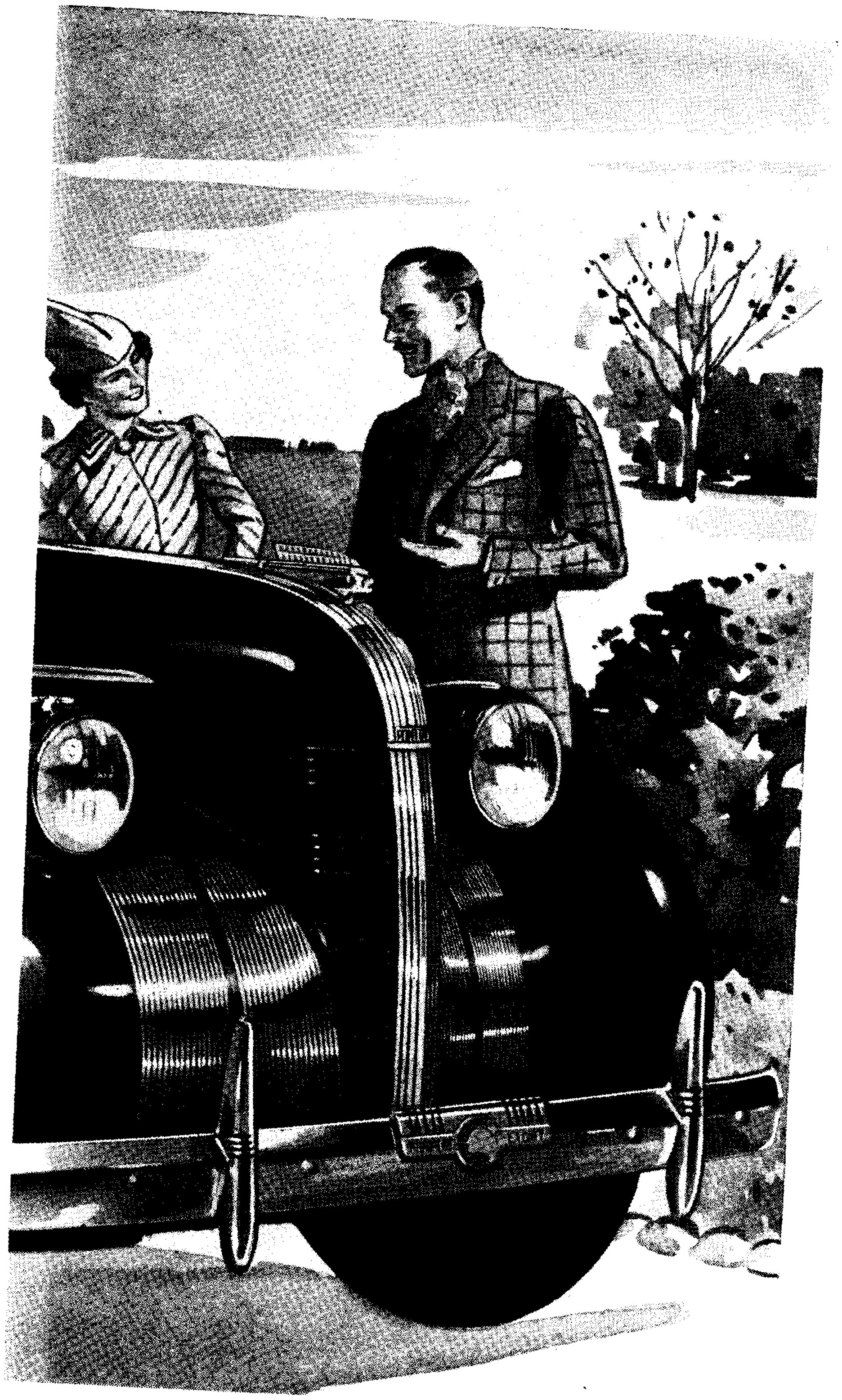

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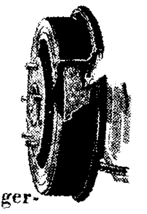

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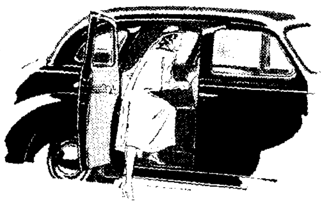

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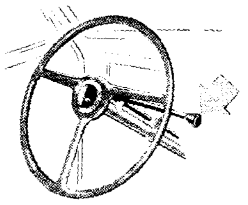

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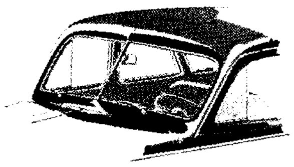

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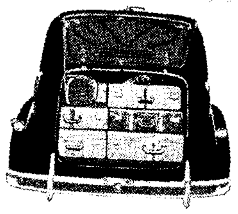

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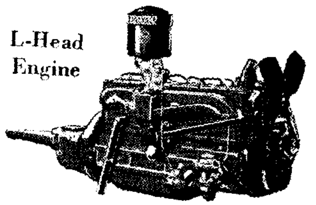

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he wagged an oil-stained forefinger under Captain Twigg's nose.

"I've been five years on the Selwick and never a master's objected to my playing yet. At least not for long. If you can't appreciate a musical instrument, don't go insulting it."

Speech almost failed Captain Twigg. "A musical instrument," he whispered. "We won't argue about that." His voice grew stronger. "You just quit, that's all. I'm not fooling. If there's any more of this infernal racket I'll put you in irons. And, anyway, you're drunk."

Mr. Dibble nodded gravely.

"Aye, sir," he agreed. "I wouldn't be surprised. On Saturdays I get drunk, and I play. It's a tolerable solace and fortifies me for the week to come. So kindly go to hell. Or did I already say that?" Then, with a few preliminary squeaks and puffs he resumed his marching up and down to the tune of Blue Bonnets Over the Border.

Captain Twigg caught the chief's arm and shook him in pure rage, so perforce the bagpipes wailed to silence again.

"You're *fired!*" he choked. "You understand, Dibble? You're fired at the end of the voyage. And any more from you and in irons you'll go."

He swore and went back to the bridge. Mr. Dibble snorted contemptuously, wiped his mustache, borrowed the third engineer's bottle and took a long drink.

"The man's mad," he declared to the world at large and, filling his pipes again, resumed Bentrauchan's Lament.

"Take two men," said Captain Twigg grimly, "and put the chief engineer in irons. He's playing again, and I warned him." Mr. Wilkins, the mate, took the plugs from his ears, heard the order repeated, and removed his pipe and sort of beat time with it.

"Now take my advice, sir," he soothed. "Mr. Dibble's the only man that can handle the engine room, both machinery and men. He's been drinking, sir."

Captain Twigg exploded.

"I don't care what he's been doing," he screamed. "Put him in irons or shut him up in his room where that blasted noise can stay too. And that's an order!"

"Very well, sir," said the mate, resigned, and went down to the main deck. With the aid of the third and fourth engineers he coaxed Mr. Dibble to his room and finally extracted a promise from him that he would keep all his ports screwed fast and his door shut while he played.

"It's a new skipper," he explained, "and you've got to give him time."

"Time," snapped Mr. Dibble. "I'll give him more than that. You can't get the swing of the pipes when you're confined." He found a bottle and took a drink. "But very well, Mr. Wilkins," he added with dignity. "I'll not embarrass you nor my other friends. Yet this is a sorry day for Captain Twigg."

Mr. Wilkins carefully closed the chief's door behind him and went back on the bridge, shaking his head. He remembered what had happened to other masters who had been unreasonable.

THE following night Captain Twigg was comfortably settled in his cabin in his shirt sleeves, and with his stockinged feet propped on his desk, while he read an exciting mystery novel the mate had confiscated from the lookout, who should have been looking but wasn't. And then suddenly the cabin lights flared up, and then as suddenly died. Captain Twigg swore, waited a while to see if it was only a temporary matter, and then slammed the book on his desk and got out of his chair. He stubbed a toe against the cuspidor, all but fell over a mat inside his door, and then stumbled out of the lower bridge.

"Wilkins! Mr. Wilkins!" he demanded. Shoes sounded on the navigation bridge and the second mate answered, "It's the mate's watch below, sir. Shall I send for him?"

"Never mind! Send for the chief. There's something wrong with my lights."

"Aye, sir," and the second whistled for the watchman and repeated the order. After a while a flashlight beam danced up from the main deck and played on the fuming Captain Twigg.

"I understand your light fused, sir," said Mr. Dibble's voice very kindly. "Or maybe the globe's burned out. I thought I might come look myself."

"Well, find out," snapped the captain. "I don't want to grope around all night."

Mr. Dibble grunted and prowled around the cabin with his flashlight. He tested the fuses and then flashed his light along the deckhead.

"Just as I suspected, sir," he said regretfully. "It's the wiring, and I doubt if there's a spare bit aboard. She's an old ship, you know, and not well supplied. I suspect you'd better use your oil lamp until we get to Adelaide."

"My oil lamp . . ." choked Captain Twigg. "Rip some wiring out of somewhere else and fix me up."

"That wouldn't be practical, sir, I'm afraid," said Mr. Dibble. He was still regretful. "In fact, it might throw the whole ship's lighting system out. You'd better use the oil lamp."

Captain Twigg breathed hard.

"All right," he managed. "Thanks, Mister Dibble." The chief faded into the darkness, and Captain Twigg called to the second mate to have the lamp-trimmer along. He supposed little matters like that were to be expected on an old vessel, but it was certainly tough luck his cabin wiring had to give out first, and he had his suspicions.

THE next morning it was quite chilly. Captain Twigg climbed out of his bunk, started for his electric heater before remembering he had no juice in his rooms, and then bent over the valve to the steam radiator. That at least could be depended on, and he'd get back in bed while the cabin warmed up. But no warm gurgle reached his ears when he had the valve wide open. Only stony silence, as stony as had been the eye of Mr. Dibble at the past few meals. Captain Twigg rang four times for his steward before it occurred to him his bell was out of order, and then he stuck his head out of his cabin door and bellowed to the bridge. He wanted to know why in hell there was no heat. The bridge sent a man to find out.

"Mr. Dibble's compliments, sir," reported the messenger at last. "But your heat's been blanked off, the pipes being in a poor state of repair and no remedy being available aboard."

"I see," said Captain Twigg grimly. "I see!" And he dressed in the chill without taking his usual shower.

Breakfast was a strained affair.

"It would seem to me," said Captain Twigg acidly, picking up his porridge spoon, "that you'd have indented for sufficient supplies and for any reasonable repairs before we sailed, Mr. Dibble. If the ship's in the condition you say she is."

"I always indent, sir," said Mr. Dibble, shaking his head. "But I seldom get what I need. The owners figure this is an old ship and hardly worth wasting money on. I've been trying to get my engine overhauled . . ."

"Never mind," said Captain Twigg hastily. "We'll go into that later. But I distinctly thought I saw a lot of supplies come aboard for your department."

Mr. Wilkins choked over a piece of bacon, excused himself and went back on the bridge to relieve the third mate. The second mate stared bleakly at his plate and speared another slab of bread. The chief steward coughed and drank some water. Mr. Dibble shook his head again.

“It was mostly bales of waste and some packing washers and bolts and such, sir. Absolute essentials.”

Captain Twigg took a drink of tea, paused, swallowed, and then choked, spraying the table.

“What in . . . Steward!” he roared. “What in hell's wrong with the tea?”

The saloon steward gulped and looked at the chief steward, who shook his head.

“I'm blessed if I know, sir. But it seems something's wrong with the water. I meant to tell you.”

“Good heavens, I didn't know that oil tank had leaked that badly,” said Mr. Dibble. He sniffed at his tea, tasted it and then nodded. “Well, I might have known. One of our oil tanks leaked into the domestic tank, sir. That's what'd be making the porridge taste a bit off too.”

CAPTAIN TWIGG was quiet for a long time, while his round face swelled, grew purple, and then faded back to a robust red.

“I had no idea,” he managed, “the Selwick was in such a bad shape. I would appreciate it, Mr. Dibble, if you would try to do something about the oil leak.”

“I doubt it, sir, I doubt it,” said Mr. Dibble, shaking his head. “But I'll do my best.”

“Of that I'm sure,” agreed the captain. He gingerly attacked the curry, found it reasonable, ate it and managed a rasher and an egg. Then he carefully folded his napkin and put it into its worn metal ring, and, producing a cigar, bit off the end with vigor.

“I haven't heard your pipes lately,” he observed.

Mr. Dibble looked up from a dish of soggy tapioca and blinked.

“I doubt if you could, sir . . . since your . . . er . . . order, I confine myself to my cabin.”

“That must be nice for junior engineers, I imagine, trying to sleep off watch.” Mr. Dibble wiped his bristle of mustache.

“I am not concerned with what is nice for junior engineers, sir. So far as I understand, they are not disturbed.”

“Cotton wool! That's why,” exploded Captain Twigg. “Confound it, man! How long does this persecution have to go on?”

“Persecution, sir?” demanded the chief. He raised his brows.

“Never mind,” said Captain Twigg hastily. “I was just thinking . . . that was all.”

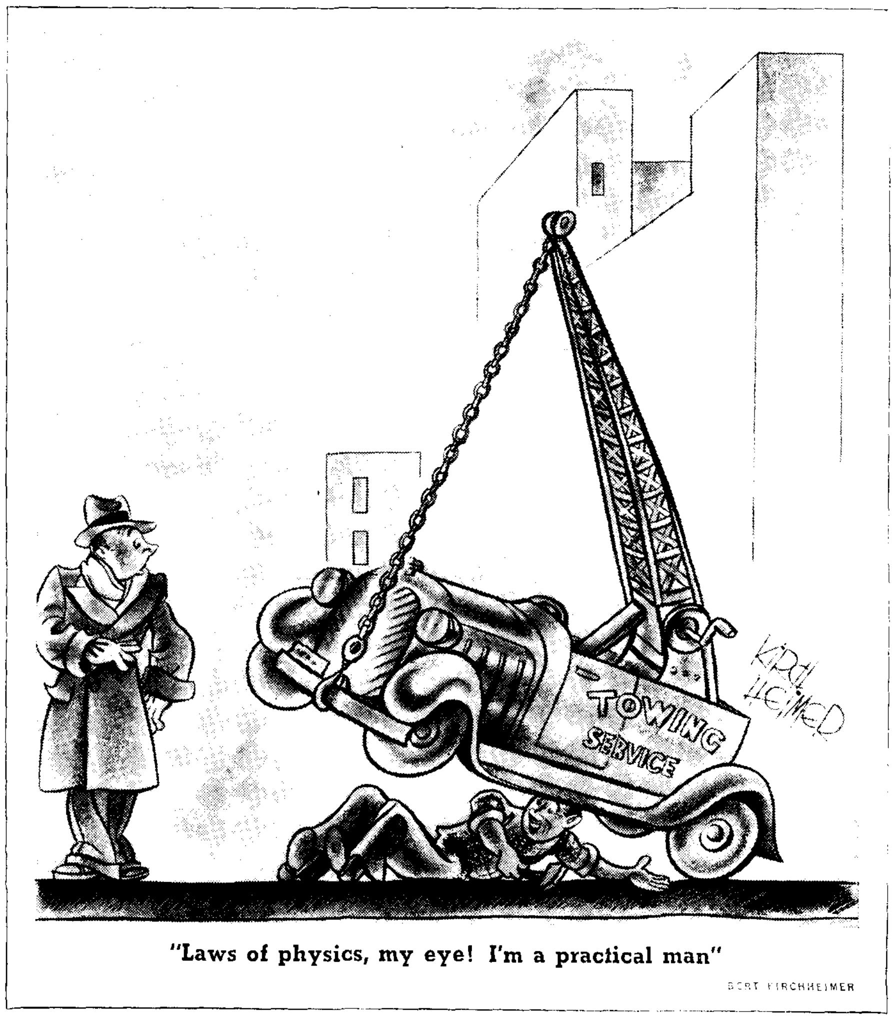
Mr. Dibble coughed again. “And now about Saturdays, sir; you wouldn't object if I practiced a little on deck?”

“You try it and I'll damn' well see you in irons,” roared Captain Twigg and stepped up on the bridge. The insolence! Thinking he was weakening! Mr. Dibble sighed and ambled slowly to his room amidships. He summoned the second assistant and said regretfully: “I think you'd better fix the shower.”

“Yes, sir,” agreed the second, and hesitated. “But don't you think, sir, that's going a little too far?”

The chief looked at him, and the second said, “Yes, sir. Yes, sir,” and hastily departed, while the chief took his bagpipes from his locker, faithfully made sure that all ports were screwed fast and the door closed, and after preliminary wailings played softly The Road to the Isles.

Captain Twigg took a turn or so around the bridge toward noon, and as the chill left the air, decided he might as well shave and take a shower. But he found that his bathroom taps only gave out discolored water and strange noises and foul odors, and so perforce sent his steward to the galley for some hot water, since he understood a fresh domestic tank had been tapped. That was not so annoying, but when he stepped under his shower and turned it on, to be deluged with a mixture of water, oil and more odors, which needed a bath in kerosene to be rid of, he was saved from apoplexy only by three heavy drinks of whisky, taken neat. He got dressed finally, and, rather raw-skinned, went on the bridge where Mr. Wilkins was leaning on the for'ard rail, chewing on his pipe, and exchanging



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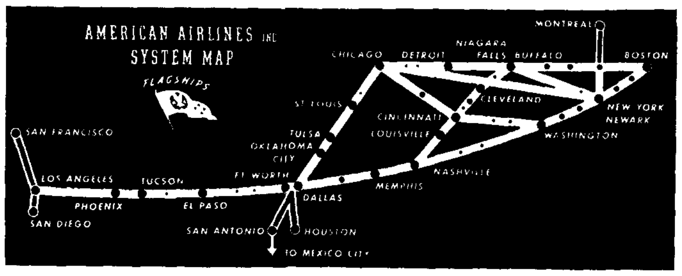

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risqué stories with the bosun on the main deck where the watch was supposed to be at work.

"Is this sort of thing normal on the Selwick?" demanded Captain Twigg with restraint. Mr. Wilkins, it not being Saturday, did not have to unplug his ears, so he heaved up from the rail and removed his pipe with promptness.

"You mean my talking with the bosun, sir?"

"I mean all this stuff going wrong," said Captain Twigg. "And, anyway, what the hell's the watch standing around for?"

"Well," Mr. Wilkins explained, "we've been trying to wash down since six this morning but it seems we can't get any pressure on the hoses. Mr. Dibble says . . ."

"Mr. Dibble says the pipes are so worn out they won't carry water, eh?" the captain exploded. "All right. Then wash down with hand pumps. I'll show you!"

"We haven't used the hand pumps since I've been on the Selwick," ventured the mate. "And I doubt . . ."

"WELL, have the engine room fix them if they're that rusty!" snarled Captain Twigg.

"Yes, sir," agreed Mr. Wilkins and went down to the main deck. He spent the rest of the day with the bosun and the watches taking apart and putting together old hand pumps that had not been used since the Selwick had been launched, and when he finally got them in operation, squirting rusty and ineffectual streams over the deck, he explained to Captain Twigg that they had needed gaskets badly, but the engine room had simply been out of them, so they had to make shift with canvas and a couple of old hides they had dug up out of the forepeak.

"You know, sir," ventured the mate. "If you'll take my advice . . . Mr. Dibble . . ."

"I don't need any advice on how to run a ship," snapped Captain Twigg. "But, by all the hinges of hell, there'll be a cleaning when we get to port."

"Yes, sir," agreed the mate. After all, he was only the mate. It was almost night and six bells had just gone. "Yes, sir," he said again, "but if you'll take my advice . . ." And at that moment the ship stopped or, rather, the engine-beat stopped, and the Selwick drifted across placid green swells and rolled to her heart's content.

"What's that?" demanded Captain Twigg. The mate struck a match for his pipe and shook his head.

"Probably a gasket blown, or a tube or something; the chief engineer would know," he observed. "The old engine . . ." Captain Twigg snorted and went midships to see Mr. Dibble.

"Look here, Dibble, I want to make a showing and get in a decent run. I figured on docking day after tomorrow. When can you fix her?"

"That's a question," said Mr. Dibble dreamily. "I think I've a cracked main shaft and bad tubes and some gaskets blown, and at least one bearing is running hot. The thrust blocks . . ."

"Well, give me an estimate," choked Captain Twigg. "This is my first run as skipper and I'd like . . ."

"There are many things we'd all like to do," agreed Mr. Dibble. "But with an engine like ours . . ." he shook his head. "Say a day."

Captain Twigg went back on the bridge and almost wept in the confines of his chilly cabin. Mr. Dibble returned to his room after giving his second assistant certain instructions and then, getting out the pipes, softly occupied himself with Blue Bonnets Over the Border. Mr. Wilkins leaned on the chartroom table, bit on his pipe and swore.

"Well, whyn't you go talk to the old man again?" protested the second mate. "Hell, I got a date in Adelaide."

"You can't talk to him," explained the mate patiently. "It's his first command and he's as touchy as a new bridesmaid. He's just got to learn, that's all."

"The way things are going we'll never get in," the second grumbled. The mate agreed but decided to let things rest a while. So the Selwick lifted and fell, rolled and wallowed in the blue combers off the Australian coast. She had, in fact, nothing much else to do until Mr. Dibble had finished with his pipes.

"Look," said Mr. Wilkins finally, taking a bottle of his own private bourbon midships. "Look, chief. The boys want to get in. You can't make this tough on them."

"That's as may be," agreed Mr. Dibble, letting the pipes die for a moment as he watched the mate bang the cork from the bottle. "But that . . . up there . . . needs a lesson. If I can't play . . . Saturdays . . . when all's done for the week save the watches . . . then . . ."

"It's not bad whisky," said the mate, pouring half a tumbler. "I sneaked it aboard at Panama last trip. All duty free, so don't be afraid."

He had to sacrifice another bottle from his private supply before he could persuade Mr. Dibble to put the pipes away. And in the end the chief sighed resignedly.

"All right," he said. "I'll do it for the boys. And mind you, only for the boys. That up there . . ." he shook his head with drunken gravity, lurched to his feet and disappeared down into the engine room. Mr. Wilkins breathed a prayer and returned to the bridge.

"All right," he told the second mate. "Stand by."

They were under way again in less than an hour, Mr. Dibble having apparently performed miracles. And Captain Twigg rubbed his hands together and conceded, in a burst of generosity, "That man's an engineer, I must say that."

NEXT morning, a Saturday, as the Selwick entered the traffic that plies about the Bass Strait, between Australia and Tasmania, there was a light mist upon the blue waters which slowly developed and by noon was merging to a fog.

"You'd better start the siren," said Captain Twigg nervously, and Mr. Wilkins pulled on the lanyard. Little or nothing happened. There was a feeble squawk, some spittings and gurglings, and then complete silence. Mr. Wilkins pulled again and said, "I guess it's out of order, sir."

"Out of order!" blazed Captain Twigg. "At a time like this! Let me try!" He jerked the lanyard from the mate's hand, pulled on it viciously with all his weight, and the line carried away.

"It's that damned Dibble!" the captain roared. "Another of his tricks."

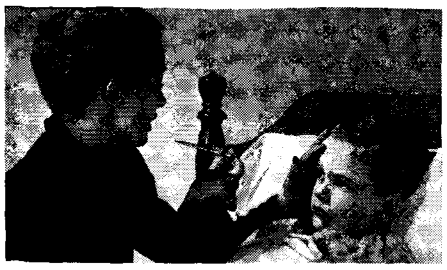
Mr. Wilkins stared into the fog, bit on his pipestem and shook his head. "I don't think I'd say that, sir," he admonished seriously. "Whatever the chief's personal feelings might be, he wouldn't go so far as to endanger the ship." But Captain Twigg was enraged beyond reasoning.

"That maniac!" he choked. "That maniac would do anything to get even with me over the bagpipe business. Find him, and tell him I want the siren fixed. . . . And don't come back and say he said to go to hell."

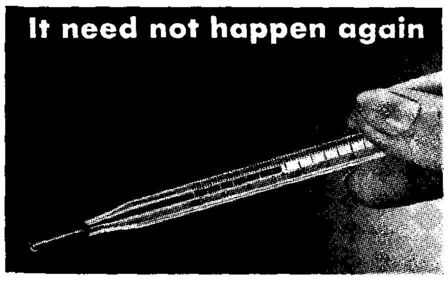
"He's sending his best man up to look at it, sir," Mr. Wilkins reported, returning to the bridge. "But they may have to take it apart to find out what's wrong, and even then it might be something in the steam pipe."

"Is he sober?" demanded Captain Twigg acidly. Mr. Wilkins discreetly inspected the bowl of his pipe and mur-

Has this ever happened to you?



"Junior seems to have a fever. But it's so hard to read this fever thermometer! I can't be sure."



NEW TAYLOR BINOC
3 TIMES EASIER TO READ

STOP-WATCH TESTS among hundreds of men and women show that the average time to read the new BINOC is 3 times faster than the old type. $1.50 and $2.00 at your drug store. If he hasn't stocked this new thermometer, send check or money order (together with your druggist's name and address) to Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Can.

These thermometers are certified for use in all states where special seals are required.

Taylor BINOC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
FEVER THERMOMETERS

WANTED: A HOME!

Preferably,
One Where They'll Feed Me

Red Heart's 3 Flavors!

GIVE your dog a change of *taste* in his diet. He'll enjoy the taste variety of Red Heart's three flavors . . . beef, fish, and cheese . . . they will stimulate his appetite and help him keep healthy.

Red Heart is rich in body-building minerals and vitamins; contains federally inspected meats and meat by-products . . . Fleischmann's Irradiated Yeast and cod-liver oil provide abundant Sunshine Vitamin D, so essential for robust health . . . and *especially* important for puppies. John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Ia.

Guaranteed As Advertised in Good Housekeeping

Tune in Bob Becker NBC Red Network Sundays 1:45 to 2 P.M. New York Time.

RED HEART
THE 3 FLAVOR
DOG FOOD

mured, "Well, you'll remember it's Saturday, sir. But he knows what he's doing."

"Wait!" quivered Captain Twigg. "Just wait till I make a report on this." He was about to say more but suddenly checked, his ball-like figure stiffening as the muffled roar of a siren came through the fog ahead. He jumped for the rail, his eyes bulging as they strained into the whiteness. Mr. Wilkins jammed the telegraph to STOP and the ominous muffled roar came again, nearer.

"For'ard there!" yelled Mr. Wilkins through cupped hands. "Sound the bell! Damn you! Someone! Sound the bell!"

NOW it so happened that by one of those curious mischances the great ship's bell on the fo'c'slehead had been taken down only that morning to be cleaned, to have its worn shackle replaced and, more important than all, to have its tongue, which was cracked nearly clean through, sent down to the engine room for fixing. So nothing happened. And the mate suddenly remembered.

"We've got no bell," he reported grimly. "Maybe we can yell."

"Or pray," added Captain Twigg. He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and his red face was gray as the hidden siren blared out again, still nearer, straight for them.

"We'd better put her full ahead," said Mr. Wilkins quietly. "We'll have steering way then anyway, and maybe a chance to dodge."

"All right," croaked Captain Twigg. "It's a chance, at least. She's coming right at us."

The siren boomed again, sank to a muffled blubbering, and died. Then abruptly, from the Selwick's main deck, arose the shrill wailing of souls in torment.

Where other and greater noises were hurled back by the choking mist, the strains of Bentrauchan's Lament pierced it like a series of rusty knives. Mr. Dibble, beautifully organized, the obstinacy of his ancestors to the fore, had decided once again to defy Captain Twigg, and was bravely marching up and down the midship deck, the tartan ribbons fluttering behind him, the fog swirling about him, and an ecstatic light in his slightly glazed eyes as though he trod on heather.

"That man!" Captain Twigg managed. "And those damned pipes . . ."

The siren blared again, almost alongside, it seemed, then died out, and a huge dark shape loomed to the starboard. Bentrauchan's Lament tormented the air and there was a sudden jangling of bells, a muffled bark of orders and the distinct thrash of screws going astern as the other ship checked and swung. Dimly a man appeared in the stranger's bridge wing and bellowed through a megaphone.

"What the hell's the matter with *you*? We might have run you down. Haven't you got a siren?"

"Out of order!" roared Mr. Wilkins, hanging over his own bridge wing. "But what more do you want? We're making noise enough."

"You must be torturing cats," barked the other man. "Maybe it's an idea at that. If we hadn't heard them yelling we'd have hit you for sure. Never mind. This is the North Star, Captain Holmes. Adelaide to Sydney with general cargo."

"This is the Selwick, Captain Twigg. San Francisco for Adelaide."

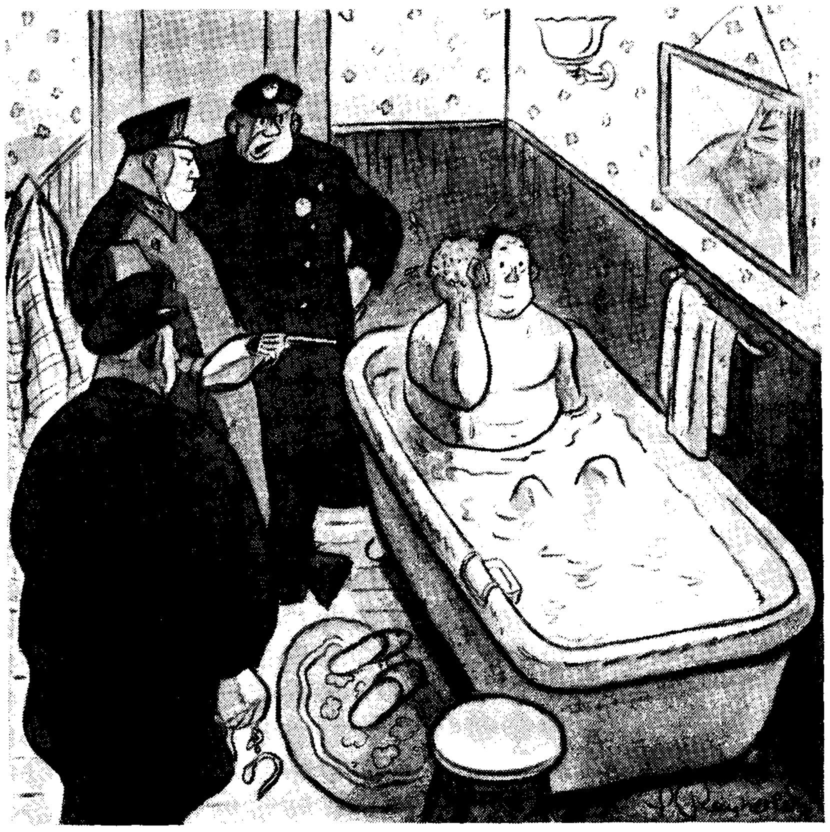
"Are you all right?" demanded the North Star. "Okay, then. And do something about those cats."

"Cats," said Captain Twigg weakly. He clung to the for'ard rail and wiped sweat from his face, his color returning now the crisis was past. And he added, with an effort, "Would you kindly go below, Mr. Wilkins? Take a bottle of my own whisky, present it," he breathed hard, "with my compliments to Mr. Dibble and tell him I'd take it as a favor if he would keep on playing. At least until the fog lifts."

Mr. Dibble by this time had swung into The Road to the Isles, and as Mr. Wilkins turned to go Captain Twigg checked him.

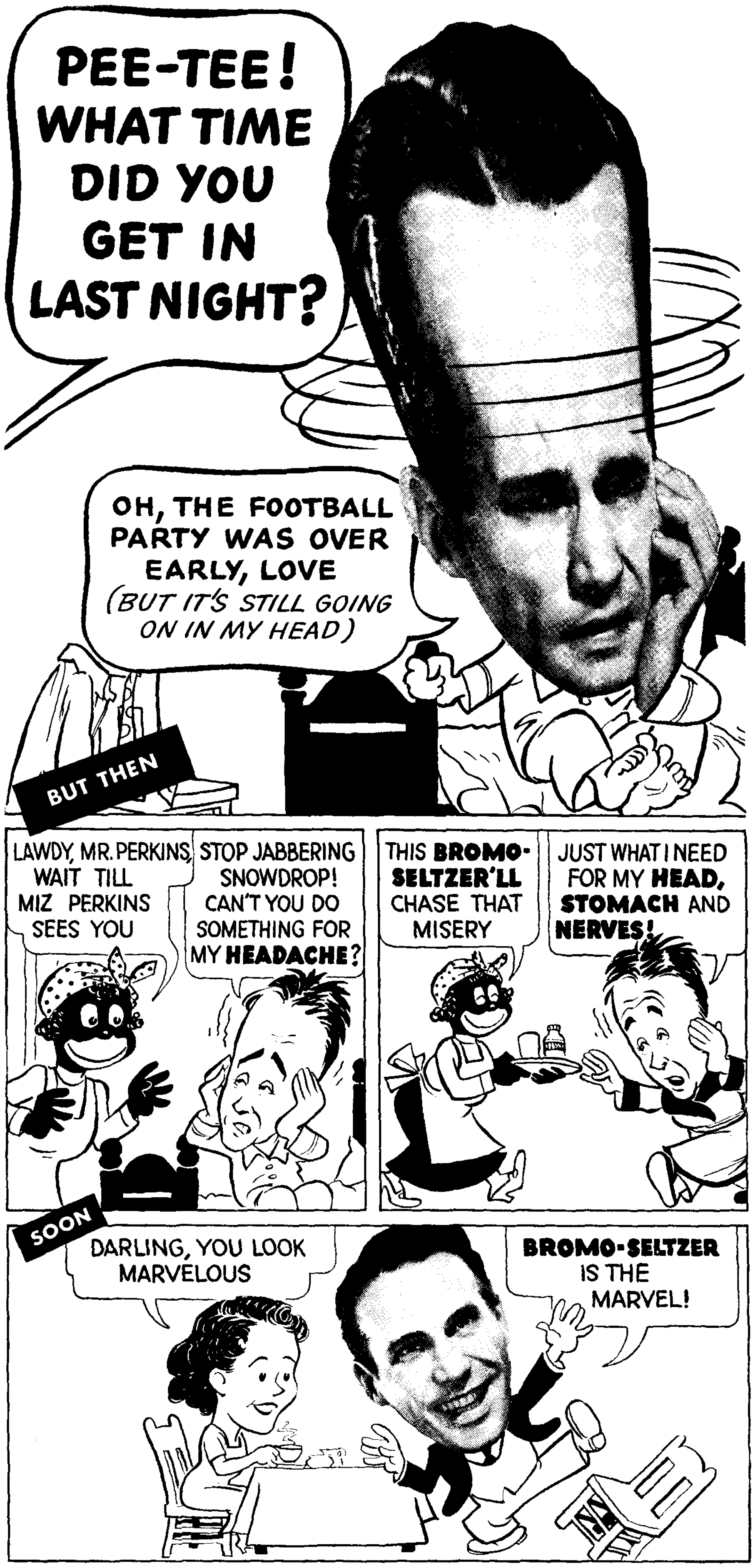
"One more thing," he said huskily. "Where do you keep your cotton wool?"

"Top drawer in the chartroom, sir," said the mate with understanding. "Help yourself."



"I never seen a guy so desperately stallin' for time. Look, he's even doin' behind his ears!"

LAWRENCE REYNOLDS

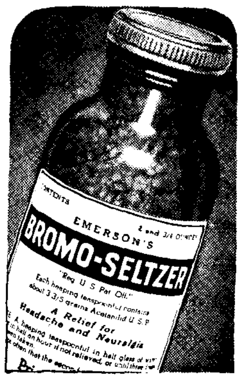

PEE-TEE! WHAT TIME DID YOU GET IN LAST NIGHT?
OH, THE FOOTBALL PARTY WAS OVER EARLY, LOVE (BUT IT'S STILL GOING ON IN MY HEAD)
BUT THEN
LAWDY, MR. PERKINS, WAIT TILL MIZ PERKINS SEES YOU
STOP JABBERING SNOWDROP! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING FOR MY HEADACHE?
THIS BROMO-SELTZER'LL CHASE THAT MISERY
JUST WHAT I NEED FOR MY HEAD, STOMACH AND NERVES!
SOON
DARLING, YOU LOOK MARVELOUS
BROMO-SELTZER IS THE MARVEL!

Doctors proved it FASTER by test

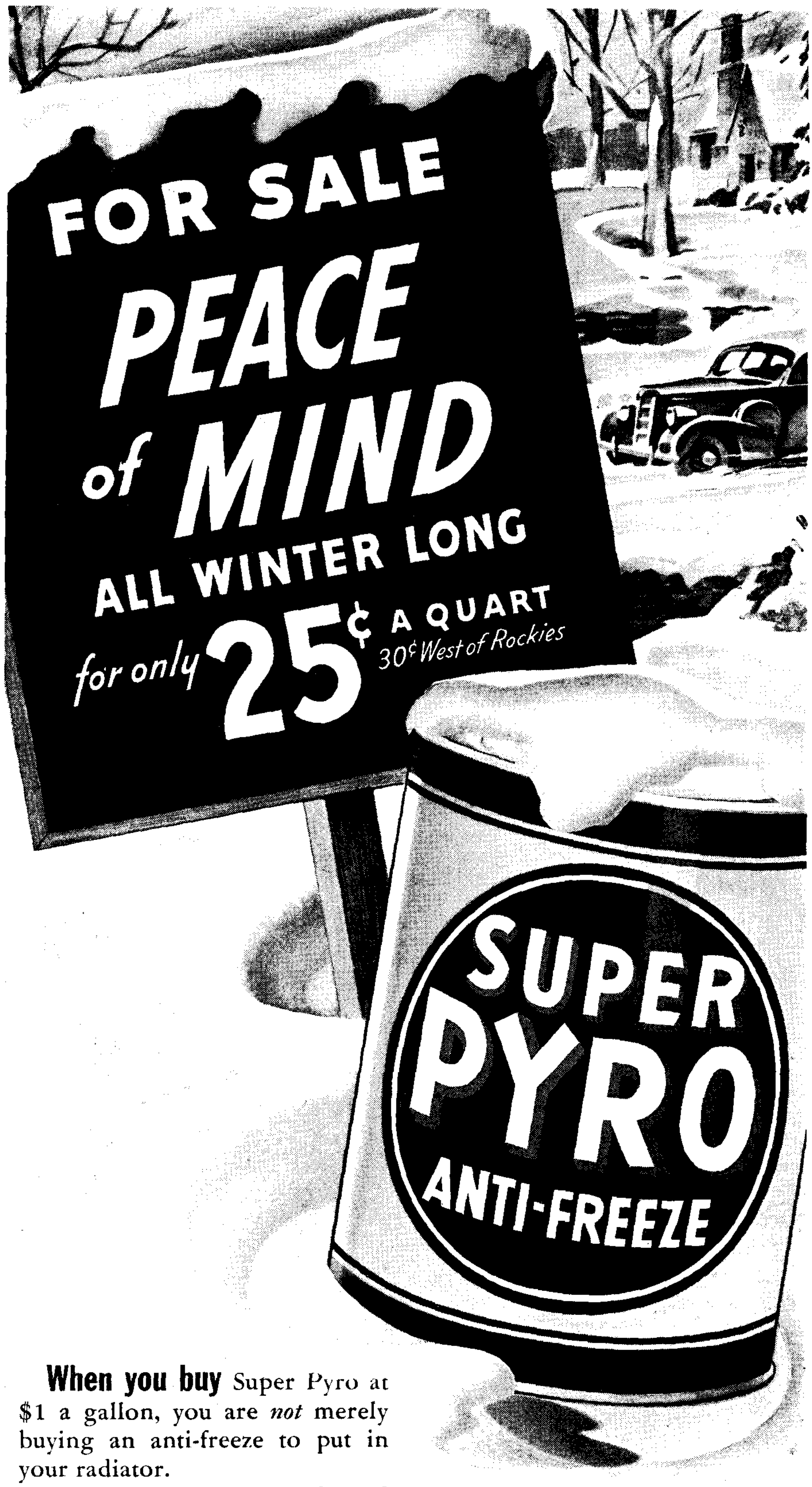
A group of doctors found Bromo-Seltzer FASTER than any other morning-after remedy they tested.

It does MORE for you, too! Settles your stomach, soothes nerves and ALKALIZES! Leaves you peppier!

Before bedtime, it helps PREVENT morning-after. Another, next morning, refreshes. At all drugstores—soda fountains. Be sure to keep it at home, too!



BROMO-SELTZER



When you buy Super Pyro at $1 a gallon, you are *not* merely buying an anti-freeze to put in your radiator.

You *are* buying peace of mind which permits you to use and enjoy your car all winter long, no matter how low the temperature drops. You get freedom from worry about freeze-ups, *plus* the satisfaction of knowing that the entire cooling system is being kept clean and efficient by the patented ingredients in Super Pyro which stop rust and corrosion.

Super Pyro has saved money and worry in 15 million cars, in all kinds of winter weather, all over the country. It is an exclusive product, made by U.S.I., world's oldest manufacturer of anti-freeze.

Look for the Super Pyro sign the very next time you take your car out. The dealer has a scientific chart which tells exactly how much Super Pyro is needed to protect your car at the temperatures expected in your locality . . . how much to add when sudden cold snaps are predicted.

Have your radiator checked from time to time, and you will be delighted with the ease and low cost of getting freeze-up worries off your mind with Super Pyro Anti-Freeze.

PROVED IN 15 MILLION CARS

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINO SARRA FOR COLLIER'S

Postgraduate Work

By Quentin Reynolds

Meet ingenious Kitty Davis, who has found a way to make college profitable—to herself and her employees

TWO men were arguing very volubly as to the relative merits of the Notre Dame and Northwestern football teams, punctuating their remarks with hearty pounding upon the bar. A demure little lass with a big voice was standing in front of a microphone shouting, "I've Got a Guy . . ." Another girl was playing the drum but giving most of her attention to the cymbals, completely drowning out the earnest efforts of the piano player. Three bartenders were playing catch with a large cocktail shaker, shrieking happily the while as a dozen customers encouraged them. Almost unheard in a far corner of the bar a slightly alcoholic quartette was singing something that sounded like, "March Onward Down the Field . . ."

"I'm sorry," Kitty Davis said, "that you happened in on such a quiet night."

I shuddered slightly, the while surreptitiously sewing together a broken eardrum. Kitty Davis' Cocktail Lounge in Chicago is different from all other night clubs and thirst emporiums in that it is noisier. Another distinguishing feature is the fact that the seventy-five employees all seem to have as much if not more fun than the paying customers. Forty of the employees are men, thirty-five are girls. All are advertised as college graduates by the personable and shrewd Kitty Davis, and if Miss Davis takes a slight poetic license in her advertisement who are we to criticize? At least, most of the employees are native Chicagoans and, after all, there are a great many colleges in and about Chicago and it is virtually impossible for a boy or girl to grow up in the city without having some contact with one or the other of the institutions of higher learning.

The only authentic
COCKTAIL BAR

Most of the girls who work in Kitty Davis' Cocktail Lounge can double as entertainers and barmaids—and look for movie contracts on the side

In any case, shrewd and personable Kitty Davis has made her place headquarters for the college boys and girls and for the older boys and girls who once went to college and for the much older boys and girls who wish they had gone to college. Kitty occupies two floors right in the heart of the Loop and the night of the football game between the Washington Redskins and the All-Star team in September no less than 6,562 people (actual count) entered Kitty's place to have a drink, to listen to the seventy-five entertainers (college graduates) and to tell one another that Sammy Baugh was better than Cecil Isbell or vice versa.

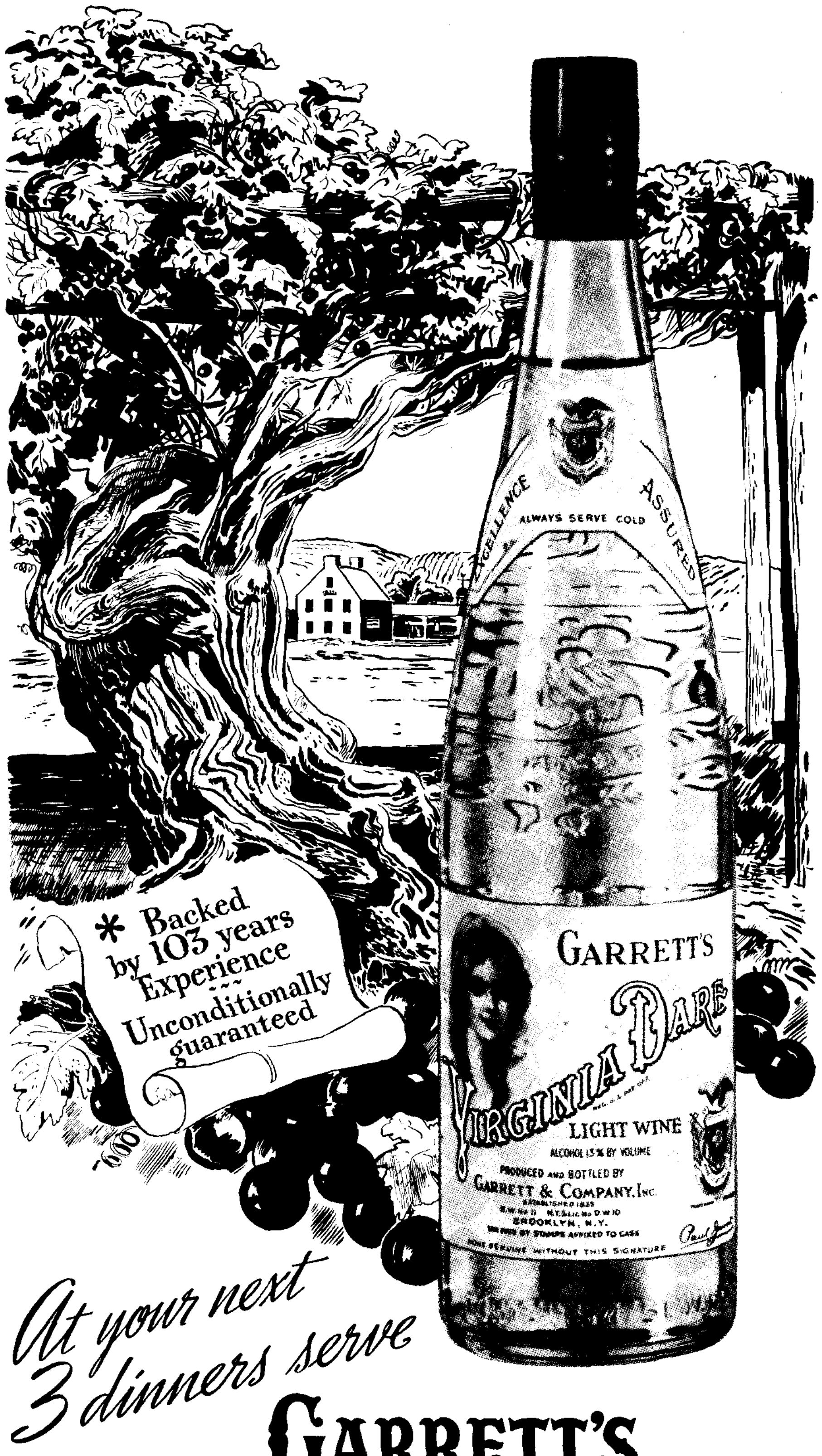
Today Kitty Davis is America's only really big-time woman night-club operator and in many ways she has picked up the mantle dropped by the late Texas Guinan. However, where Texas was consciously flamboyant and loud, Kitty is retiring and consciously demure. Texas caught the suckers with vinegar. Kitty catches them with sugar. No one complains, for the customers in either case certainly got value received. Kitty lets her seventy-five entertainers (college graduates) do the shouting for her. She also allows the customers to do the shouting for her, and it all comes under the head of good-natured and highly remunerative fun.

Kitty Davis is an interesting person from any angle. To begin with, she began to earn her living during her junior year at Vassar. She has been earning it ever since. Ideas have always been Kitty's stock in trade. Always she was thinking of a new idea even back in the dear old Vassar days. If they had only let her run the Daisy Chain at Vassar they would have had to hire Mike Jacobs to handle the ticket situation. But they didn't. So she invented a cosmetic. Just like that, she sat herself down and bobbed up with a new line of cosmetics. She put them on the market and they began to prosper and Kitty turned her back on Greek, calculus and the pursuit of higher learning. Henceforth she was to pursue the Almighty Dollar and all in all she has done a pretty good job of it.

She moved her cosmetic business to Chicago, but apparently the brisk, invigorating breezes from Lake Michigan put such delightful color into the cheeks of Chicago lassies that they did not need cosmetics and Kitty's business did a backspin. Nothing daunted, she opened, of all things, a retail liquor shop.

Now this was not as incongruous as it might sound, for Kitty's father had always been in the business and had specialized in rare and enticing wines. From girlhood Kitty was taught about wines and she could tell a claret from a veal chop any day. With her liquor shop she gave a rather unique service.

A hostess would phone and say in distracted tones, "I am having eleven people to dinner and I intend to have mock-turtle soup and finnan haddie and



GARRETT'S
VIRGINIA DARE LIGHT WINE
AND OTHER GARRETT'S FINEST AMERICAN WINES

● You be the judge. If Garrett's wines, with their fine flavor, full body, delicious aroma and delicate bouquet, do not make your food taste better . . . if you are in any manner not completely satisfied with any Garrett wine, your entire purchase price will be promptly refunded by the dealer upon return of the unused portion. With Garrett's wines you can recapture all the enjoyment of the ancient art of dining. Sipped throughout the meal, Garrett's finest American wines sustain "taste tone", making *all* the meal as enjoyable as the first delicious bite.

• • •

Ask your dealer for Virginia Dare light Wine (red or white), Old North State brand Blackberry Wine, Garrett's American Sauternes, Rhine, Burgundy, Claret...Garrett's American Port and Sherry (alcohol 19-21% by volume)...Paul Garrett American Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy. Ask your dealer also for Virginia Dare Recipe Book, "The Chef's Touch", or write to . . .

WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN . . . ASK FOR GARRETT'S WINE . . . FOR EXCELLENCE WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

GARRETT & COMPANY, INC., GENERAL OFFICES: BROOKLYN, N.Y.

America's Finest Wines . . . Since 1835

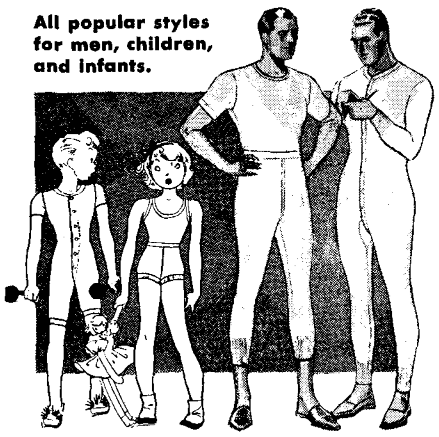
*
Sketch of the famous 350-year-old Scuppernong grape vine in Tyrell County, N.C. with trunk diameter 12 ft., branches extend over almost an acre. Mother of the Garrett wine industry, this vine supplied the cuttings for planting the first Garrett vineyard more than a century ago. Garrett wineries are now found from coast to coast in choicest vineyard regions.

You PROTECT YOUR CAR . . .

WHAT ABOUT YOURSELF?

You take out the water and put in anti-freeze—spend money *wisely* to prevent engine damage! But what about yourself? Don't run the risk of cracking your own health with colds and more serious illness. Duofold Health Underwear gives excellent protection without sacrificing comfort. Warm but *not* heavy. It conserves bodily heat and resistance. Outer layer contains wool *but* wool robbed of its itch and irritation. The *inner* layer next to the skin is of soft, comfortable cotton. Get some Duofold *today* in your favorite style at men's wear and department stores.

All popular styles for men, children, and infants.



Duofold
Health **Underwear**

WOOL IN OUTER LAYER NO ITCH!
COTTON INNER LAYER COMFORT!
2 THIN LAYERS

DUOFOLD, INC., Dept.C-11, Mohawk, N. Y.
Send FREE Fabric Sample; tell me where I can get Duofold.
☐ Men's and Boy's ☐ Children's and Infants'
Name ....
Address ....
Town .... State ....

Anything goes in the nature of good-natured fun at Kitty Davis'

venison and chocolate soufflé, and whatever wines will I serve?"

Kitty would tell her just what wines to serve with the venison or the fish, and everyone wound up happy, including Kitty, who was selling many a stein of wine. Often men would drop in and engage Kitty in long discussions as to what wines they should order and often too they would say, "My, my, makes a man thirsty talking about wines. Too bad we can't have a little drink."

Kitty obliged by enlarging her two-by-four shop and putting in a cocktail room that was small but tasty. She advertised it as a cocktail room for men only.

"Men are always complaining about how the women were crowding them out of barrooms," Kitty says now with wide-open, ingenuous eyes. "So I thought I'd do something for them. Yes, it was quite profitable. Oh, very profitable."

Now when it comes to the game of football Chicago is like no place on earth. Everyone in Chicago is football mad; the proximity of Notre Dame and Northwestern and the constant excellence of their teams brought football to the attention of Chicagoans long before the rest of the country adopted the game as a Saturday afternoon special. Taxicab drivers in the Loop often block traffic while they argue heatedly the merits of the Notre Dame system or Lou Little's hipper-dipper attack. It is well known that any advertising agency can get any Chicago account merely by producing two tickets for the Notre Dame-Northwestern game. Kitty in her shrewd but still personable way noticed that once the leaves began to turn and there was a bite in the breeze that came in from Lake Michigan all of her customers immediately stopped talking about stocks and blondes, space rates and insurance policies to concentrate on football.

"I just stuck up a few college pennants," wide-eyed Kitty says. "And the men seemed to like it. So I got a few pictures of football players and had them autographed and the first thing you knew people formed the habit of dropping in before and after games. It was very nice."

It was very nice indeed but there was one catch. Usually the football addict brought one of the prettier sex to a game with him and he couldn't bring her into Kitty's because of her rule barring women. However, Kitty, always willing to oblige (and always willing to turn an honest penny), cheerfully rescinded her rule and now Chicago womanhood was allowed to invade what had been a man's paradise.

"The place just grew by itself," Kitty says, a bit bewildered. "Really I had very little to do with it. I had to take the place next door and then the place around the corner and then I had to take over the second floor. After games the men would sometimes sing college songs so I hired a few bartenders who knew college songs so they could entertain my customers. Well, naturally, the only ones who knew college songs were college boys, so I hired college boys. Then of course I liked to have strong boys who could stand the hard work, so naturally I hired a lot of football players. A lot of girls came in who wanted jobs singing in the place, so I hired them too. Most of them were college girls."

So the place grew and grew, much to the wonder, amazement and delight of Kitty Davis. One or two of the girls who doubled as entertainers and barmaids were given picture contracts. Others found nice radio or theatrical offers in their Christmas stockings and now it seemed as though every pretty girl in Chicago wanted to work for Kitty.

Where Everybody Entertains

Kitty insisted that each employee be able to do something besides sling soda or ladle out Scotch. Today, for instance, the bouncer, a husky lad from the University of Wisconsin named Don Phillips, doubles as master of ceremonies. The doorman dances, not well maybe, but enthusiastically certainly, and the bartenders all sing. Kitty's own secretary, Rose Malone, plays the piano and Georda Young, a girl with a real gift for comedy, serves drinks when she isn't playing the drum.

The chief comedy attraction and head bartender is Frank Jacoba, who in addition to being a double for Wallace Beery is at all times willing to hop upon the merry rostrum with eight minutes of quips and gags and funny songs. Everyone thinks that he is very funny and—let us face it, folks—he is very funny and he has a good voice.

The bartenders are all nice young chaps, many of whom can really sing. There's slight, blond Gene Martin, for instance. He holds (he really does) a master's degree in chemistry from Ohio State University, but he always liked to sing. They didn't need any young chemists in Chicago when he appeared with his sheepskin but they did need young singers. Now he works for Kitty, makes seventy dollars a week regularly, and

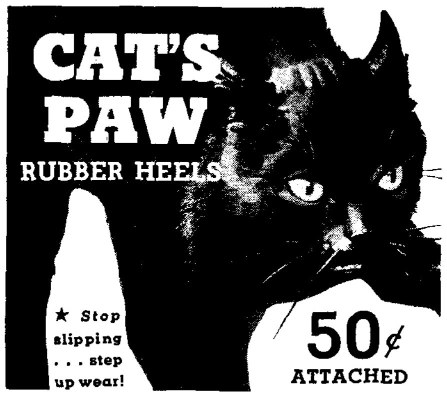
I USED TO HATE THIS JOB TILL I FOUND SANI-FLUSH

IT'S no fun to scrub and scour a toilet. But it must be kept clean. A dirty toilet is unsightly and insanitary, and it is unnecessary too.

Sani-Flush is made scientifically to clean toilets. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. See stains and streaks vanish. The hidden trap is cleaned. The bowl sparkles like new. Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING



GULBRANSEN
MINUETTE CONSOLE *Pianos*
America's smartest piano fashions . . .
Prices start at $245 . . . Write for catalog

Superb Tone

GULBRANSEN CO., 816 N. Kedzie Ave., Chicago

studies voice in the morning. Vic Bender once played football at the University of Maryland. He has an excellent voice and only last spring won a contest that gave him a three months' tour of Europe strictly on the cuff. He says that singing in Kitty's gives him poise and experience that he would get nowhere else. There's Jay King, who once trod the classic halls of the University of Pennsylvania. He now throws a mean Scotch and soda and a good healthy high C at a customer, with practically no lost motion at all. They are typical of Kitty's bartenders, clean-cut lads who want to get somewhere in this singing business and who think that maybe a talent scout from Hollywood will wander in some night, listen for a moment and then say, "Bing Crosby is through."

Ideas, the Stock in Trade

The bartenders are all paid well over the union scale. In addition to a minimum salary of $35 weekly, each man keeps his own tips and gets two per cent of the gross he has taken in during the day. The girls (who receive more tips) each get a minimum weekly salary of twenty-five dollars, their tips and likewise two per cent of the gross they handle.

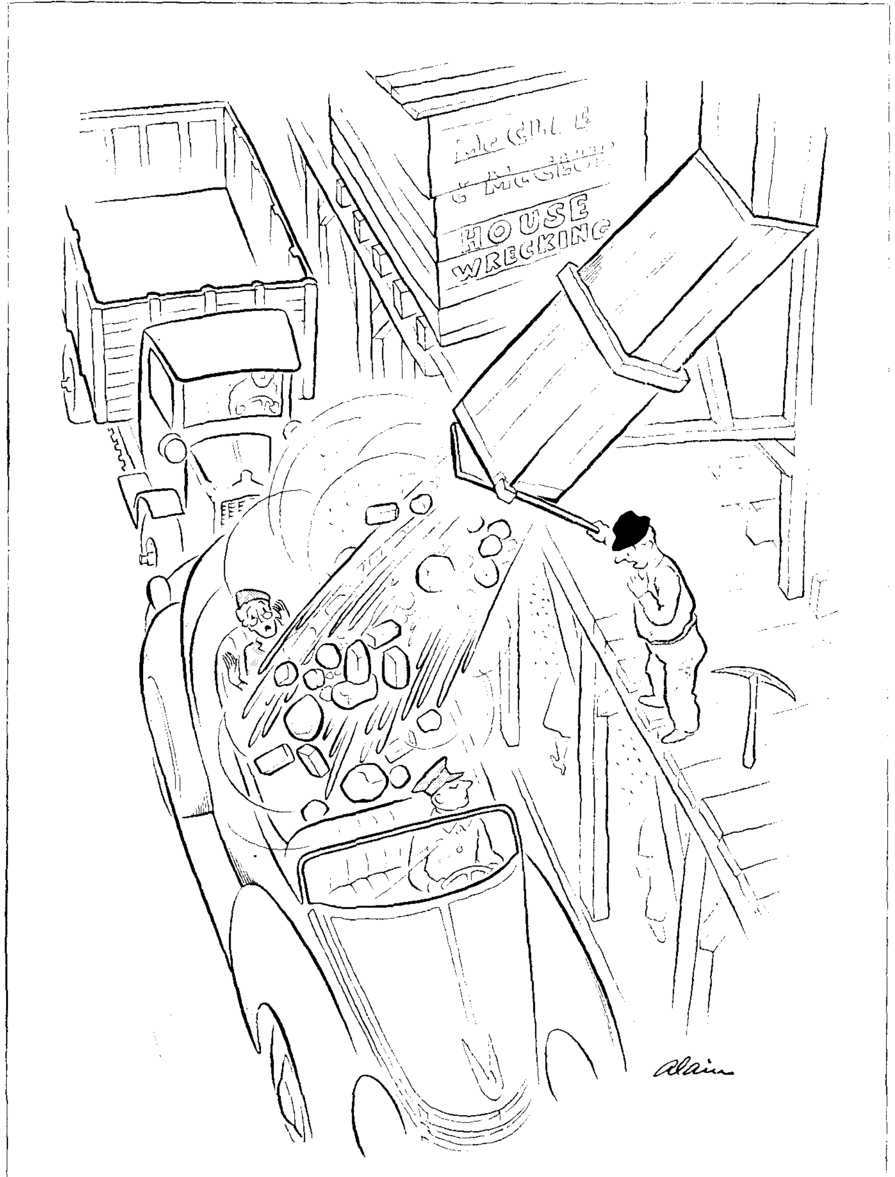
"We run it just like a department store," Kitty says. "In fact I am always bobbing in and out of our Chicago stores looking for new ideas."

We mentioned before that ideas are Kitty's chief stock in trade. Here are some of them. Hanging in her place she has pennants representing just about every college in the country. Her slogan is: "Meet for a drink under your college colors," a rather touching sentiment never perhaps thought of in academic halls. In her downstairs bar (there is a bar upstairs too, of course) she has a merry-go-round. If you are from Princeton there is a tiger to ride upon. If from Yale—why there's a bulldog. Cute?

Any customer who feels a rush of song to the throat is encouraged to step up and give out. Now he or she is always introduced by one of the many masters (or mistresses) of ceremonies and the voice is recorded. Within half a minute the record is ready and is played back amidst much giggling and laughter and additional ordering of drinks. Then the record is given to the customer. She will take it back to Grand Rapids or El Paso or New York to play it for her friends and so the fame of Kitty Davis spreads. Each record costs twenty cents and it is the only advertising that Kitty does.

Hovering not too far in the background there is a husband, Dan Davis, who takes care of the business details, the gate receipts and other mundane affairs that Kitty should not have to bother her pretty head about. However important he may be, the place is undeniably Kitty Davis'. It is her personality that makes the wheels go round, that soothes an unhappy college alumnus whose team has just lost its fifth straight game; that charms the college boys both young and old and that eases them out very gently but firmly at one o'clock each morning, closing hour for Chicago's night spots.

"But that's all right," Kitty says earnestly. "We don't want the kind of people in here who drink after one o'clock. They're the ones who start trouble, and we," she adds proudly, "never, never have any trouble in here."



"Oh, pardon me! I thought you were someone else"

D. ALAIN

FRENCH TOE *totally new*

● At your best for business this Fall means more formal clothes . . . and the return of that international favorite the well-groomed French Toe. This new Walk-Over is streamlined down to its reverse-fold tip. Remarkably comfortable. The HAMMOND, black or brown.

WALK-OVER

Walk-Over prices now $6.75 up.
Slightly higher West.
Geo. E. Keith Company,
Campello, Brockton, Mass.

CAPTAIN
MARY JANE
R.T.
MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
MENTHOL-ICED
MENNEN CO.
"The fish will have to wait, Skipper. I can't let anything interrupt the comfort of my Mennen Lather Shave."

Gentle-Mennen-
It's a wow!

Yes sir! There's more comfort in Mennen Lather Shave. And here's why. Its oil-removing, penetrating, soothing lather wilts your whiskers *faster*, more *completely*. Leaves your skin *happier*. Makes shaving a positive delight. Yes sir! Mennen is the oldest, the newest, the happiest name in shaving. See your druggist and say—Mennen for Mine.

Mennen also makes a swell Brushless.

The Galloping Goldbergs

By Jack Miley

Home life of Marshall Goldberg, Pittsburgh's All-America football genius. Meet Pop and the boys!

A LANKY mountaineer slouched into a barbershop in the little coal-mining town of Elkins, West Virginia, one fall Saturday afternoon. He flipped his galluses from bony shoulders, tugged at the collar of his hickory shirt and shifted a cud of tobacco as big as a doorknob from one leathery cheek to the other. Plunking his gaunt frame into a chair, he drawled: "Mister, I want a quick shave!"

The tonsorial artist stropped his razor in furious haste and, as his blade clop-clopped across its leather strap, he replied: "Buddy, don't relax. You'll be outa here in nothing flat. I'm going to give you the fastest shave a man ever got. I gotta hurry home to my radio. Marshall Goldberg plays today!"

A few doors down Main Street, a weary miner with a soot-streaked face slumped on a stool in the Elite Café, sprawled his elbows on the tile counter and shouted for ham and eggs over. Blond and buxom Babe, the wisecracking waitress, winked at a traveling salesman and retorted: "Handsome, you'll take 'em sunny side up and like 'em. I ain't got time to tussle with no hen fruit now. My hero, Marsh Goldberg, plays today and I gotta listen to see how he's doin'!"

And across the way at the Leisure Hour Poolroom, the ivories ceased clicking as the boys racked their cues, brushed the chalk dust from their sleeves and huddled around a loud-speaker. Somebody turned a dial and soon an announcer said:

"Pittsburgh is taking the field. Goldberg starts the game. Marshall is prancing up and down. He looks very frisky out there, folks. Pitt's All-America back is the man to watch. Pitt receives; there's the kickoff. Pittsburgh has it, but they haven't got Goldberg. He's off and running. Ten yards, twenty, thirty, forty, he's down, he's up, fifty, sixty . . ."

Out on the Davis-Elkins campus, the home team is playing a visiting eleven. The little stands are packed with hysterical D-E rooters. The Davis-Elkins quarter makes a long scoring run. A cheerleader seizes his megaphone and whoops to the crowd: "Latest bulletin from Pittsburgh—Marshall Goldberg just scored a touchdown against Fordham!" The students go wild. They're yowling for Goldberg, miles away, while their own hero picks his bruised body from the muck behind the enemy's goal.

For when Pitt plays, the 7,500 residents of Elkins go berserk. Stores close, business is at a standstill, groups gather on street corners to listen to the braying of loud-speakers in doorways in the downtown area. Those who have radios in their homes throw listening-in parties for their less fortunate neighbors. The two movie theaters are deserted, for nobody is interested in the galloping snapshots when he can tune in on the exploits of the galloping Goldbergs.

For Marshall Goldberg is Elkins' first citizen and his younger brother, Bill, a ripping, tearing back on the Pitt freshman eleven this season, isn't far behind him. By Marshall's own admission and by the shrewd appraisal of dour Doc Jock Sutherland, Pitt's clever coach, Bill Goldberg is going to be a better football player, if possible, than his famous brother. Bill was a better player than Marshall in Elkins High, according to Coach Frank Wimer, who groomed them both. Bill, now eighteen, was going into high school when Marsh was a junior. He won his letter in his frosh year, while Marshall had to wait until he was a senior. Thus the legend of the galloping Goldbergs will be carried on at Pitt after Marsh turns in his cleats for a diploma this year.

But the most spectacular of the Goldbergs, the most amusing and entertaining, the most loyal and the loudest Pitt booster is squat Sol Goldberg, father of the boys. In the West Virginia hills, where the Hatfields and McCoys once

(Continued on page 60)

All-time champion pigskin papa is Sol Goldberg of Elkins, W. Va., shown here with sons Marshall, Pitt's All-America, and Bill (left), who's being groomed to step into his famous brother's shoes

LAWRENCE MONAHAN

For 1939 Packard
has created an
entirely new
motor car—

The New Packard Super-8 only $2035*

Combining
Super Performance
+ Super Luxury
with Extraordinary
Nimbleness

WE knew that, in these days of crowded streets, people like easy maneuverability to be a feature of their cars.

But we also knew that many people still want the gratifying size, the thrilling power and the comforting luxury that only a truly *big* fine car can offer.

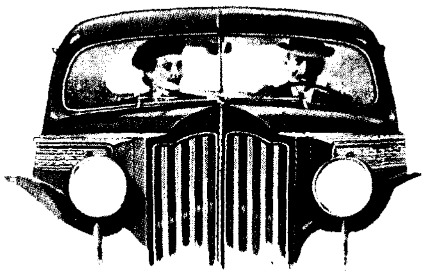
So we deliberately set about designing a car that would give you *all* these things—super performance and super luxury combined with extraordinary nimbleness.

And now we present it for your inspection . . . a new car we have proudly given one of the most honored names in motoring...the Packard Super-8.

No Packard as luxurious as this one has ever sold at anywhere near this price.

This newest motor car creation, in appearance, in upholstery, in fittings, in roominess, takes second place only to the Packard 12.

It has all the new improvements that make Packards the gentlest-riding, quietest, easiest handling cars on the road . . . Packard Safe-T-fleX Suspension front and rear, the exclusive Packard *Fifth* Shock Absorber, Packard noise-insulated all-steel body with all-steel top, and Packard Handi-shift—the improved steering column gear shift that puts your gear lever up under the steering wheel, clearing the front floor and making operation infinitely easier.



And a specially-built 130 horsepower straight-8 Packard power plant gives this car an incredible deftness in traffic, a spectacular dash on the open road. In short, the New Packard Super-8 is *one* car you just *must* see and drive . . . *NOW!* There are six attractive models, including a 7-passenger sedan and 7-passenger limousine.

Available at slight additional cost, is the new Packard Econo-Drive which lets your engine run 27.8% slower—thus even quieter and smoother—at speeds over 30 m.p.h., cutting engine wear, reducing gas and oil consumption.

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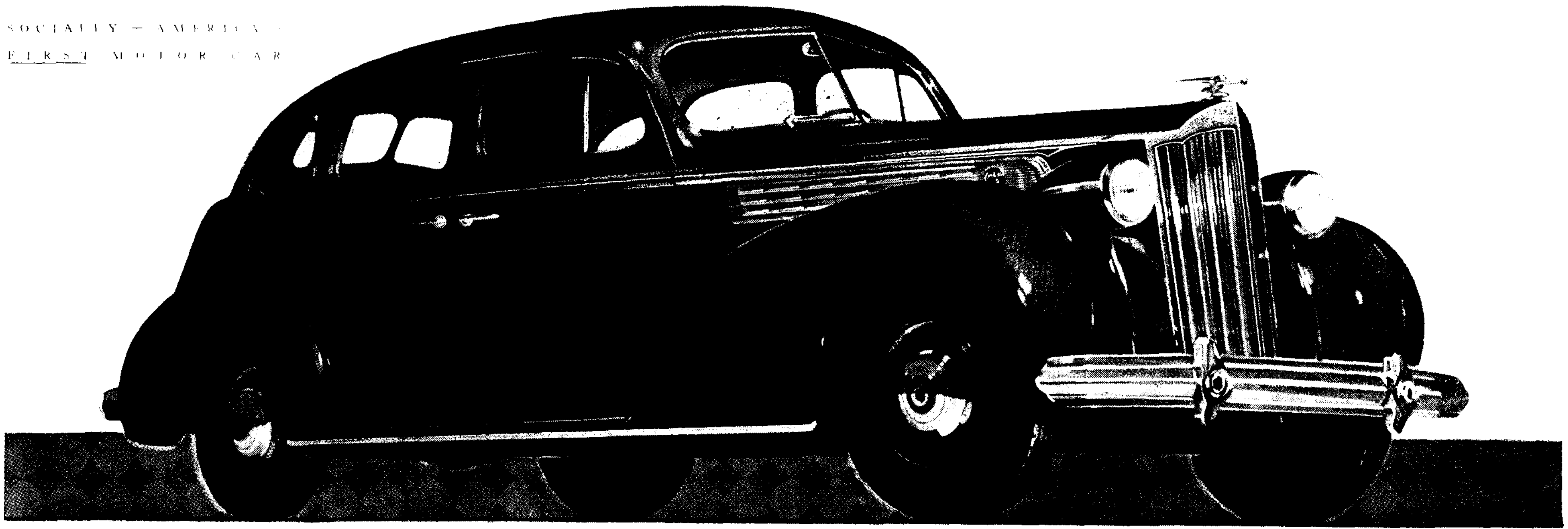
THE NEW 12 . . . THE NEW 120 . . . THE NEW SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

SOCIALLY — AMERICA'S
FIRST MOTOR CAR



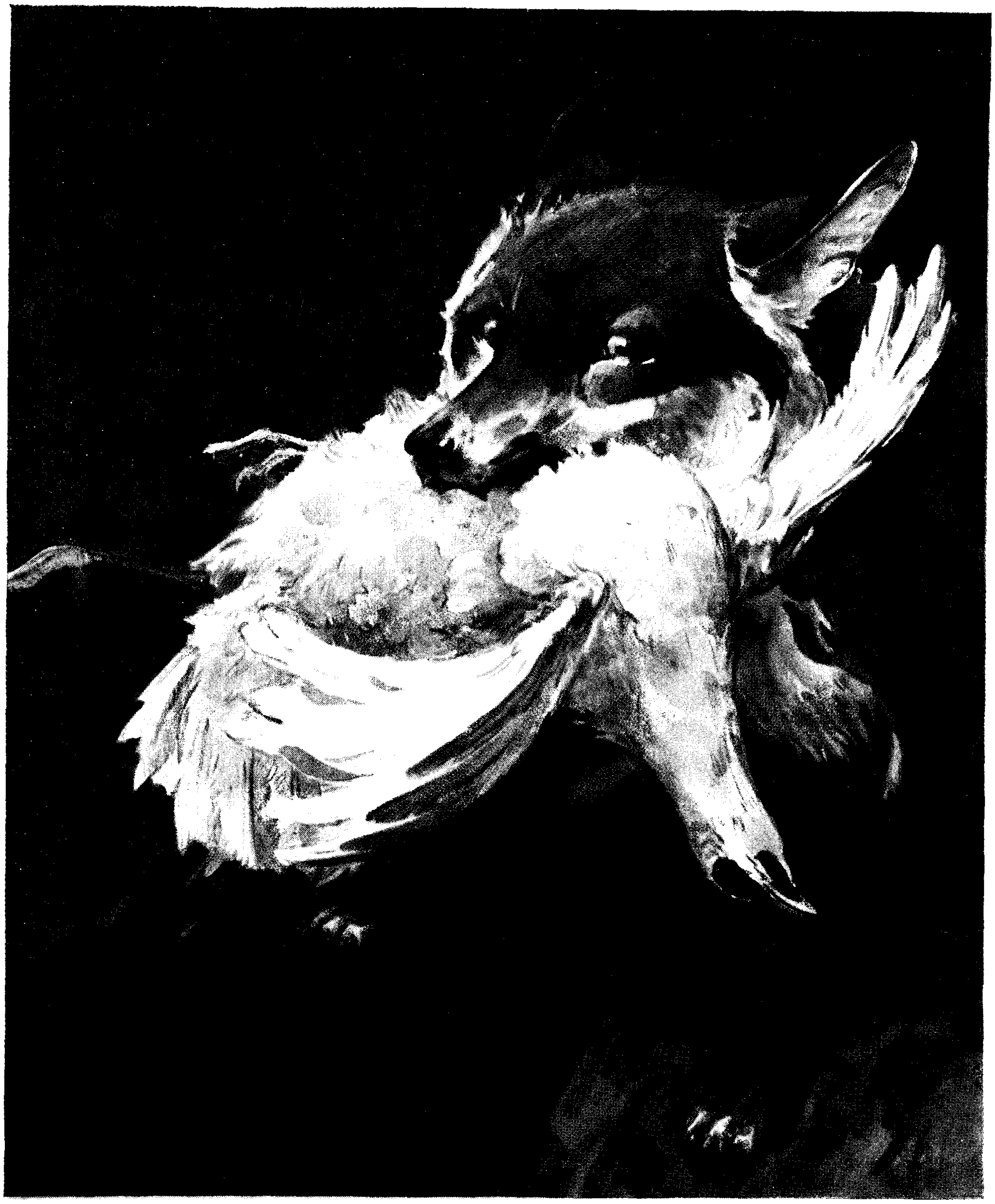
* $2035 for the Four-Door Touring Sedan, as illustrated, delivered at factory in Detroit, with standard equipment; State taxes extra.

Vixen

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN STINEMETZ

The story of a little heroine—a mother who never knew how great she was



The ultimate necessity had come upon her. She returned to her pups with a fat chicken

GAME was hard to find that year. Rabbits were rare. Pheasants were scarce. Woodcock and partridges and even squirrels seemed to have migrated suddenly to some unknown destination. A dog or a man or a vixen fox with pups to feed could go a long way through the mountain woodland without finding any game more promising than butterflies and swallows. And the woods were dusty and dry, so that grass rustled sibilantly at the least movement, and silence was nearly impossible. Because of their scarcity, too, the few creatures that remained were more than usually alert. They were more than doubly hunted.

To the dog, the lack of good hunting was bad. At first she ranged far and wide with her master, scurrying anxiously here and there, sniffing this place and that. When she returned to the cabin at nightfall she was footsore and draggled and dusty, and her throat was dry and parched. Worse, though, was the feeling of failure. She moped and fretted. It was not until her puppies arrived that she ceased to seem to beg him to let her try again to find the game that had so mysteriously vanished. Then, of course, she was very busy, with no time even for hunting.

To the man, the scarcity of game was annoying. Hunting was his only pleasure, and he had heard but vaguely of closed and open seasons. He was whiskery and red-faced, and the breeze down-wind from him always carried the scent of chewed tobacco. Sometimes other scents also. He lived alone in his small cabin and did various unimportant things and exchanged the products at a village store for things he did not raise and could not bring back from the woods.

Ordinarily he spent much time on the mountain flanks with his dog and gun. The bagging of a rabbit pleased him greatly. Pheasants were delicacies, superior to the beans and bacon he bartered for at the store, and better than the chickens that scratched and squawked about his cabin. Hunting was not necessary for his livelihood, but he waited almost impatiently for the puppies to be old enough to be disposed of. They should be good hunting dogs. Their mother was. With the money they would bring, he expected to buy a new gun. Meanwhile he was merely annoyed by the scarcity of game.

BUT the vixen was made desperate by it. She had her little fox pups to feed. They were small, furry bundles with tiny sharp noses and insatiable appetites. They came tumbling toward her with little whimpering sounds when she returned to her den. They were avid for the nourishment that would feed their growth. The vixen, herself, was always ravenous. With game mysteriously almost nonexistent, it would have been a narrow thing to feed herself alone. Her mate had drifted away long since, and she was better off for it. One less hunter in her hunting ground made a vast difference, but still there was not enough food for herself and for her pups. She grew leaner and more desperate day by day, and day by day the fox pups grew, and with them their appetites.

They tumbled and scuffled together in the den. Later, they played games in the sunlit space before it. They were marvelous games; thrilling games; and they strengthened growing muscles, and trained uncertain small eyes, and prepared baby foxes for adulthood. But very hungry small animals greeted the vixen when she came home after hours of hopeless hunting where no game was. Often and often her own hunger had been made but the more acute by a scanty meal of wood mice, and sometimes she found nothing more nourishing than locusts and grubs, which the fox tribe normally despises. Maternity, to the vixen, was a time of sheer desperation.

But to the dog, maternity was a time of comfortable fussiness. The man had prepared a box for her and her family. It was lined with rags and there was a pan of water near by and there was never any lack of food.

BECAUSE of the puppies, and also because of the scarcity of anything to hunt, the man stayed about the cabin more than usual. He read comfortably in a gun catalogue while the puppies sprawled clumsily over the porch of his cabin, or slept in utterly abandoned attitudes with their small round bellies distended.

Only the vixen found the matter of parenthood neither comfortable nor amusing nor profitable. Her pups grew fast. The time came when they should taste of meat. The vixen knew that she should bring home game to them, that their sharp little puppy teeth might learn the task that was to be theirs through life. The vixen might have been driven to untold depths of desperation but for a windfall of a pheasant's nest with all its eggs. The vixen ate the eggs, saving the hen pheasant for her young. Then the fates were more generous still and she captured the cock pheasant, too. He was larger than the hen. When she trotted joyously back to her den with this windfall, tiny figures came running and tumbling out to meet her.

Those two meals—not overfull ones, heartened the vixen. They strengthened her. But they did not put back flesh upon her already distinct ribs, nor lessen the plain signs of long-continued hunger that marked her. They were merely two gifts from the gods.

Game grew steadily harder to find. The woods grew ever dryer and more parched. The fox pups grew larger, needing more food. As babies, they had consumed a large part of the substance of the vixen's body. Now that they needed meat and it was essential that she provide meat for them as they were yet too young to hunt for themselves, the vixen grew more than half-starved, but remained utterly unresting. It is the custom of the fox tribe to hunt mostly by night. This the vixen did. But it did not produce enough food.

She hunted in the daytime also. Her feet were worn and sore. Her ribs showed with a stark clarity beneath her skin. She was hollow-flanked. Her eyes burned. Her muscles ached. Her body was one vast hunger. But she was a vixen, and her pups had to be fed, and she drove herself more desperately than ever over an ever-widening hunting ground.

But until the very end, she kept away from the man's cabin. She knew about the dog, and she knew about guns, and she knew that for a fox to have anything to do with man's possessions is death. But there came a day when she found no food at all save grubs and beetles. She could not take that to her pups, and there was not enough to keep her from starvation. The day after, in fourteen hours of desperate endeavor she found only two wood mice. Two mouthfuls. The day after that she found literally nothing. And all the time the woods grew dryer and even more dry, and half-starved creatures' tempers grew brittle to deadliness. On this last day the vixen went back to her pups with her body one vast ache of weariness and hunger. It was not possible to imagine her as growing more emaciated. If she did, she would be too weak to hunt.

HER pups were skinny, too. Their little bones had lengthened even at the cost of their own tissue. And on this third day, when she came back with her feet sore and bleeding, her eyes sunk deep in her head and sheer despair in her heart, she found her four pups backed into four corners of the den, snarling at one another with a deadly, purposeful intentness. They were still small. They were still pups. But puppy teeth are sharp and puppy skin is tender and they were almost hungry enough.

The vixen growled at them with terrifying ferocity. But she was terrified, herself. She went off into the dark night once more. She had thought herself unable to hunt again. There was one place where she knew she must not hunt. But the ultimate necessity had come upon her.

She returned to her pups with a fat chicken, still warm. Blood drops oozed from its neck when she put it down in the den.

The man did not miss the chicken for days. He kept no such exact account of his flock as a woman would have done.

Men came to inspect the dog's litter. As each went away a gangling puppy went with him, later to be trained as a hunting dog and to share all weal and woe with the man.

The man took the money for the puppies and sent for his new gun, the gun his heart longed for.. It fired an absurdly small bullet at an incredibly high velocity and the man did not pay much attention to the number of his chickens while he was waiting. He did not notice what the vixen had done.

But she knew. She brought the first chicken to her young ones because she had to. But it was desperately dangerous to meddle with man. After that first foray she went farther afield than ever, searching fiercely for game among the more distant hills where even she had never been before. But it became necessary to capture another chicken. Later, still another.

She made those captures with infinite caution and with infinite reluctance. But her pups simply had to be fed.

One morning the man counted his flock when he fed it. It was short. Not many fowls, but enough to notice. The man's new gun had just come. He wanted to try it. He shot at a mark, and marveled. He was as pleased as a child with a new toy. But the matter of the chickens annoyed him almost as much as the scarcity of game.

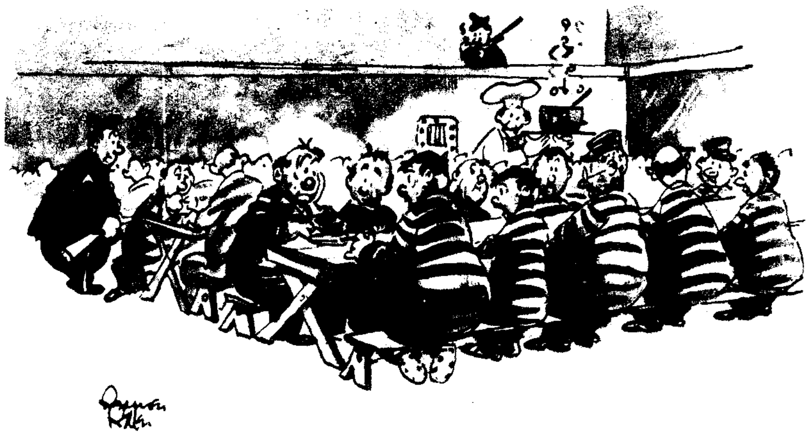
He rummaged inside his cabin. He sat on the porch, presently, with a trap in his hand. It was a small trap. Not big enough. The man squirted tobacco juice meditatively. A fox could drag this trap, and if it were anchored firmly might even tear free by a sufficient mangling of its paw. The man debated vexedly. Presently he went to the woodpile behind the house. He chose a stick of oak wood. Not too large. He considered again and deliberately stapled the chain of the trap to the firewood. The fox could move this drag, but not get enough purchase to pull itself loose.

He rummaged in the house again and found a bottle full of oily stuff. He carried everything to the place where the vixen had been killing chickens. He set the trap, using a new-killed chicken as bait.

The man did various unimportant things during the rest of the day. The dog slept most of it. That night the man kept the dog inside the cabin.

And that night the vixen stole out again. A mere furry skeleton, she came to the vicinity of the man's cabin. She listened with straining ears to the small noises of the night. She smelled the chickens. Saliva welled up in her mouth at the heavy smell of the chicken house. But she had pups to think of. She could not think of anything but her pups.

She crawled forward with infinite caution. A new smell reached her nostrils. It was the fox-lure from the greasy bottle the man kept for his winter trapping. The moon was bright. In its clear light the vixen found the baited trap. She



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"THE *first car heater that ever gave me real winter driving comfort!*" That is what hundreds of thousands say of the sensational Stewart-Warner South Wind. Because this amazing new-type heater actually gives heat in 90 seconds—floods cars with warmth from your feet up, even on *"round-the-block"* hops!

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The South Wind *has proved its safety* in Underwriters' Laboratory tests and millions of miles of service. *No fumes from the sealed-in flame* can escape into the car —no air from inside the car is used.

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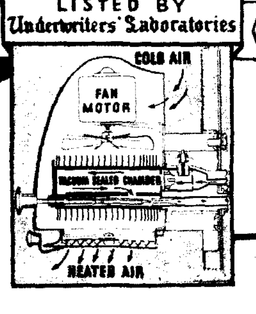

See how gasoline is drawn into the sealed heating chamber and fumes drawn out through the engine exhaust by vacuum. The fan circulates clean air around the hot chamber and through the whole car.

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South Wind CAR HEATER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

saw the rumpled feathers of the chicken. But she was suspicious. She was more than suspicious. She hesitated for a space of seconds in soul-wrenching indecision. But she was also desperate. Her pups. She made a swift, darting snatch, as if by the flashing speed of her attempt to defeat all possible danger.

But the trap bit viciously—and held!

There was no noise to waken the man. Even the dog, grown fat and lazy and very respectable, did not hear the sound of the trap's snapping. The vixen did not cry out. She knew agony, and when she tried to free herself she knew despair. But even at this time she thought still of her pups.

The man slept on in his cabin.

And the vixen struggled frenziedly to free herself. She could not. She found only that the trap was not made completely fast. She could drag it away. And there were the pups.

The moon moved past the zenith. A dry night wind moved over the mountains and rustled the parched leaves of the trees. The rare small creatures of the night went fearfully about their nocturnal affairs. Bats flitted here and there. . . .

The vixen started home. She moved a yard and was sick with pain and hunger. At every movement the trap ground into the flesh—what flesh was left—of her forepaw. The drag trailing behind made it worse. When she had moved two yards the agony drove her to sheer frenzy and she tried to pull her paw away from her body that the agony might cease. But it only increased. Presently, with little whimpering noises in her throat, she dragged the trap another yard. Toward her pups.

The night was very long.

The man woke soon after sunrise and lay in bed, yawning. The dog got up and stretched. When the man spoke to her, she wagged her tail in greeting and went into the kitchen and lapped at the pan of water that always stood ready for her.

The man got up. He cooked his breakfast. He ate it, tossing occasional morsels to the dog. She caught them in mid-air and wagged her tail briefly for each one. The man got out a pan and dumped corn into it and went out to feed his chickens. The dog accompanied him as a matter of course.

He remembered the trap and went to see what had happened. He found the ground scuffed up by the frantic struggles of the vixen to escape. There were a few feathers scattered here and there. A plain, dragged trail moved away from the spot where the trap had been set. The stick of firewood left clear signs of its movement.

THE man grunted and sternly ordered the dog to heel at her first sign of excitement. Her nose was not keen because she had just been fed, but she could tell what had happened. The man hastily scattered the corn in his pan and went back to the house. He put the restless dog upon a leash. He took his gun—the new gun—and started to follow the trail left by the vixen and the trap and the stick of firewood.

The dog grew vastly excited. She had not hunted since before her puppies came, and her manner was not professionally keen and intent, now. Instead, she was vastly indignant and tremendously important. She made noises. She barked and yelped and tugged insistently at the leash. The man grunted and held her fast. He held his new gun easily. He had loose cartridges in his pocket.

A hundred yards. Two hundred yards. The man spat surprisedly. He saw a feather on the ground beside the trail. Three hundred yards. Four. There was the gouged track of the drag. By its plain indications, the man could see that it had not been pulled smoothly, but in little jerks. A forepaw had been caught in the trap, which made its dragging vastly more difficult and vastly more painful.

There was another feather on the trail.

The man's expression grew more and more surprised as he followed ever farther while the she-dog yelped and barked menacingly at the trail ahead. Half a mile. Three-quarters. The man looked amazed. He saw another feather and an expression of curiosity became more firmly fixed upon his face. When the she-dog's yelpings suddenly became frantic and triumphant, the man stood still and stared almost respectfully at the vixen.

She had dragged the trap and a good-sized chunk of oakwood more than a mile during the dark hours! At first the man saw only the flash of her hide among brushwood, and then he was admiring. But he tied the she-dog fast to a stout sapling. The dog went into hysterics of indignant barking. He slipped a cartridge into the breech of his new gun. He moved to one side where he could see the small tumult of the vixen's struggle clearly.

WHEN he came into plain view, the struggle stopped. The vixen faced him despairingly. She looked at death, and she knew it. She stared at the man with burning, desperate eyes, her paw—it was almost bloody pulp by now—still held fast by the toothed jaws of the trap. She was emaciated; starving. Her ribs stuck out gauntly. Her shriveled dugs showed that she was no longer able to nurse her pups. But in her mouth, at the instant when she looked for death, she still held the dead chicken that had been the bait in the trap. She had not eaten one morsel of it.

She had been taking it to her young.

The man stared at her. The she-dog screamed and howled and barked and yelped in a frenzy of frustration because she was tied fast. The vixen snarled savagely—still holding the chicken.

The man said harshly to the dog: "Shut up!"

The dog continued to raise a din of frustrated ferocity. The man raised his gun. The vixen snarled again. She knew. The man said disgustedly: "Hell!"

He steadied the gun more carefully. He sighted with infinite pains, while the vixen snarled at him and the she-dog pranced and barked and yelped hysterically.

He fired.

The report was sharp and crackling. But through it there was an odd metallic sound, as of a bullet striking metal instead of flesh and bone. It did strike metal. It struck the trap. It shattered the trap. The metal jaws suddenly gave way. The vixen's paw was loose.

Like a flash she darted off into the brushwood. Once she trusted to her injured foot and toppled. But she scrambled to her remaining three feet again and vanished.

She still carried the dead chicken in her mouth. To her pups.

The dog fairly screamed. She flung herself crazily about, trying to break her leash, barking and yelping and howling.

The man went over to her, scowling. Slowly he unknotted the leash about the sapling. He jerked at it. The man spat scornfully.

"You damn' women," he said scornfully. "You damn' women! Come on home!"

He dragged the dog toward the cabin.

There was a rain two days later. Then another. The woods ceased to be parched and dry almost as if by magic. And it was like magic, too, to see how the game came back. Almost as if it had migrated from some unknown place. It was amazing how soon game ceased to be hard to find that year.

Troubled Star

Continued from page 20

why the .38 bullet through the brain?—wouldn't you consider the chair enough?" He pointed out an ash tray that had spilled its contents across the rug, and a heap of books that had obviously been knocked off the table. "Or is it your theory that she was defending her honor—at two fifteen in the morning, in his house? I tell you there was a fight in that room, and the police are using their heads in looking for Maxie."

"Their heads or someone else's—it would be pleasant to know whose." The dean spread out another photograph, showing the bedroom's open window. "I grant you that Maxie could have gone out the window—though why not the front door? But—" he spread out a photograph of the satin slipper. "But going out of the window, Maxie dropped this on the cement walk below. And," the dean said slowly, "it is an interesting fact, Alec, a most striking fact, that no evidence whatever connects Maxie with this crime. He had some I O U's and he has left town. No more. How ingenious, how prompt of Chief Allen's police to suspect him!"

"What kinda stories you been telling this big dope?"

GEORGE LICHTY

Alec banged a fist on the desk. "There are great gaps in our information—but it is insane to fill them with women! It was a man who killed Gilson—and probably a man who was defending himself. He tried to kill me with a golf club two days before he died. I bent him back over his desk—and doubtless spilled books on the floor. I told him then that someday someone would not let him up. And someone didn't."

"I advise you not to admit that to a state cop," the dean said sharply. "Well, no doubt a number of other men have told him the same thing. But they were not wearing satin mules."

Alec careered onward. "And these women! Do you think they carry guns? Someone brought a gun to Gilson's house night before last, Dean Hannan. Why didn't you consider that when you were imagining things about Julie Lomax?"

"I will be allowed to see her at the hospital tomorrow," the dean said.

"With eighteen hours more wasted! Betty Stevens smashed your idea about Julie to little bits. Did you suppose she took a gun to his house to avenge her honor? Girls don't think it worth gunfire, these days. And I tell you no other woman took a gun there! Women don't use guns—there was some man who had come prepared—there was a quarrel—Gilson sprang at him just as he sprang at me—and someone shot him. Who carries guns? Not women. Not timid citizens like you and me. It was someone who was professionally equipped—someone who was used to the argument of gunfire—it was Maxie Blotz, or someone who could work in partnership with Maxie Blotz!"

"Alec," the dean said quietly, "I don't think that Susanna shot Carl Gilson." He had stopped Alec in mid-career, stopped his loudness and the rush of his thought, made him stand there staring. The dean added, "Do you think Susanna shot him?"

The dean was like that. So small, so weary, so breakable that you pitied his weakness and wanted to protect him—and you walked blindly into traps that he sprang on you with the ruthlessness of an executioner.

"If you don't," the dean said, after a moment, just as wearily, "why have you had a fox in your vitals for thirty-six hours? Be still!" His finger pointed at Alec as unwaveringly as someone's gun had pointed at Gilson. "You are very persuasive, Alec, especially about what you don't believe. You have been very helpful here, and most helpful in things that helped you conceal whatever is harrowing you. But you are going to keep still for a while. I am going to talk."

HE LIT a cigarette from a gold and gray box—he seemed to have an endless supply of them. "Every sorority girl at Morrison seems to have had a box of these on Friday night. Yes, and three girls have blue satin mules identical with ours." He inhaled deeply, his eyes on Alec. "I have no notion that Susanna shot Carl Gilson. I have no notion, even, that she was at his house that night. She says she wasn't and I believe Susanna—would believe her if she also were not hugging some obvious terror to her breast. But"—the dean stood up and leaned over his desk, "there was a woman at his house that night, and that woman will be Susanna in every newspaper in America as soon as any paper learns she was engaged to him. And furthermore"—his eyes were not faded now, they were bright diamonds—"and furthermore, Alec, you think that Susanna was there!"

The oath that rose to Alec's lips was never uttered, for the dean was launched now. "Oh, yes, Alec! I don't know why you do. I don't know what argument has persuaded you that Susanna was there—unless you saw her there—and you in love with her these many years! I don't know anything about those years, either. I don't know what you and she have been hiding from all the world. But I know this"—it was now Oliver Hannan's fist that was banging the desk—"we have only hours, perhaps only minutes, perhaps no time at all. And you will bring yourself to tell me or at any moment the police will be making you tell them. And you will bring Susanna to consent to tell me. You are going to her straight from this room, aren't you?"

There was no lying to those eyes. Alec said, "Yes. If I can get to her through the skirmish line of reporters."

"If you kill any reporter who molests her," the dean blazed, "you may count on the university to defend you to the utmost. But—what use are we if we cannot get the truth before the police? How

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can we get to the truth if fools like you and she get frightened and hold out? Can you not use your own mind, Alec—and are you not man enough to control your women? . . . Well—" violence went out of him and he smiled. "You must excuse the inquisitor. I do not suspect either of you of villainy but only of foolishness. Be so good as to tell me what she whispered to you at the door yesterday."

Alec said, guardedly, "That she wanted me to take the McNair chair."

"Oh? . . . She did? . . . Yesterday? In the midst of that tumult?" You could see the thought running like a hound in the dean's mind. "That's odd—that's very odd." His worn face relaxed and he peered at Alec with sudden humor, looking like an elderly imp. "I see. If I were a state policeman, Alec, and you told me that, I would certainly start requiring you to prove an alibi. Where were you when Carl Gilson was shot?"

BETTY waited at the hospital door till the coupé drew up at the curb, then ran down the walk and got in. "What did she have to say?" Emery asked, as if it wasn't very important.

"Nothing much. She's pretty dopey. Mrs. Phillips thought she was all right earlier this afternoon. But she's almost asleep now—just listless."

"Hopped up, I guess. They probably gave her something for her nerves."

It wasn't drugs, it was simple terror—and Betty could no longer cherish any doubt. "I didn't tell her much that's been happening. She's seen the papers, of course, but we just didn't mention them. The dean hasn't bothered her—no one has. I told her what I'd told him, and she said okay."

But Julie would never be able to stick to that makeshift story. She wouldn't even have to try—the moment the dean saw her he would see everything. She had whispered, her eyes dying, "My mules?" and Betty had said simply, "I burned them," too racked by pity to tell the truth, and Julie had wept feebly, her shoulders beginning to shake, and the nurse, coming in, had seen that emotion and ordered Betty out. And after all her foresight, it had been a cruel mistake to say that. Why hadn't she had the sense to say that she still had both the slippers?

"When I left, she kept saying, 'Don't leave me alone.' What will you do if I start bawling?"

"You won't bawl. 'Don't leave me alone,' huh? Poor kid!"

Emery stopped at the Daily and she went in with him. The city room had been turned over to the outsiders and the Daily boys were working in closets and storerooms. Just outside Emery's office, the loathsome Zimmerman reporter, Snelling, was directing half a dozen assistants. He said, "Hello, Smith. Hi, Toots, got any blue slippers?" He was unbelievably excited, working at white heat, keyed up, electrical—and triumphant.

In his office Emery said, "Blue slippers, huh? Now we'll find out what was on the dean's mind. There's been a leak." He went out—and it was in this room that she had begun the slow, sweet progress to his arms. He came back with some flimsy from the teletype. "Johnson says the state cops went through all the women's houses this afternoon looking for blue mules, and found three pairs. Probably while I was at the dean's. Very convenient for Julie she didn't have any."

Reading the flimsy at his side, she learned nothing that she hadn't already guessed. The police had found Julie's other mule under an open bedroom window, and that made clear how she had sprained her ankle. And everybody would know as soon as the dean called on her. Or the police—for the police would call on her. Their little lies and Betty's little lies—wasted, useless, lost in the storm. . . . Happily Emery wasn't noticing her. She dimly perceived that he had been startled and amazed by this news, was assaying it with the greatest absorption. And she had broken faith with him, had concealed it from him. He would know that she had to!

"So it was half a pair they wanted, not a pair! Julie had a lot of luck. . . . Listen, will you walk home? I'll come for you in half an hour. It always was screwy to suspect Maxie Blotz!"

She nodded miserably and went out. There was worse misery at the Gamma house.

She broke through the press of excited girls and went upstairs. . . . And there, in her room, was Susanna Bradford.

Betty almost cried out, from surprise and from suddenly remembering what she had not thought of since Friday afternoon. Susanna, pale but glacially composed, said, "I want you to do something, Betty. Go out and get a taxi and bring it here. I came out of the house through the kitchen and rode downtown in a laundry truck. I thought I could walk to Alec's in the dark, but I'm afraid. If one reporter saw me! So I came here—I couldn't think of anywhere else to go. And I must see Alec at once!"

"I don't know whether she has a good figure—that's as far as I got!"

ABNER DEAN

SUSANNA, too! How could she have forgotten? How could she have supposed that no one else was agonized? "Better still," she said, "Emery will be coming for me in a few minutes. We'll drive you over and no one will see." She faltered, looking at that pale face. "I'm—I'm sorry for you. It's—dreadful."

Had Susanna been so icily exalted at Dean Hannan's? Had Betty's anxiety blinded her to this tragic stress? It was incredible when she said, "You needn't be sorry for me, if you mean Carl. I would have found him out if you hadn't told me. When you did tell me I went straight to him and broke our engagement. I had only a few hours to hate him while he lived. I haven't stopped hating him, now he's dead."

Betty stared at her, speechless, and her knees weakened and she sat down. What a monster the man had been, how everyone came to hate him in the end! Susanna said, "Has this touched you, too? Oh, your roommate! You poor child!" Her voice had a tenderness alien to all that Betty had thought of her, and suddenly Betty's eyes filled and she sprawled on her bed, sobbing at last. She felt Susanna sit beside her, and felt her hand smoothing her hair. She managed to say, "I can't stand any more," and Susanna said, "We've got to stand it. I've been dead or dying since yesterday morning. But there's no way not to stand it." Betty sat up and said, wanly, "Tears don't help. You're sweet—I didn't know you were." And Susanna said, sorrowfully, "If I am—it's always too late."

EMERY'S horn sounded and Betty said, "There he is." She turned to the mirror and smoothed her hair.

At the car, Emery made an inexplicable objection to going to Alec's, and Betty had to say, "Don't be silly! Susanna doesn't want reporters to see her." Emery shook his head obstinately, then got out. "Okay—you take her. After all I've got to run a newspaper. Come back to the Daily when you can—and keep your eyes peeled."

They parked in the road and went up a narrow walk between high piles of snow, and the door opened—and it wasn't Alec but Dean Hannan. He said, "I didn't expect Miss Stevens, but please stay. I can use you, too."

Susanna pushed past him, distressed. "Isn't Alec here?"

"No," the dean said, "I'm here, Susanna. Alec has gone to your house. I anticipated him—I took a taxi and found you weren't there. I judged you'd come here, and so will Alec. Just possibly," he said acidly, "just possibly, the same thing has happened before. . . . Please put more logs on the fire, Miss Stevens."

"I want to see him," Susanna said, taut and pale. "I must see him. I must see him alone, Dean Hannan. Without you—or Betty—or anyone."

"Yes, Susanna—that's why I'm here. It will come out in the open now. Why"—his hand had moved in a sudden arc, and he stood there, a small man magnificently wrathful, and flamed at them—"one would think that no one had been murdered, that no extras were smearing Morrison with slime, that no one stood in danger of the police! You tell me the most absurd, the most frivolous lies, as if you were being late to tea! You, too, Miss Stevens! What connects you with Susanna and Alec Cornish I don't know—but I intend to know. Lies—and a man is dead and a murderer at large. . . ."

The door opened and Alec came in, and the dean swung toward him. "I am explaining that I am tired of being lied to, Alec," he said courteously. "Perhaps you will bear that in mind, too. We are now going to answer questions."

But Alec went right past him to Susanna, who stood up, giving him both her hands, while he said, "I couldn't come—last night or any other time. He kept me till three this morning and came for me at seven. And all day long yesterday and today. I would have come if I could have come."

"I've tried every way to see you. I would have if I could." Betty saw Susanna's knuckles whiten, holding Alec's hands. Why, yes! She had known about Alec for a long time and now she knew about Susanna—anyone would know who saw them now. All of us, she thought swiftly, all of us in love and all of us terrified—why can't they leave us alone, why can't we be in love in peace?

"Yes?" the dean broke in. "You would have seen each other if I hadn't made it impossible? I wonder why? Why must you rush to each other because Carl Gilson has been shot? What has that murder to do with either of you? Or both of you?"

Alec said evenly, "It doesn't concern you. It's delightful to have you and Betty here. But will you both be so kind as to leave me alone with Suzanne?"

"On the whole, no," Dean Hannan said, just as courteously. "I understand quite well why you should want to see Susanna, Alec. You have heard a number of things that give you a strong urge to see her. What I do not understand is why"—he turned to Susanna—"why was it not enough to see him yesterday while I was there? Why must you see him now in spite of hell? What are you on fire to tell him—or to ask him?"

HE GOT no confidences from Susanna. For Alec left her and planted himself in front of the dean, positively towering over that slight figure, and began to make an oration. "You keep saying there is no time! There has been time enough for a murderer to get away while you have maundered on about a woman's slipper. Why haven't you been thinking—if you don't like to act? Why haven't you wondered whether any woman could run away barefooted over frozen ground? Are we to imagine a murderer, a girl, hopping on one foot? Be less absurd, Dean Hannan. Trust your intelligence, trust the evidence, stop making up fairy tales! You talked yesterday about Gilson's enemies—why not do more than talk? Why not do something about Maxie Blotz? About Maxie's friends? Why not inquire about the enemies Gilson talked about?"

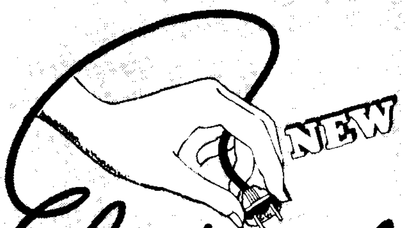
"Have you," the dean asked, "some suggestions?"

"I have," Alec said. "There has been a gap from the beginning and it's not filled now. But the time has come to start trying to fill it. Two days have gone by and no one has called in the reporter—Snelling."

The dean allowed himself a moment of humor. "Alec, if you will connect the Zimmerman organization with this crime, I will make you doctor of science in June."

"I tried to, weeks before it happened. I couldn't. There's nothing to bridge the gap. But at least he knows Maxie Blotz. And has been quarreling with him."

"He has?" The dean was off balance again. "Why did no one tell me? Are you all children afraid of a spanking?" More quietly, "There is no reason why the Zimmerman papers should choose



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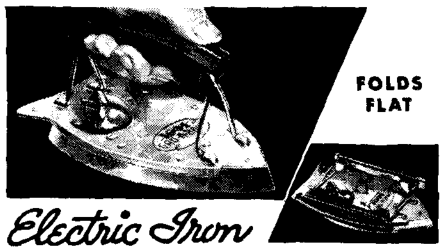

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Maxie for the murderer. That quarrel might very well be a reason. How do you know they quarreled?"

"Emery Smith broke in on one quarrel, three weeks ago. And Friday afternoon one of Emery's gang saw him quarreling violently at Tetlow Inn—saw Snelling run out of there."

"And," Betty said, "Emery thinks it all began that first night at the inn. He thinks something went wrong and they fought about it. He thinks Snelling was scared of his life when he hid in Emery's rumble seat. If that counts for anything."

"Or," the dean said politely, "if I had been told about that too. . . . I don't think it counts for much. It was not Snelling who got shot—it was Gilson. There is no hint that Snelling is the witness I am after."

The dean shrugged.

"Snelling is a red herring. There have been too many red herrings," he said. "You are an extraordinarily ingenious young man, Alec. Your mind spins with an extraordinary velocity—a really terrifying velocity. You are fertile in expedients. You devise the most plausible explanations offhand. I think your very cleverness would be most interesting to the police."

THE room whirled with the shock of that monstrous accusation. It was incredible—Dean Hannan's mind must have weakened under the strain it had had to bear. But Betty saw Susanna, perched high on that stool, grow more rigid still, and saw her eyes fill with horror and with what was worse than horror—with assent!

"You would profoundly interest the police, Alec," the dean went on. "You tell me that you have been in love with Susanna for many years—can you hope to hide that from the first cop who asks? Knowing what kind of man he was, knowing his affair with Julie Lomax while it is going on, you find him making love to Susanna. You prove that he is writing the letters that distress her so terribly. But then they learn that you have gone to his office and denounced him and forbidden him to see Susanna. They learn that he threatened to kill you—and tried to carry out his threat. They force me to tell them what you've told me—that you warned him someone would kill him in the end. By now they are ready to call Susanna in—and they see in her the same terror, the same desperation about you, that we all see at this moment—"

"Suzanne," Alec said levelly, "this is aimed at you, not me. Pay no—"

The dean ignored him and surged on: "One who knew Susanna so well, who had so many reasons for keeping watch on her, would have no difficulty in learning that she was due at Gilson's at ten o'clock. From ten to two fifteen, it's a long wait, Alec. You can see why an investigator would want to know—"

Three voices mingled in alarm and desperation:

"Alec!"

"Be still, Suzanne!"

"Say what is on your mind, Susanna!"

"Yes!"

Now Alec and the dean were facing each other like prize fighters in the ring, and the pulse in Betty's throat was suffocating her. And Susanna came from that high stool to take Alec's hand again. He said, "No, Suzanne," very simply though rage still showed on his face. But Susanna raised her own arms and walked into his and said, "Yes, Alec. We can't hide it any longer. You've got to tell him."

So there they were in the middle of the floor, and seconds must be passing. Betty was looking at Susanna's beautiful, stricken face, at Alec's angry face—which lost its anger, grew cloudy with bewilderment, then suddenly cleared,

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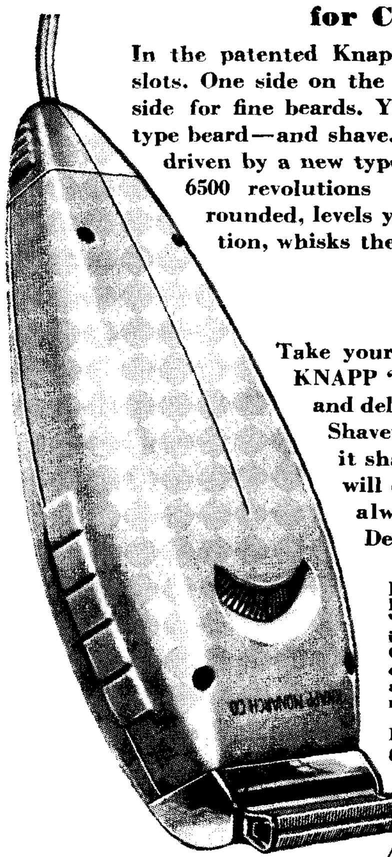

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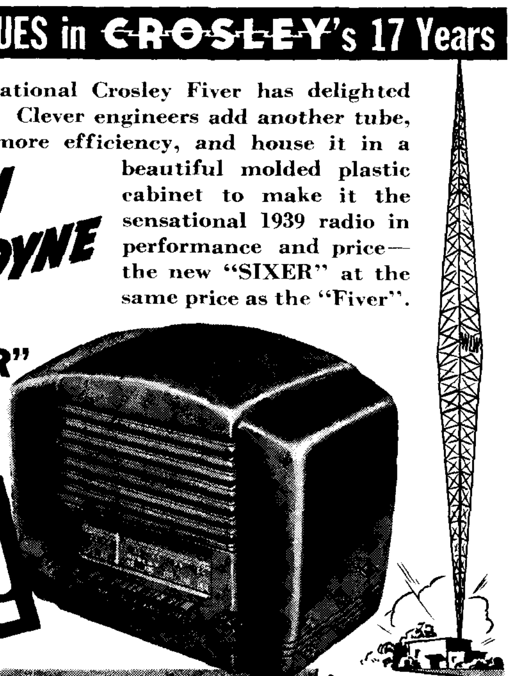

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Betty could see understanding come out on it, and he said, "I see!" There was certainty in his voice, and immeasurable release. He looked up from Susanna's eyes and said to the dean, "That was a fine play, but it lost out. It was based on a wrong guess." So he dismissed the dean to plumb Susanna's eyes again and the triumph that had flashed in his voice gave way to a great gentleness. "So that's where you were! But, my dear, you should have remembered that there were two people a jealous man could watch, not one."

"Damnation! Will you get it said?" the dean shouted.

Susanna's hand, firmly in Alec's, was trembling but Alec looked up from her at last and smiled at the dean, actually smiled! It was an extinct expression—Betty could not remember when she had last seen anyone smile. "Why, yes," Alec said tranquilly, "what Suzanne wants me to tell you is that we spent Friday night together. You see, that gives me an alibi."

"Why should it surprise you?" Susanna turned from Alec to cry that passionately at the dean. "You know everything—how is it you don't know that? You know we're in love—why *can't* you conclude that we may act like people in love instead of guessing that Alec is a murderer? Or if you pride yourself on making shrewd guesses, why have you never guessed that we are married?"

"Married?" The dean rocked back on his heels as if someone had actually delivered a stunning blow to his jaw. He looked as if he had been knocked out. But he rallied at once, blazing. "That's a sillier lie than most you've told! Do you now ask me to believe that you were contemplating bigamy?"

"Why don't you find out?" Susanna said fiercely. "There is an explanation for everything—why don't you try to find that one? Because Alec and I have managed to get our lives into a snarl that has been destroying us both—does that mean that he shot Carl Gilson?"

Her voice broke with that and Alec said, "You have the best reason in the world, my dear, but you're wrong—"

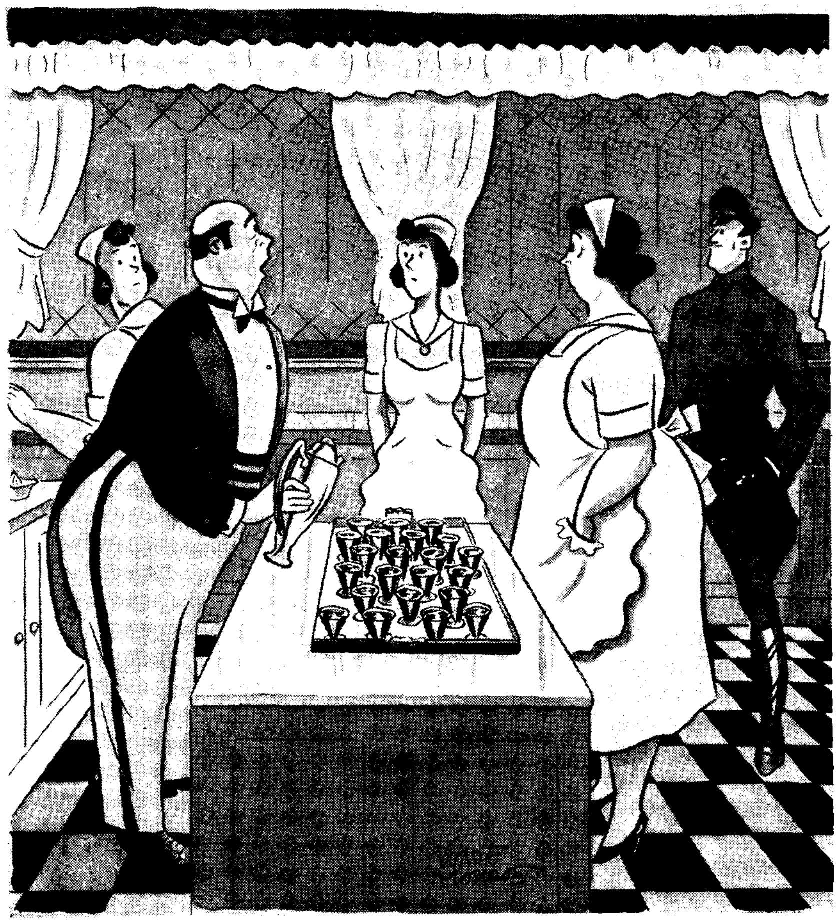
"Alec!" She made the name a desolate and desperate sob, but he shook his head again. "I know what you saw—I know now. But you're wrong. Even the dean knows you're wrong. He doesn't think I shot Gilson, my dear. He thinks you saw him shot—and he's wrong, and his little drama was absurd."

"You're in love with me! I had sent you away—you didn't know I'd finished with him forever." That, too, was at the far edge of desperation. She whispered, "Then—then where were you?"

"*There was murder in my heart,*" Alec said, with a gentleness that made the words terrible, "but I was across the lawn from your open and empty garage, waiting, half frozen, trying to guess where you were. You might have run off with him in spite of what I'd said. He might in desperation have tried to work on you some of the designs that Emery Smith expected someone to work on Julie Lomax. All those things were what made me murderous, my dear, but I was freezing in the dark, watching your house, till you came back at twenty minutes to three. And now I know where you had been!"

HE TURNED to the dean again. "If we had spent the night together, as Suzanne so desperately urged me to say, it would be a nice question whether we had broken the law, the conventions or just our own secret. It's a nice question whether we're married or not, whether the divorce she got six years ago is valid or not. But, sinful or not, married or divorced, she has tried to save my life and, in trying, she has made dust of your theory. She isn't the witness you're hunting for. She has no blue slippers. She has no blue clothes of any kind—I yelled that item at you. And, though she didn't spend the night there, she was here, at my house, at the dangerous hour. How long, Suzanne, what time was it?"

Susanna murmured, out of a trance, "Exactly a quarter of two when I got



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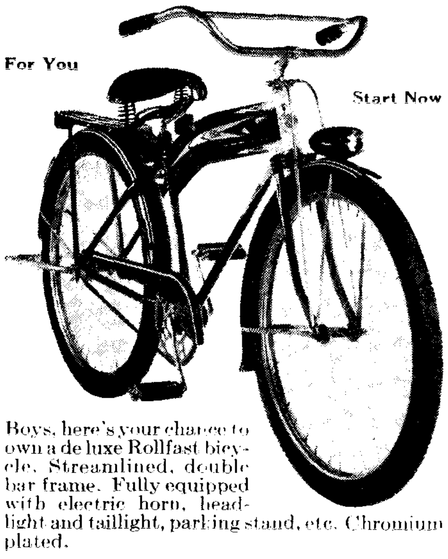

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here. Exactly half past two when I left. I'll be hearing those chimes until I die."

"Susanna," the dean said, "what time was it when you left Gilson's house?"

That made Alec furious again, but it was Betty's turn, coming out of her long catalepsy, out of this whirling vertigo that could be neither understood nor believed. For suddenly something had struck a spark, and she cried out. It must have been nearly a scream, for all three of them faced toward her.

"That's what's wrong with Emery!" she said. "Emery must have come here, too, and found you weren't here—just at that terrible hour! That's why he's been acting queer—why he's been so mysterious. He knew you weren't here and he's been thinking—what Susanna thinks!"

Susanna had changed altogether. "My dear," she said quietly, "I knew Alec was in love with me, and I knew him—and myself."

Betty hurried on: "I didn't know—I only knew something was bothering him terribly. That's what it was, of course. He came here. He must have come after he'd been to the Tetlow Inn."

"The inn—he'd been there?" That was Alec, and Dean Hannan groaned, "Smith, too—how you all lie!" But Alec demanded, "What did he find out?"

"Nothing at all! The place was closed. A watchman came to the door and told him to go away."

"When Julie disappeared from the dance, he fell back on his old notion that Bill Snelling was hiring Maxie to frame her—is that it?"

"I think so. When I asked him he said no, but I think it was."

"He was wrong about Julie. He was wrong about Maxie. He's had dark thoughts about Snelling from the first. People are in and out of this like a weaver's shuttle!" Alec's forehead creased and he was under forced draft again. He challenged the dean. "It would be Snelling that Gilson sold faculty secrets to, if he sold any. Have you ever proved he did?"

"If I could ever have proved it," the dean said, "Gilson would not have been here long enough to be shot."

"There is a key somewhere," Alec groaned. "For God's sake why can't we use our minds?"

"Susanna," Dean Hannan said, "what time was it when you left Gilson's?"

He had asked that before and no one had paid any attention. It was, Betty could see now, the reason for that ghastly attack on Alec. He thought that Susanna had been at Gilson's house. But she had not been, she had been at Alec's, and she had thought that Alec had shot Dr. Gilson. But the dean didn't believe her—he still thought she was lying.

SUSANNA had gone back to the high stool. She sat there and smiled and said, "At a quarter past one I got up and dressed and drove to his place. It was empty, and I came back to my right mind. So I drove to your place—where I should have been long before."

She had freed Alec's tremendous energy once more, and he was in full cry. "One thirty-five, Oliver! Forty minutes between then and two fifteen. Not from ten to two fifteen, but from one thirty-five!" He came close to Susanna. "What the dean was afraid of, what I was afraid of, was that you had been a witness to a murder. That you had fled through a bedroom window and dropped a blue mule on the ground. You left forty minutes too early—and you had found no one there! Suzanne, two people sat in that living room and smoked for some hours. One of them had a gun. If they were not there at one thirty-five, they had been there. And they came back—sometime during the forty minutes that were left. Or someone came back—Gilson and someone else. Why," he flamed at the dean, "you and the police—frightening college girls, searching sorority houses for blue mules! You're idiotic—you're as idiotic as I've ever been. You thinking about some woman who might have shot him—I'm thinking he was just a liar, just crazy, that he had invented his enemies to impress Suzanne! Whether or not it was an enemy who sat there so long, it was an enemy who came back with him. Let's stop harrowing schoolgirls and find who it was!"

The dean sniffed. "By counting out?"

"Suzanne?"

Susanna shook her head. "I never knew. He told me to believe in his enemies and I believed. I was far too proud to ask. They were just someone who could be defeated forever if we eloped at once—"

She broke off because Alec had shouted.

"You never told me that!"

"You never asked. I wouldn't have told you then, of course, if you had asked."

"Tell me now."

"HE CAME to the house last Thursday. He was in a really appalling panic. He said we must be married at once. You know how that would frighten me, but he said it was his one chance to defeat his enemies; he said it was the crucial turning of our lives. So I said I would marry him, and he said on Friday, and I said yes. And I would most certainly have married him on Friday afternoon in Brookfield, if you hadn't come an hour after he'd gone and told me I was still your wife."

"Thursday! It must have been a little while after he had tried to kill me. But I didn't shoot him." Alec's hand opened, the fingers spread, then closed. "The man who shot him sat with him in his house on Friday night. No ghost, Oliver, no figment of the imagination, but someone who carried a gun. Not Maxie Blotz, but someone Carl Gilson was in deathly terror of. Someone who could be put off forever, if Suzanne married him on Friday. But she broke with him."

Alec paused for a moment, and said with a terrible intensity, "What happened then, Oliver? She was then implored to come at ten—why? She didn't come at ten—and what happened? Does it not look singularly like what Emery Smith imagined for Julie Lomax? . . . And because she did not come, a chair was overturned in Gilson's house. Who was waiting there for her at ten o'clock?"

If Alec was vibrating at a high voltage, the dean had become terribly quiet, terribly alert. He looked straight at Alec, and said, very slowly, "It may be we can read it in the Zimmerman papers. . . . I've held something out on both of you—I thought I first had to find out what you both were concealing. . . . There was another phone call as you left my office. In Benton, in Brookfield, wherever there are Zimmerman papers, the extras are already out by now, and the president's house is doubtless besieged by reporters. Not only have they got the open window and the slipper. Not only do they confer the slipper on Susanna. But—they say Susanna was engaged to marry Gilson."

Maybe Alec didn't shout again—maybe it was Betty's nerves, which could stand no more, that magnified a simple speaking voice to monstrous size. But not even nerves could have made her imagine the fierce triumph that shone suddenly in Alec's face. "They always make a mistake! And that's the crucial mistake. Susanna told no one but me—"

"Uncle Oliver yesterday, my father this morning—"

"But Gilson told someone! Someone who sat in his living room for some hours after ten o'clock."

(To be concluded next week)

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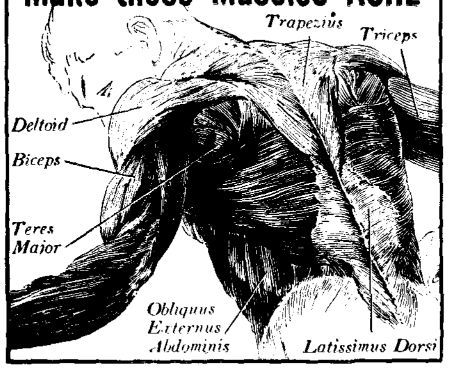

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The Galloping Goldbergs

Continued from page 50

glared down the barrels of squirrel rifles and picked one another off, the Goldbergs have taken charge and the catch phrase now is, "There's Goldbergs in them thar hills!" For old Sol is the All-America pigskin papa. Three of his sons, older than Marsh and Bill, were famed footballers at Davis-Elkins. Marshall has been All-America and is expected to be 1938's standout collegiate gridster. Next year he will turn pro, if some wealthy outfit like the New York Giants makes him an offer that Sol thinks worthy of his talents. Then he'll study law at Pitt and hang out his shingle in the Steel City, while young Bill carries on for the Panther.

You can't write a story about the miraculous Marshall without bringing in his delightful dad. A Polish immigrant who came here penniless thirty years ago, Sol Goldberg is the Sam Goldwyn of college football. His malapropisms and quaint quips are legend wherever Pitt men gather. And Sol is the bellwether of the Panther team—he goes where they go, he sits on the Pitt bench and second-guesses Sutherland. He keeps the lugubrious Jock in good humor; he is Pitt's jester, profligate host and stanchest supporter, win, lose or tie.

Sol knows as little about football as a pig does about hip pockets, but what he lacks in technical wisdom he makes up in enthusiasm.

Goldberg *père* formerly ran one of Elkins' two movie houses. A loyal New Dealer, he called his cinema cathedral the Roosevelt. While Marshall worried about fumbled punts and incompleted passes, Sol struggled with bank nights and double features. In 1937, he nearly gave up the picture business, so disgusted was he with a heartbreaking happening. Pitt played in the Rose Bowl and Marshall starred. To his consternation, Sol's rival, instead of himself, got the first newsreel shots of the game. Sol was empty-handed and frantic. He sent Fox Movietone this wire: "Dear Mr. Fox, when you have any more Goldberg pictures, for God's sake, send them to Goldberg!" Early this fall, Sol sold his movie house, saying that it interfered with his following the Pitt team.

Papa Does the Betting

Whenever he can, Sol spends his time with his son and the other Pitt players. Before one game, Marshall confided to his father that he was going to bet his week's allowance on Pittsburgh. Sol reached for the youngster's hat and coat and shooed him away, saying:

"Marshall, go to bed. You make the touchdowns. Papa will do the betting!"

When Marshall and his mates have mangled some luckless rivals, Sol grows expansive—and expensive. He throws a champagne dinner for all his friends, gorges his boy and his pals on lemonade and ice cream, and persuades them to recount the details of their triumph. Marshall never misses one of these festive gatherings, because these victory banquets always find his father in a mellow and generous mood, and Sol usually divests himself of some soft folding money so that young Goldberg can take his girl out dancing.

"For that 72-yard run," Pop Goldberg says, fingering a roll of bills, "I am giving you $5. But not a penny more and you can't take my car out."

But before he leaves, Marshall usually winds up with an extra fiver and Pop's car. One night Sol was stubborn. He wouldn't part with more than the customary five-spot. In desperation, his son pleaded he had an extra-special date and described the girl in glowing terms. "She's an angel, Dad," Marshall concluded.

"An angel, eh?" mused Sol. "Well, angels cost more than ordinary girls. I'm glad to see you keeping such good company. Here's ten, and have the car back by midnight!"

"The only thing Marshall gets free from Pittsburgh," Mr. Goldberg adds, "is his tuition, and that amounts only to a few hundred dollars. It isn't a drop in the bucket. It costs me a couple of thousand dollars a year to send him to Pitt. There's board, room, clothes, books, spending money—my boy is no piker and I see that he always has the best. Do you want to look at my canceled checks and get a rough idea of the overhead on Marshall?"

They Won One for Sol

To Sol, Jock Sutherland is the only football coach in the land. If Sutherland leaves Pitt, as it is reported he may do soon, Goldberg's boy Bill will follow Jock to his next stand, his father promises. "I don't care where he goes," says Sol, "even if it is Slippery Rock Teachers or Spearfish Normal—my Bill follows him!"

"Sol Goldberg is my idea of the perfect football player's father," laughs Sutherland. "I wouldn't swap him for two good guards and a blocking back." Then he recounted one of the old man's quips that helped him win a ball game.

Pitt was playing Stanford in the Rose Bowl, but Sol couldn't make the trip. The day of the game Sutherland was worried. His team had been trounced three times at Pasadena and Stanford was a favorite to make it four. Jock ordered breakfast in his room and was soothing his jangled nerves with a big pot of black coffee when a bellhop arrived with a telegram. "Just another pest who wants seats on the fifty-yard line!" Sutherland moaned. But it was from Sol Goldberg, back in Elkins:

"Dear Doctor. Bring home the bacon—and you know how I hate pork!"

Jock roared with laughter. The tension was broken. He showed Sol's message to his players in the dressing room. "Win one for Goldberg," he paraphrased Knute Rockne's classic plea in behalf of the immortal George Gipp. Even Marshall had to laugh. Then Pitt went out and pushed Stanford off the field to break its Rose Bowl hoodoo. When they trudged off to celebrate, Sutherland found another greeting from his remote-control rooter. This time Sol exulted:

"Dear Doctor. Oi, oi, am I happy!"

The Goldberg boys have a stepmother, Martha. She can't get enthused about football and does not see why her husband must go gallivanting over the country to watch Pitt's games. Martha became so firm on this subject that Sol skipped last year's Pitt-Fordham game at the Polo Grounds, the third successive scoreless tie the two teams played.

"If I'd been there, that wouldn't have happened," Sol groaned. "I'd have given Marshall a pep talk between halves. This fall I'm going to Pittsburgh, Martha or no Martha, and we'll wallop Fordham!

"Martha is a smart woman; when she finds out I'm planning to go to a game, she gets sick. She thinks maybe I won't go, and I don't. But now I've got the answer. I tell her on Monday:

" 'Martha, if you must get sick, get sick today, or Tuesday or Wednesday—for on Thursday Sol is going to Pittsburgh to watch Marshall play!' "

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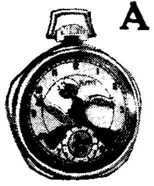
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None But the Brave

Continued from page 10

The next one I got the hunch about was Billy Clark. That was a few months later. I can't tell you how it came to me. I just woke up one morning and it was there. For a while it looked as if I were wrong, but then in the end I wasn't. This one was so simple-minded it made me want to kill somebody. It happened just before we went over the bags at Vimy Ridge. Billy had been down to the dump the night before on a carrying party to bring up rifle ammunition. This was all nicely fixed up in cloth bandoliers, each of which contained about sixty rounds. Well, it was a damn' sight easier to wear the bandoliers the way they were intended than to lug up the cases they were packed in. So the corporal, who was a good soldier, told them to bust open the boxes and sling as many bandoliers around them as they could carry. Billy took a score of them, and let me tell you ammunition is plenty heavy.

As you know, the corps took the ridge on April 9th, but Billy wasn't with us. Some of the fellows said he had gotten cold feet and had deserted. But I didn't believe it because that wasn't a bit like him. I bet the sergeant my rum ration for a week on it, and I won. After the attack was all over, we found him. He had taken the wrong turning that night at Crucifix corner and was lying at the bottom of a well in Neuville St. Vaast—drowned.

Well, that's two of them.

With the third one they began to come faster. Maybe it was because the war was beginning to come faster too. Anyway, this one was more according to Hoyle.

IT WAS in the winter of 1917 and our battalion, the 99th Canadian Scottish, was in reserve billets in the village of Grenay, about five miles back of Hill 70. We were going up the line in three or four days to relieve an Imperial unit, a north country regiment. And that meant that we'd start putting out patrols right away because the Imperials—which means British troops as distinct from colonials—were not very keen about that sort of thing. The result was that, after they'd held a sector for a while, Fritz would get pretty damned aggressive in no man's land and would start pushing his outposts way forward till they were practically within hand-grenade range of our front line. So, when we took over, the first thing we had to do was to go out and push them back again.

We were Canadians, we were, and we had a certain reputation for maintaining our ascendancy over Heinie in no man's land. What's more, we were proud of that reputation and didn't want to lose it. It may seem silly to you, but that's the way soldiers get sometimes. Anyway, I could see that we in the scout section had some cold nights ahead of us because we were the fellows who went out on those patrols.

Then two things happened while we were in Grenay that I didn't attach any special significance to at the time. Why should I? They were as normal as cooties.

The first one was that a big Canadian mail came in with lots of parcels and stuff to eat and what not.

The biggest parcel of the bunch in our section, I noticed, was addressed to Joe Miller. This suited me fine because Joe and I had doubled up when the weather turned cold and we were sharing blankets together. And when you share blankets with a guy, you usually share parcels and that sort of thing with him too. So it looked as if I were going to be jake. I sidled over to our corner—Joe was always a great one to nab off a corner—and offered him a cigarette. It was issue sawdust and the last one I had. He took it and didn't even say thanks, he was so busy hacking away at the string with a bayonet.

"Well, well," I said, holding a match for him.

"Gee, you certainly have gotten polite all of a sudden," he said.

"Nice-looking parcel," I said.

"It won't be anything in your life," he said. "Go polish your buttons."

He had now gotten the string off and I squatted down beside him to see what it was going to be. He pulled the paper off and opened the box and tumbled out the finest pair of knee-high Canadian trapper's moccasins I've ever seen. I picked one of them up and looked inside the top. It was a 9, and I wear 11's.

"Hell!" I said.

"What did I tell you?" he said, smiling that fresh smile of his.

Then I noticed the boot felt kind of heavy, so I tipped it over and out fell some chocolate bars, six packs of cigarettes, a harmonica, and a pair of socks, wool and thick and knitted by some gal that knew how. Probably his mother.

"The trouble is, my wife understands me" LOUIS PRISCILLA

WELL, of course, Joe had to put the boots on right away. They'd been well greased and they fitted right and they looked like a million dollars. He was just like a kid with a new toy, and went around and showed them to everybody, and everybody said they were absolutely jake—everybody except Williams, that is. Williams was our scout sergeant. A good man, but he had some Indian blood in him and always looked on the dark side of things.

"Not bad," he said, "but you won't be allowed to wear 'em. They're against regulations."

"Well, I can wear 'em in the line," said Joe. "Nobody gives a damn about things like that up there."

In the meantime Williams had taken a second and a closer squint at the boots.

"What size are they?" he asked.

"They're nines," I said. The sergeant gave me a look that I kind of resented.

"I was sort of afraid of that," said Williams. Then he spoke to Joe. "Anyway, don't let me catch you on parade with 'em."

"COME on," Joe said to me, "now that I've got them, let's go up and get my picture taken."

"Why should I go up to get *your* picture taken?" I said. You had to admire the guy's telling me to come up and get *his* picture taken.

"Well, yours too, if you want," he said.

"You're damn' right I want." My ribbon had come through the week before for what I did at the Fresnoy attack and I'd just had it sewed on. It's got some white in it and shows up well in photos.

"I'm coming too," said Stanley. He was the corporal in charge of the snipers. He didn't have any boots or ribbons to be photographed, but he sure did fancy his own face.

"What are you going to use for money?" I said to Joe. I knew there wasn't a man in the section who had any cash.

"The chocolate," said Joe.

"I'd rather eat it," I said.

"Whose is it, anyway?" he said.

There wasn't any answer to that, except one, so the three of us shoved off.

The photographer's place was on the *Rue Marechal Joffre*—the one we took to go up toward the front around there—and the photographer was a woman. There was a shell hole right under her front doorstep with a board across it and the back part of her house was just a pile of bricks. She was using British army sandbags for windowpanes and if you looked up at the ceiling you could see several samples of God's own sky.

"*C'est la guerre,*" she said, following Stanley's gaze around the place.

"Well, it certainly wasn't mice," I said, thinking of Bairnsfather's cartoon.

"You wish to make the photograph, *Monsieur Caporal?*" she said.

"Yes," said Joe, talking to her in her lingo. He was half Canuck, which is probably the reason why he was in a kiltie outfit.

She stood there and listened to him with her arms folded over her stomach, while Joe tried to sell her the idea of giving us credit till payday. He liked his chocolate too.

"Never of the life!" she said. She was planted solidly on her fallen arches and wasn't going to move an inch until she had seen our dough.

"Why not?" said Joe.

"Because who is going to guarantee it to me that you will come back?" she said.

"Ah, but that is formidable!" said Joe. "Do you think that we wish to have our photographs taken so that *you* can keep them among *your* souvenirs? Imagine yourself that!"

"It is not possible to come back if one is dead," she said.

"I pray you of it, do not regard me," I said. I can sling the lingo pretty well myself, if I do say it.

"Do not make yourself anxious for that," said Joe. "I shall return."

I WISHED he wouldn't say things like that. Not that I'm superstitious, you understand, but I don't see the point of going out of your way to challenge fate.

"When are you going into the trenches?" she asked.

"Don't tell her," said Stanley. "I think she's a spy."

"We're going in in four days," said Joe. "The Loos sector," he added, just to get Stanley's goat.

"In that case it will arrange itself very well," she said. "You can come back and get your photos tomorrow afternoon. The money, please!"

Stanley was stroking his mustache, so I asked her which regiment was in the Loos sector. I knew it would annoy him.

"Northumberland Fusiliers," she said, pronouncing it carefully and quite well, considering. "Seventh battalion. And the money, please!"

Well, then of course it took another half hour while she and Joe worked out the rate of exchange between chocolate bars and the paper francs of the commune of Grenay. And when it was all settled and Joe had paid the bars over, we went out and stood together in front of the pile of bricks. We cocked our Glengarries on one side a bit and turned this way and that until we had all our boots and medals showing, and then Madame snapped us twice with a little old plate camera that she rested on that stomach of hers. Three prints each, postal-card size, and ready tomorrow afternoon.

As we were going back down the street, Stanley turned to me and said, "Did you hear the pigeons?"

"No," I said, "but I heard somebody being sick."

Stanley had carrier pigeons on the brain.

"I think she's a spy," he said. "Anyway, I'm going to turn in a report."

He was always turning in reports about everything, except what a damn' fool he was.

"Well, don't do it till I've got my picture," said Joe.

It was when we got down to the square that the second thing happened. As I said, it was as normal as cooties, only this time it was about a hundred replacements who were lined up there in

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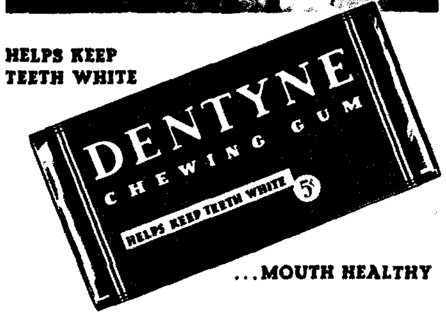

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the *Place de la Republique*, waiting to be inspected and assigned to their companies.

I broke away from Joe and the mustache and went over to see if I could find anybody I knew. Sure enough, there was Dick Patterson.

Dick and I came from the same town in Ontario, had been brought up there together, had gone to the same school and had been pals ever since we could talk. So naturally we fell on each other's necks, so to speak, and asked each other how are you about twenty to the minute, and have you seen so and so —leaving the one person we really wanted to talk about for later when we could be alone. We certainly were tickled to death to meet again.

As a matter of fact, I had a feeling Dick would be coming out from the depot soon because I knew his birthday was in October. At that time they were holding the under-age recruits in England until they were nineteen.

"NOW," I said to him, after finding out how he was and borrowing five francs from him, "when the scout officer comes to look you over, you tell him you're a marksman, see?"

"But I only rated a second-class shot, Andy."

"That don't matter a damn. Just do as I say and tell him you're a marksman, then he'll bring you into our section as a sniper."

"Are you a sniper?" he asked.

"Hell no," I said. "I'm a scout. But the scouts, observers and snipers are all in what's call the Intelligence Section. We need a couple of snipers. So you apply for the job and then we'll be in the same section and I can show you the ropes."

"That'll be grand," he said, "but how will I know the scout officer?"

"You can't miss him," I said. "He's only knee-high to a duck, and he's got a Military Cross and Military Medal—both of them with bars. The way you tell the bar is by the little silver rosette that's stuck in the center of the ribbon. See, about like it would be here on mine, if I had a bar." I knew it was lousy of me, but I just couldn't help drawing his attention to my M. M.

"Gee, Andy!" he said. "Congratulations!" He had so much frank admiration in his eyes that I forgot all about his not noticing it sooner. "How did you get it, Andy?"

"I put my rubber sheet over the colonel's rations on a wet night," I said. "If you come to my section, don't let on that you've got any money. See you later."

NOW I'll have to tell you that there was a slight sort of situation between Dick and me, and that situation went by the name of Louise Frawley. I want you to understand it, as it has some bearing on my story, so I'll try to explain it as best I can.

First of all, I want you to get this straight: that the friendship between Dick and me dated from before the time we both met Louise, and that after we met her, neither of us felt any jealousy or any of that sort of thing over her. And that just happens to be a fact.

Louise was a girl whose father and mother were friends of my people, and it was because of that that the Frawleys had come to settle in Cameron, the town where Dick and I had been born and raised. We were fourteen and fifteen respectively when the Frawleys moved out from Nova Scotia, and Louise was somewhere between us in age, though she had a quiet seriousness about her at times that made her seem older.

She was a very pretty girl, with brown eyes, light golden hair flecked with copper, and a trim little figure that even in those days was beginning to show that she was going to be a woman all right. As she grew older, she got better and better looking and had a nice sort of wind-blown out-of-doors freshness to her.

Dick and I were both crazy about her, but being young and awkward, we took it out by pretending to each other—and to ourselves, of course—that she didn't mean a thing to us. You may say: crazy is right! But please don't forget that we were just kids then and hadn't had any experience in this love business.

At that, the arrangement wasn't so bad at all. For one thing, an undeclared love, as they call it, seemed a damn' sight more thrilling and exciting affair than a declared one. Also, as I told you, the friendship between Dick and me had become a very firm one long before we'd laid eyes on Louise. And I think we both realized instinctively that if we didn't play around this situation pretty carefully, it might develop into a bust-up between us and a lot of grief for everybody.

Then, when the war was on and I was nineteen, I said I was going to enlist, and Dick said he was too. I am quite convinced now of course that Louise had a lot to do with my wanting to get into uniform, and I suspect it was the same way with Dick. So we went down to Toronto and joined up with the Royal Ontario Regiment. Dick advanced his age by a few months, and since he was a fine, athletic-looking specimen, they took him without noticing that his beard wasn't very heavy yet.

After being sworn in by the adjutant, we drew our uniforms and kit, and went out into the town.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but sometime during that evening Dick and I found ourselves inside an empty church, kneeling at the chancel rail. We had laid our caps down on the steps and when we picked them up again to go out, Dick showed his to me with a Royal Ontario Regiment's badge on it. The badge was just a brass maple leaf with a scroll under it on which was written: "Loyalty, Even Unto Death."

We both gazed at it for quite a while, thinking our own thoughts. Mine were "—even unto Louise." And I'm almost certain they must have been his too.

"Loyalty," Dick said, looking up at me from the badge. "That's us, isn't it, Andy?"

"It always has been," I said.

"Yes," he said. "Let's keep it."

"We will," I said.

And then we both knelt down again. You must remember, we were really quite young.

A COUPLE of months after that we got week-end leave and went back to Cameron. After it was over, I felt rather ashamed for us both because I realized we had hardly spent any time with our parents, most of the two days having been put in with Louise.

But then Louise had news of her own. She was going to England, she said, to do war work. The chances were that she'd be over there long before we were. We talked about our plans a lot and even began to reminisce about the good old days, as we were already beginning to call them.

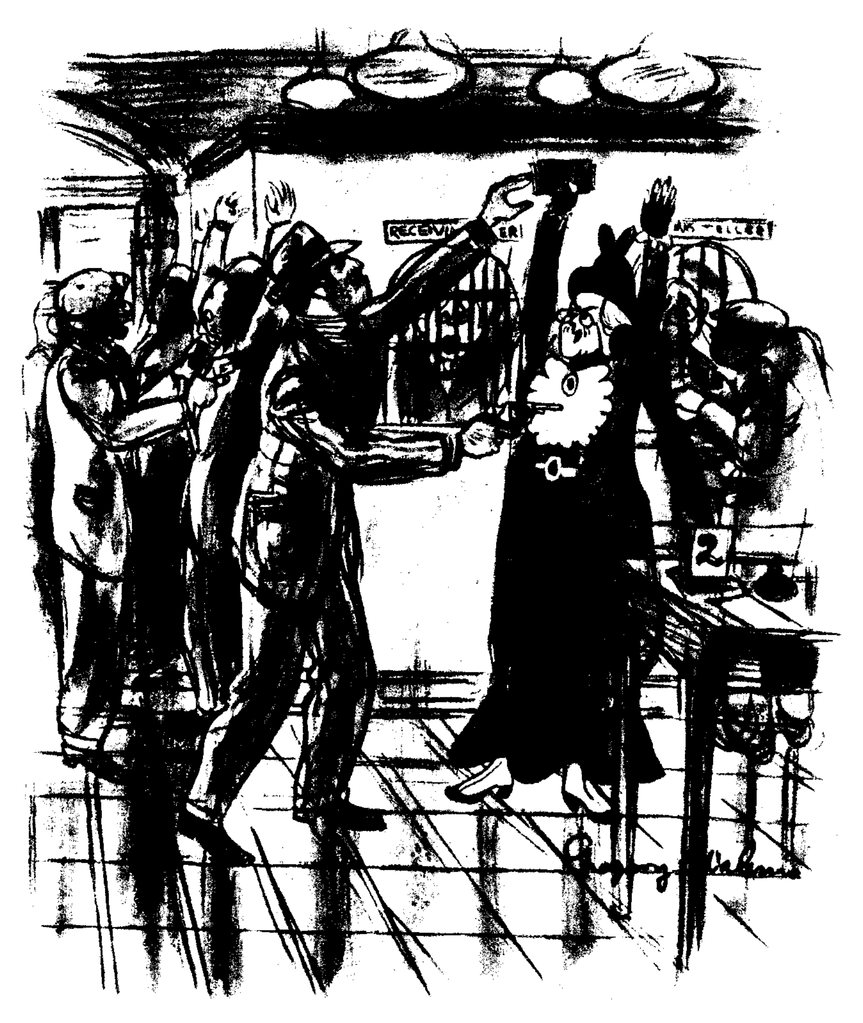
"So," said Dick, "this is sort of goodby, is it?" It was Sunday evening, a little before traintime, and we were sitting around the steps of the Frawleys' porch.

"More like *au revoir*," Louise said. "Unless you decide to desert before your transport sails." She was trying to give the parting a light touch, but it didn't come off very well.

"We'll miss you, Louise," I said.

"Sooner or later you'll be in London," she said, "and I won't give you a chance to miss me. I'll track you down and meet you at the station. Take care of each other, for my sake. Don't let anything come between you—anything."

She got up and smiled. It was a lovely smile, but there was something so sad in



"Oh, come, come, be a sport, young man! Let me deposit it first"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

it at times that it hurt. Neither Dick nor I could say a word.

"Goodby, dearest ones," she said, then kissed us each lightly on the lips and went into the house.

The fragrance of that soft kiss—the only one I've ever had from her—is still with me here as I write.

Louise! Louise! My most beloved!

LIKE most newcomers, the first thing Dick wanted to do was to go up the line and have a look at the front. So I spoke to Lieutenant Turner, our scout officer, about it, and he said, "All right, take the bloody fool along, if he can't wait to get his head blown off." Of course we both knew exactly how Dick felt—having felt the same way ourselves—but it's part of the game to pretend you're surprised and a bit bored by that sort of curiosity and enthusiasm.

Dick and I put our tin hats on, slung our gas masks at the alert, and armed ourselves respectively with a rifle and a revolver, then set off up the *Rue Marechal Joffre*.

It was a typical autumn day of the western front—raw, with gray clouds flying over toward us from the German lines. You could see the lines of our observation balloons stretching northward to Bethune and bending back in the south round the small salient that Fritz held at Lens.

This line was more or less paralleled by a similar one of German balloons, farther away. From time to time you heard, but could not see, one of our guns bark and this was usually answered by the whine and crump of a Heinie shell. It was a comparatively quiet sector around there, and days were always quieter than nights, unless an attack was being pulled off.

Naturally, Dick was full of questions about everything from the names of villages to the why and wherefore of the litter that he saw in the roadside ditch. I answered as best I could. I told him all I could, too, about his duties.

I told him the story of Duffy, except that I left out the part about my having a hunch that his number was up. Dick couldn't understand a fellow's doing a thing like that, and I thought to myself: well, give yourself some time, kid; give yourself some time.

We came to a place where there had once been a couple of houses but which was now just a bunch of shell holes with water in them.

"Here we are," I said.

"Where?" said Dick.

"Windy Corner," I said. "This is the place where the guides from the Northumberland Fusiliers will meet us Tuesday night. It's a bad spot—look how the ground's chewed up."

"It's bad, all right," said Dick, inspecting the pock-marked earth. "Well, let's go on into the trenches."

"No," I said, "we won't do that until we have to. You'll see plenty of trenches. Come on—we've got to go back."

We started back.

I told him the story of how Billy Clark had been killed in action, but again I left out the part about my hunch. I don't know why, exactly.

But we talked mostly about our folks at home and about Louise. We talked quite a lot about Louise. Dick had seen her just a week ago while on a three-day leave before coming out to the front.

"She's fine," he said, in answer to my question. "Looks fit and just as pretty as ever. I think she gets a lot of satisfaction out of doing her bit, and—"

"Just what is she doing?" I said. It had been almost a year since I'd seen her on my last leave and she always studiously avoided talking shop in her letters.

"She drives an ambulance around London. Meets the trains full of wounded and helps distribute them to the various hospitals in the city."

"Depressing sort of work," I said.

"Yes, but she never lets on. I did notice though that it had made her more serious. By the way, she sent her love to you."

"Thanks," I said. I didn't comment on the fact that her love was no by-the-way matter to me. There was sort of a pause, so, to break it, I said:

"What did you two do with yourselves, anyway?"

"Well, I had only three days," said Dick, "and for two of them she was on duty. The third day we took a train down into Sussex and just went for a walk in the country. Kind of a busman's holiday for a soldier, but that's what she wanted to do, and it was nice. We had lunch at a little inn and then sat there and talked most of the afternoon as it had come on to rain. When we got back to town we had supper and went to a movie, and then I took her home. They're very strict with the girls and they all have to be in at ten o'clock sharp. We talked quite a lot about you and she said to be sure and look her up when you go on leave."

"I'll make a note of it," I said.

Dick smiled. "She also repeated that same thing she said to us in Cameron that evening. Remember? 'Take care of each other, for my sake. Don't let anything come between you—anything.' "

"I remember," I said.

"Andrew," he said, suddenly stopping and looking me in the eyes, "I just want to tell you that I remembered the badge of the Royal Ontario Regiment, too."

"You don't need to tell me," I said.

"Yes, I do," he said, "because I came rather close to forgetting it. I want you to know that."

"I understand," I said, and it was no figure of speech. I did understand. I know that war is one of the most insidious drugs there is, because you don't realize you're taking it. It's the great distorter and destroyer of private as well as public values. If I hadn't come under the influence of it myself, I wouldn't be writing this story.

Dick and I did the rest of our trip back to Grenay in silence. I think we were both brought closer to each other than ever by his frankness. I know that that's the way I felt about it, anyway.

THAT evening, just before mealtime, Joe Miller came in with the photographs and gave Stanley and me our prints.

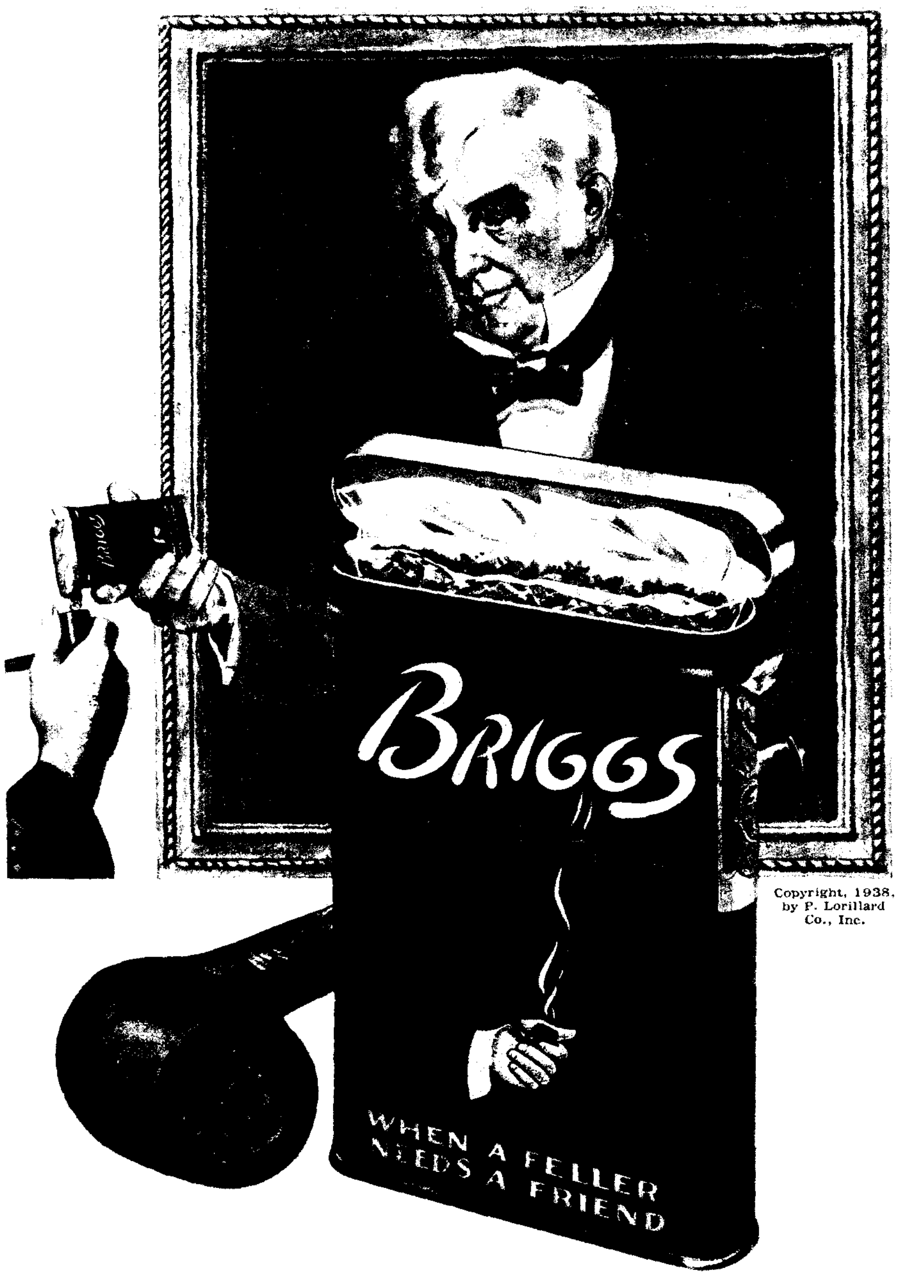
Naturally, I looked first at myself in the picture, and I was okay. My ribbon showed up well and my cap was cocked at just the right angle.

The picture of Stanley was very characteristic of him. He had put on a special face for the occasion, which, I suppose, was meant to represent the what-I-have-been-through motif. He had jutted out his chin (nature having failed to do it for him) and had fixed his gaze on his own great, tragic, faraway thoughts, or something, and it would have been a swell picture of the lone antagonist of destiny if it hadn't been for that idiotic soda-jerker's mustache. I started to laugh quietly to myself when my eye lit on Joe's picture. Damn!

The hunch!

Inescapably, deadly as a sniper's bullet, cold as a block of ice, the hunch hit me in the pit of the stomach.

Can I explain it? I don't know. It was just written on Joe's face, that's all. He had been looking right into the camera lens, smiling that half-impudent, half-quizzical smile of his. His impudence was accentuated quite a bit by the exaggerated angle at which he was wearing his Glengarry. A passing breeze must have caught the little ribbons at the back, for they were fluttered outward, giving him a look of being in motion, of going somewhere.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WE CAN'T KICK ON OUR LUCK TODAY. WE'LL BE EATING DUCK FOR A WEEK.
YOU SAID IT! AND AS SOON AS I GET BACK TO TOWN, I'M GOING TO GET A PINT OF THAT BOURBON OF YOURS. I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS.
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But that smile! I wish I could describe it, because that's where the hunch came to me from. It was Joe's same old smile, all right, and yet there was a new element in it that I'd never seen before—a sort of detachment, a certain knowingness, as if he were in on a big secret that nobody else could guess. It actually had a touch of the Hippocratic countenance in it, I believe, a sort of other-worldliness.

"Gee, my boots certainly show up fine," said a voice.

I jumped.

"What's the matter with you?" said Joe. "Getting shell-shocked?"

"I guess I must be," I said, without looking at him.

"You ought to do more drinking," he said.

"You do enough for both of us," I said, pulling myself together and deliberately looking at him. Of course, I was crazy. There was nothing to it. Just my imagination.

"Joe," I said, "I think maybe you're right. I don't drink enough."

Joe looked at me kind of queerly, but didn't say anything. Then he went out.

ON TUESDAY night, according to schedule, we took over from the Northumberlands without any trouble to speak of. Our section drew a pretty good dugout in the support line and Dick, as was customary with newly joined men, was assigned to duty as gas sentry. Besides watching for gas, the sentry was supposed to keep count of the other shells that dropped in his area and to estimate their caliber. This was done all along the line, the idea being that by keeping this rough sort of tabulation, some pen-pusher down at G. H. Q. could spot if Fritz's shelling was becoming abnormal in a particular sector.

I didn't want Dick to pull a boner, so I told him about Thibault—another of our French-Canadian Scotchmen—who had let the whole section in for a bit of gassing in a dugout at the Brickfields. It was his first trip into the trenches too, and when he turned in his shell report in the morning, he had written on it: "150—4.2's. All duds." Well, of course, none of them were duds. They were just gas shells.

As soon as we had shaken ourselves down in the dugout and Stanley had nabbed the only bunk, Sergeant Williams came in and ordered out a patrol of Joe Miller, himself, and me.

"That's fine," I said, "and where's the Northumberland scout who's going to show us around?"

"There's isn't any," said Williams. "They've all gone."

"They would," said Joe.

"If you'd told me," I said, "I'd have come up one night before the relief and gone out with them to get the lay of the land a bit."

"That's all covered," said Williams. "Shorty and I were out last night and the night before." Shorty was what we called our scout officer behind his back.

"Well, that's different," I said. Lieutenant Turner and Williams were a great team, all right. You had to hand it to them, going up there when they didn't have to, and doing a quiet little preliminary patrol all on their own.

I fixed the pins in two Mills bombs and slipped them into my pockets, took my Webley out of the holster and followed Joe and the sergeant upstairs.

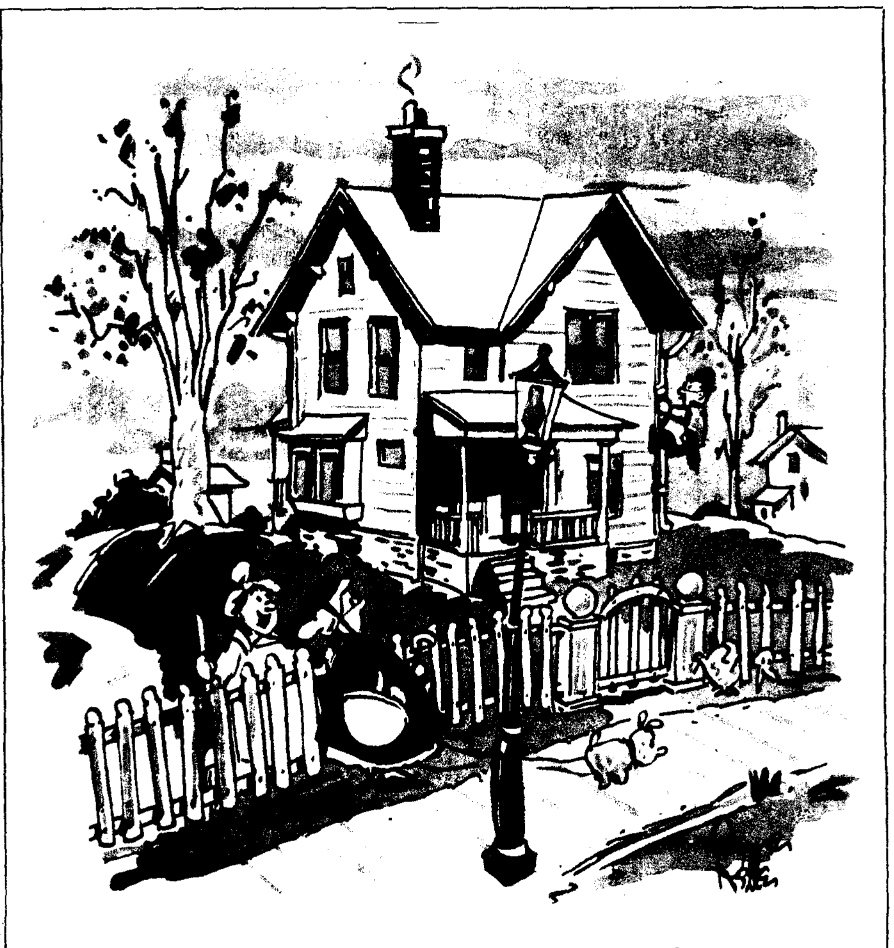
"Good luck, Andy," said Dick as I passed him standing outside the gas blanket.

"Just a reconnaissance patrol," I said. "We'll be in early. Watch those duds!"

"I will," he said.

We met Shorty in the front line on our right boundary and went out through a concealed gap in our wire there. First we inspected our own entanglements from right to left and they were in very poor condition. Then we pushed farther out into no man's land to check on a couple of Heinie posts Shorty and Williams had spotted the night before. They hadn't moved. After that, Shorty wanted to go over and have a look at the German wire and, in so doing, we almost ran head on into a big patrol of squareheads. So we wriggled back into shell holes and played possum hard.

(To be continued next week)



"Maxwell's going up to his room. Since he's been sick the doctor told him not to climb the stairs" REAMER KELLER

Home-Town Job

Continued from page 15

"The bank will carry us," Peter McKay said quietly. "Let me worry about the rest—" He stopped as his eyes found the slim figure in white, and a remembered name whispered through his mind, "Ruth Drake!"

He heard Swede Nelson say, "Are all the gals in this town as neat as that?" but he didn't answer. The narrow street seemed to widen with each step, and then, suddenly, he was standing beside her. She smiled when he spoke, and her palm was cool against his.

"You did come," he said. "I wondered if you would."

Ruth Drake said, "Why not? You're the local success story; you're the man who's going to tear the town wide open and build the new highway."

"That wasn't what I meant, Ruth."

"Wasn't it?" Her voice was as cool as her shadowed eyes. "I remember now. We were engaged, weren't we? You were going to bring me the world in a little blue basket, and I was going to have the band at the station to meet you." She looked away. "That was ten years ago, Peter."

"Ruth, I—"

THERE was a blue envelope in her hand. "The Woman's Club want you to leave Haden Street as it is until the children can be transferred to the new building. The highway is close to the playground and they're afraid some of the children will be hurt."

Peter McKay said, "So that's it?"

The tractors came then, five of them, rumbling on endless metal treads. The full thunder of the motors made talk impossible, and Peter McKay waited for quiet before he spoke:

"Sorry, Ruth, but Haden Street can't wait. I could show you why if I had a set of plans with me."

"George Porter's station wagon just came in," she said. "He's the engineer in charge, and he'll have a set of plans. We'll look, but I'm afraid I can't change my mind."

George Porter was a tall man, lean and dark, who smiled above an outthrust hand and said, "He's as big as you said he was, Ruth." Then, "You'd be a handy man to have on the right side of a fight, McKay."

Peter McKay said, "We'd like to look at the plans."

"Of course." Porter led the way back to the station wagon, and spread the blueprints on the tail gate. "Haden Street? Here you are."

"You see"—Peter McKay's pencil traced the white grade line—"Haden Street is the lowest point on the job. There's a big cut on each side, and all the yardage goes into the Haden Street fill. Stop me there, and you stop me for a half mile each way. You might as well tell me to build a house and insist that I start with the shingles and work down."

RUTH DRAKE said, "We can't take chances, Peter."

"I'll build guard fences and put a watchman there."

"That won't do," George Porter said. "It's tough, but you'll have to pass Haden Street for a month."

"Who pays for the delay?" Peter McKay asked.

George Porter said, "No one."

"Then I start work on Haden Street in the morning."

The silence came then, thick and oppressive. Ruth Drake was looking up, her face pale. Peter McKay was conscious of her nearness, of the soft lights in her hair, and he wished that she had stayed away. She would be hurt by the unpleasantness, the anger that would come now; but he had to know what strength lay behind George Porter's white, fixed smile. He had to throw his weight solidly against the will of the man.

Peter McKay kept his eyes away from Ruth Drake's face as he said. "You're the engineer, Porter, and an engineer is a cop without a club. You can't give orders."

"This comes from higher up." Porter's lips were white. "My job is to pass it along and see it enforced."

Peter McKay said, "We might as well get this straight. You're to see that the work is done according to specification. Beyond that you've no authority, and I'll take this to the county judge to prove it."

"You don't have to go off the job." Porter was smiling again. "Judge Thorpe has been sick for months, and Miss Drake is acting in his place till he returns."

"Miss Drake—" Peter McKay's hand went out, stiffly. "Do you mean that she's in charge?"

Ruth Drake said, "I thought you knew, Peter." She didn't look at him. "That's why I'm here this morning."

There was a tight sureness about Porter. "So you don't start work on Haden Street for a month."

"But I do!" Peter McKay said savagely. "The playground closes at seven. The kids won't be there at night, and I can work two six-hour night shifts."

George Porter's smile was strained. Ruth Drake said, "There will be no objection to that, Peter, at least none I can think of."

"Thanks," Peter McKay said. "And now I've got work to do."

SWEDE NELSON was waiting beside his car, and Peter McKay gave him a terse picture of the thing that had happened, and finished with, "The engineer hates my insides, Swede, and he might be able to hold up our estimate money by working through the girl."

"We've run into worse before," Swede Nelson's eyes were thoughtful. "Why don't you say what you're thinking, Pete? You're mad because she didn't wait ten years for you."

Peter McKay said, "Are you crazy?"

"I ain't crazy, but I remember things—the picture you carry in your billfold, the name of the gal you wrote to for so long. Yes, an' all the things you told me when we was workin' that tunnel job."

"You remember too damned much," Peter McKay said flatly. "Suppose you let me handle this."

Swede Nelson grinned. "You're the boss, Pete."

Ruth Drake and George Porter passed his car then, walking slowly and close together. His hand lay upon her arm and they were laughing—the low, intimate laughter of people who share a common joke.

He watched them out of sight, and stayed there looking down the shadowed street. There was one new house, the lawns were greener, but the rest was the same. Quiet and sleepy, as though the years hadn't mattered at all.

Ten years. He hadn't promised her the world, but it had been almost that. He had worked as a transit man on an irrigation job that first year, and their letters had been bright dreams spun of words. ". . . I'm buying in with a contractor, Ruth. This is my big chance, for I could never expect anything but a salary as an engineer. I'll send for you as soon as . . ." That had been 1929—

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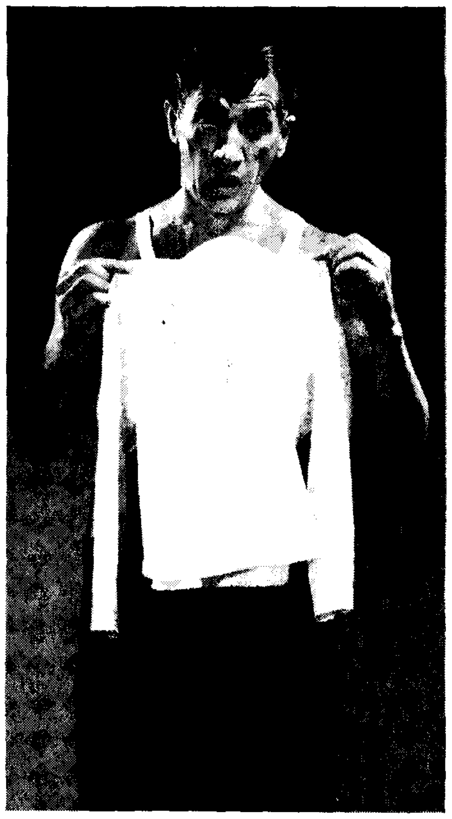

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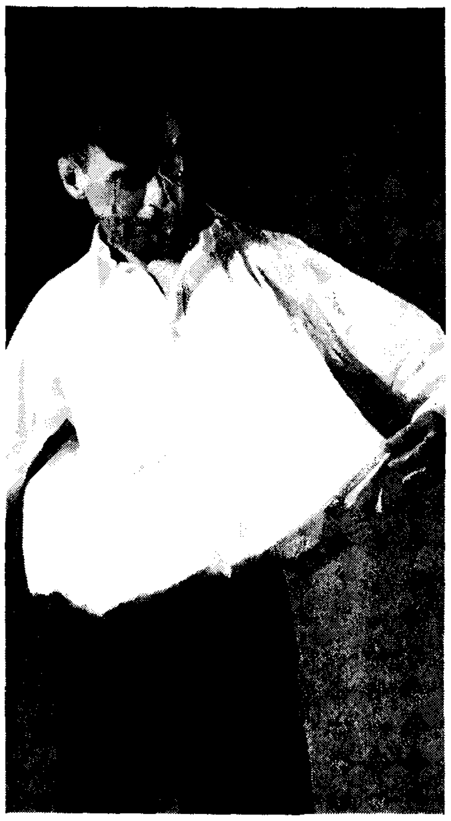

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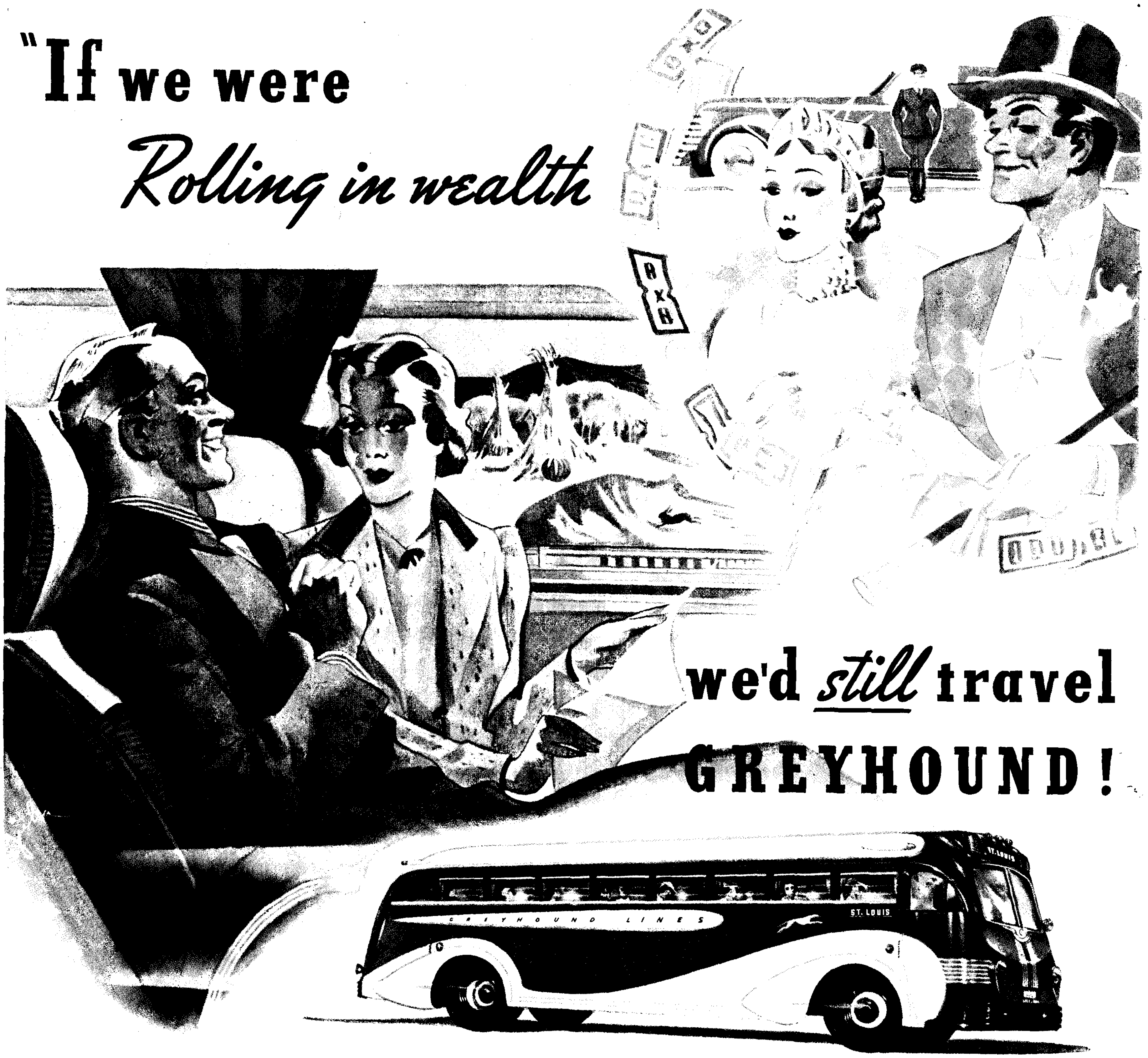

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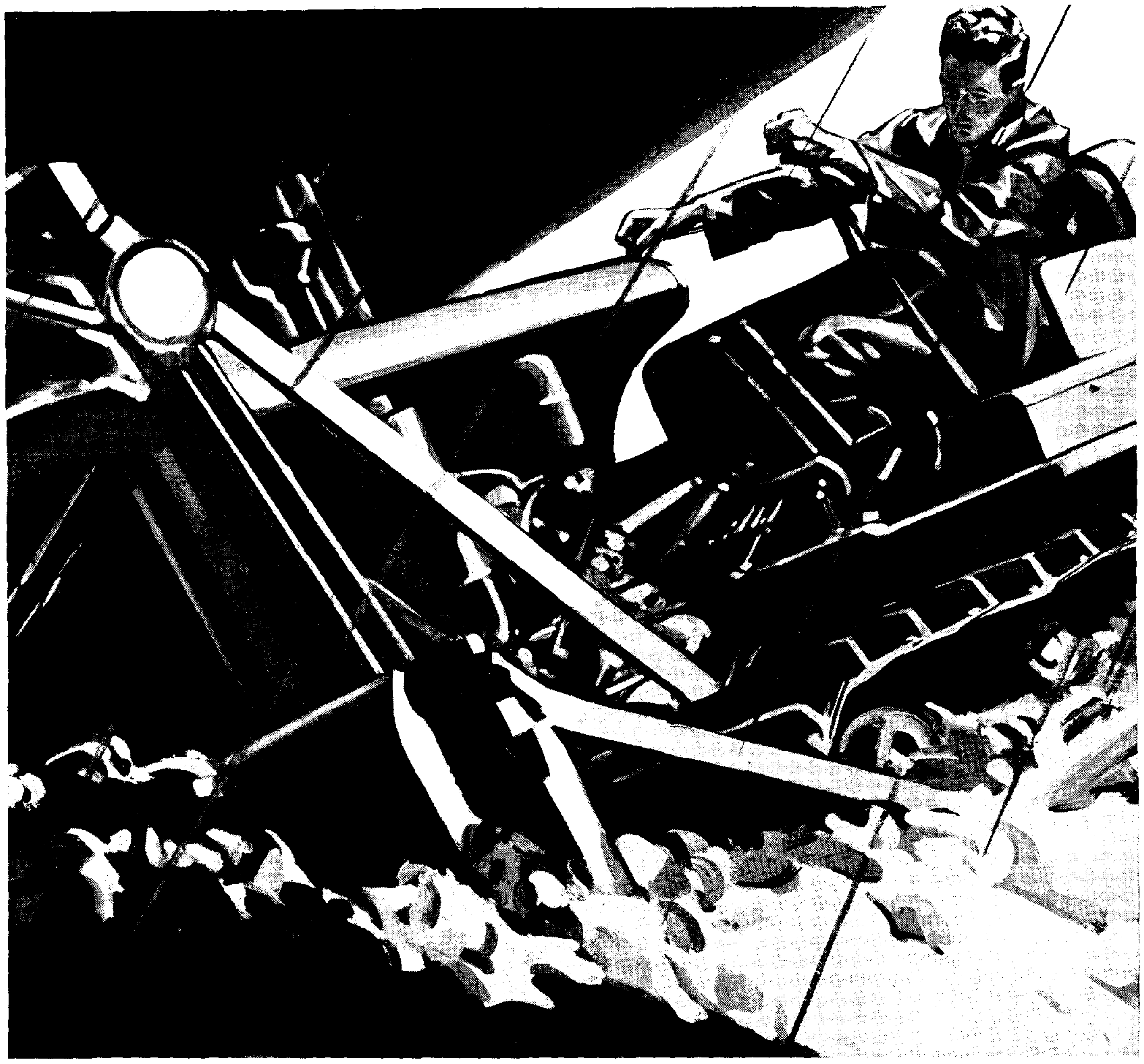

Tilted sharply, all its great weight was on the single tread, and that tread rested on mud as slick as glass

There had been only one job that year, and none at all the next. Then the shovel and the trucks were gone, and he was working as a jackhammer man in a tunnel. He had drifted west with Swede Nelson when the job was finished because the big construction was there, and construction was the only work he knew.

Bridges, railroads, highway jobs, he had seen them all, and two years lengthened to five, to six. . . . Once it seemed as though his luck had changed, for he had three battered trucks, an ancient dragline, and a job at a price that meant a profit. Winter struck early that year, a slide took the dragline into the canyon, and Peter McKay started over.

Time and work had done the rest. This job had looked good; had looked like a chance to pay for his equipment and have a little left. And now . . .

That was May. He saw Ruth Drake on the job every day, and always she was with the engineer. . . .

THE next month brought dust and a thousand details to swallow his waking hours—the swamp near the city limits, the park, the sweeping curve where the road followed the bend of the river. There was Main Street itself, where the stores had to be moved back and rebuilt.

They finished the long fill across the swamp that month, except for the hundred-foot gap that seemed to have no bottom, and the trucks began to haul rock. Sleep was a strange thing now, for they had added a third shift, and the trucks stopped rolling only to refuel. Day and night blended in roaring confusion, but their progress brought a tired smile to Peter McKay's lips.

“We're moving yardage, Swede, we've got it whipped.”

“Keep your fingers crossed; it can still rain.” Exhaustion had stamped deep lines upon Swede Nelson's face, and his eyes looked out of dark hollows. “Rain will slow the paving, but it's nothing to what it'll do to that gap in the fill. Porter won't let us fill that till it's dry, and once the rains come we're sunk.”

“Don't worry about it.” Peter McKay came slowly to his feet. “We're going out there in the morning and see what we can do.”

The morning shift was three hours old when Peter McKay and George Porter drove along the grade and out to the fill end. Swede Nelson was there, squinting down at a half dozen big stumps that lay on the floor of the gap.

“The first fifty feet is dry enough,” Porter said. “Pull those stumps and burn them, and then make the fill as far as the tall stakes. The rest is alive with springs.”

“Do we get paid for burning the stumps?” Swede asked.

“No, you—” Porter turned, for a roadster had stopped just behind them. Ruth Drake called a greeting, and then came toward them.

“Your office wants you to call, George.” She looked down at the gap then, and frowned. “This is where the springs are, isn't it?”

George Porter said, “That's right, but this half has dried out now. We'll burn the stumps, and dump rock out to the stakes.”

“Why not fill over the stumps?”

“They might rot,” George Porter explained. “The road would cave in if that happened.”

“I still think we ought to get paid extra for this,” Swede Nelson said stubbornly. “Them stumps are goin' to be hard to burn, and we'll mess the grade all up gettin' a cat down there. Besides, the cats're a mile away.”

Peter McKay said, “Save it, Swede.”

The stocky foreman dropped into a sullen quiet. Porter said, “I'll send an inspector right down.” He moved away, and Peter McKay fell in step with Ruth Drake as she walked back to her car.

“When do you start to pave?” she asked.

“Tomorrow. I'm going over to the plant now.” He tried to make the words light. “Why don't you ride over with me? We could have lunch somewhere along the way, and . . .”

HE THOUGHT, through that instant's silence, that she would refuse, but she smiled and said, “I'd like to, but where would I leave my car?”

He said, “I'll fix it,” and took the keys from her. She waited while he parked the roadster close to the gas-electric shovel; and she was quiet beside him as his car bumped over the uneven grade. They were passing the high school when he spoke:

“Remember when we went to school there?”

“That was so long ago,” she said. “You make me feel almost ancient.”

“It was years ago, but it was fun.” He heard his voice run on harshly, saying things he should have kept locked away. “College was fun too, a lot of fun. We were a lot younger then, and being in love was enough. I should have stayed here and—”

She was watching the dusty tapestry of the roadside. “You wouldn't be a contractor now if you'd stayed.”

“No, but I wouldn't have been hunting blue baskets to put the world in.” He shrugged and went on, jerkily, “And you and Porter wouldn't be . . .”

She touched his arm. “Hadn't we better skip this?”

“Right.” The road swept upward then, and below them the gray squares of the valley floor marched toward distant hills. “I was a sucker to think we could begin where we left off,” he said. “But we should be able to start from here—as though we'd just met.”

She said, “I think we can, Pete.”

The tension between them was gone, suddenly, and she was laughing, saying, “But what would a city slicker like you want with a country gal like me?”

He grinned at her and nosed the car into the drive of a roadside restaurant. “How about a hamburger sandwich?”

She laughed. “Sold!”

It was late afternoon when they returned to the job. They had stopped beside her roadster when a dump truck roared past them, its boxlike body still jack-knifed high above the chassis. Ruth Drake raised questioning eyes.

“Why, they're dumping rock already!”

“They should be.”

“But the stumps?' she said quickly. “How could they burn so fast—” She slipped out of the car and ran along the fill. Swede Nelson and a lanky inspector were there, and she was talking to the inspector when Peter McKay reached her side.

“Did you see them burn the stumps?”

“Stumps?” The lanky man shook his head. “They was dumpin' rock when I come. I didn't see any burnin'—”

Color burned in Ruth Drake's cheeks as she turned to face McKay. “I guess that's one way to make a profit.”

Peter McKay said, “Wait, Ruth, you . . .”

“There's no tractor here,” she said bitterly, “no trace of a fire. And a lunch check does cost less than moving a tractor two miles. You were afraid I'd see what your men were doing.”

“Ruth!” Bright anger built a wall between them. “You're guessing at things. You're . . .”

“Am I?” she asked, a thin coldness in her voice. “Anyway, I'll mail you a check for my half of the lunch.” She turned, stumbling in the loose gravel, and fled.

Peter McKay watched her go, his big shoulders bent, his mouth down-pulled in a bitter line. He spoke without turning, “Come on, Swede.”

THEY had reached his car when Swede said, “I loused it all up for you, Pete, but I couldn't open my mouth. I run a cable down from the shovel, an' yanked them stumps out that way.”

“What's wrong with that?”

“Nuthin',” Swede said miserably, “but they was too wet to burn, so I loaded 'em in trucks an' had 'em dumped in the river. I found out afterward that there's a five-hundred-dollar fine for that. See, Pete, I . . .”

Peter McKay forced a grin. “Forget it. We start paving in the morning, and you'll have plenty to think about.”

“This—this gal, Pete. She shouldn't have charge of a job this big. Ain't there some way you can get around her?”

“There's not a chance, Swede.” Peter McKay looked steadily at his foreman. “I tried, but I didn't get to first base.”

Swede Nelson's mouth jerked. “Then pray, Pete.”

George Porter didn't mention the partially filled gap, but he found new

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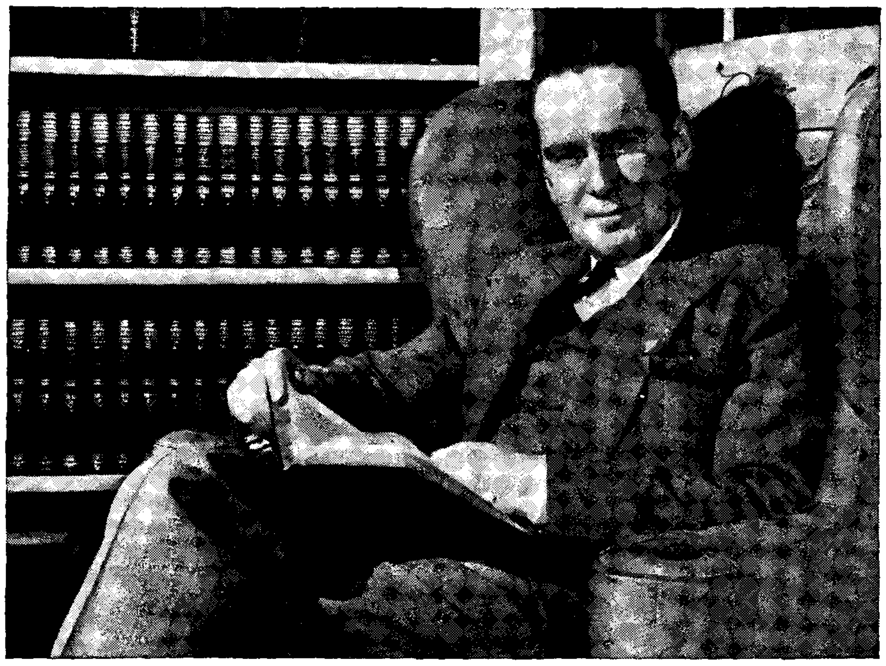

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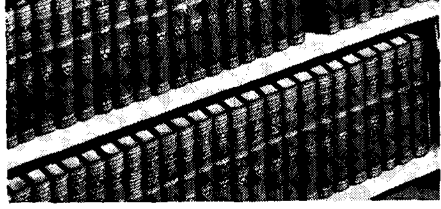

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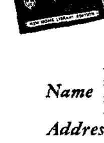

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teeth in the specifications each day, and the orders he gave brought a gray-faced Nelson into the office to say, "He's goin' to break you, Pete. He hates your . . ."

"We can't do a thing as long as he sticks to the contract." New lines etched tiny brackets around Peter McKay's mouth. "Stay with it, Swede."

"What about that gap in the fill?" Nelson asked.

"He says it isn't dry enough."

Black top! Greasy and clinging and hot, the asphalt was spilled from dump trucks, spread by workmen who were stripped to the waist. The rollers came then, wet-wheeled and panting, and behind them the base course stretched away—the solid foundation of the highway.

Three weeks, five. . . . The weather held clear and breathlessly still until the base was in and they started work on the top course. And still the gap in the swamp fill yawned like an unhealed wound.

Ruth Drake appeared on the job but once during the paving. Peter McKay said, "Ruth, I—" but though she passed within reach of his hand she didn't speak. The pallor of her cheeks was the only sign that she heard.

"So it's like that?" Peter McKay said. His eyes followed her away, and his throat was tight. Swede Nelson came then, climbing down out of a truck cab to thrust a weather map into McKay's hand.

"The dirty weather's comin', Pete. We've got to make that fill now or we never will."

"Let's go see Porter," McKay said.

They found the engineer alone in his office. McKay dropped the weather map on his desk and said, "A twenty-four-hour rain will put two feet of water in the swamp. What are you going to do?"

Porter's teeth shone in a white smile. "Nothing. The springs didn't dry out, and so you can't make the fill. We'll build a pile bridge there next year."

Peter McKay's mouth was thin. "You can do that now."

"I could, but I won't. You can't get your final estimate money till the job is done, and this won't let you finish. I'm going to break you, McKay, and next year another contractor will finish the job."

RED anger came into Swede Nelson's face and he growled, "Let me sock him, Pete, let me . . ."

"Hold it, Swede!" Peter McKay put his hands flat on the desk, leaned close to the engineer. "You're talking because you know I couldn't prove any of this in court. I ought to take you apart, and I will—but I'm finishing the job first!"

The engineer's mouth twitched, and there was no sound save that of his ragged breathing. And then, faintly, they heard the rumble of distant thunder.

"Stop those springs and I'll let you make the fill." Porter got slowly to his feet. "But you'd better hurry or the whole thing will be under water."

Peter McKay said, "I'll be seein' you, guy!"

They had reached the street when Swede Nelson asked, "What're we goin' to do, Pete? There's nothing . . ."

"We're going to play a hundred-to-one shot. We're going to finish the job or scatter it from hell to breakfast. We're going to blast."

Midnight. The town, the job, shuddered under the fury of a storm now twelve hours old. The gutters ran full and the streets were shimmering lakes. Gray, solid and wind-driven, the downpour lashed the swamp fill and the men who worked there; drew a gusty curtain across the yellow glow of the carbide flood lamps.

Swede Nelson, stocky in hip boots and mud-splashed slicker, carried the last case of dynamite to the floor of the gap. Peter McKay was one of the dozen there. He ripped the case open with a hatchet, and talked as he stacked the slim cylinders on an outspread coat.

"Three holes yet to load, Swede. Get the cats started, and get Porter here if you have to drag him."

"He's comin'," Swede said gently. "But ain't you loadin' them holes damn' heavy, Pete?"

Peter McKay straightened. He was hatless, and beneath his open slicker his clothes were thick with mud. A hard grin pulled at his lips as he faced Swede in the glow of the foreman's flashlight.

"We've got to," he said. "Miss, and we're all through. The bank'll pick our bones before we can get in here again. Where's the water now?"

The bright ray of Swede's flashlight probed out through the darkness. They could see little but the rank swamp grass, bent flat before the wind, the slanting rain. "I looked a little bit ago," Swede said. "We got three hours left, maybe four."

SOMEWHERE off in the dark there was the spluttering whine of a cat's starting engine, and then the heavy thunder of a big Diesel running wide open. Swede Nelson wheeled toward that sound, and Peter McKay looked up at the fill end as two figures appeared in the glare of the flood lamps there.

George Porter, tall in so'wester and black raincoat, and another. The old tightness came then, catching at Peter McKay's throat. Ruth Drake was there, her face pale in the yellow glare, her white slicker billowing in the grasp of the wind.

Peter McKay turned back to the work that had yet to be done. He didn't look up again, but the memory of her was bright in his mind—slim and small, leaning into the storm, watching.

They were still there when he climbed the fill a half hour later to say: "Sorry to keep you waiting. We're ready to shoot now."

"Shoot!" Porter's white face twisted. "You can't blast here, McKay. There's an ordinance against it . . ."

Peter McKay nodded and his eyes were cold. "That's one law I'm going to break. I've got timber mats down there to keep the mud from wrecking things. The blast will break the substructure, and the springs will drain somewhere else. You're licked, Porter!"

Porter turned to the girl. "You can stop him, Ruth!"

Ruth Drake's eyes came up to meet McKay's, and held there, steadily. "Would you stop if I told you to, Peter?" she asked. "Or would you blast anyway?"

"I'd blast," he said harshly.

The workmen climbed up out of the gap. Swede Nelson was the last to come. "Everything's in the clear, Pete. She's ready."

They went back then, all four of them, stumbling through the loose gravel to the pavement end two hundred feet away. A big truck was parked across the road there, and behind it there was the square, black firing battery.

"You're a fool, McKay!" George Porter's shoulders were pressed hard against the truck cab. "You can't . . ."

A faint, "Pray, Pete!" came from Swede's lips as McKay crouched over the battery.

Peter McKay said, "Ready!" and his eyes found Ruth Drake's white face as the plunger under his hand went down.

The deep-toned, booming roar struck like a blow against their ears. The earth beneath them seemed to rise, jolting solidly against their feet. Seconds ticked away and they could hear the wind again, the whispering hiss of the rain.

"Come a-runnin'!" Swede Nelson shouted, and slickered men appeared out of the darkness. Heavy motors awoke, and the tractors lumbered down into the gap.

"Pete!" Ruth Drake was looking up. "If a blast will stop the springs, why didn't you do this a month ago?"

"There were a lot of things we could have done," McKay said harshly. "A culvert would have fixed this, or a pile bridge, but Porter was the engineer and he said no."

The words came at the end of Porter's breath: "It's your word against mine. Those things wouldn't have worked—and this blast won't!"

They went down into the gap. Two men and a woman, moving down a steep path toward a hole that was alive with hurrying men and the solid roar of many motors.

"We'll cut a trench three or four feet below the floor of the swamp," McKay shouted. "And then we'll see."

Porter's flashlight swung. "You'll never make it! The water's comin' up too fast."

MINUTES, measured by the beat of big engines. The tractors were pulling scrapers now, and the black mud rolled up like grease from the cutting edges. The wide trench deepened. . . .

Thirty minutes later McKay grinned as Porter climbed down into the trench. "Those springs were flowing a hundred gallons a minute," he said. "Don't tell me I didn't stop 'em."

"You did," Porter said thinly. "Start the fill, but remember that . . ."

"I know. The rock goes in in six-inch lifts and must be packed in place or you'll make us do it over. Don't worry, it'll be right." Peter McKay thrust up one hand. "Okay, Swede!"

The trucks came, rumbling out of the night behind glaring headlights. Gravel spilled down the fill end and the bulldozer—a tractor that carried a heavy blade across its snout—went to work. Climbing high on the side of the fill, it whirled to push the gravel ahead of it to trench bottom. There it was spread and packed under churning treads.

They could see the water now. Black and oily, it crept up out of the swamp, spreading, rising . . .

"What will happen," Ruth Drake asked, "if the water gets into the trench before you get it filled?"

"They're all through!" Porter snapped.

Peter McKay said, "Right. We've got to spread the rock in six-inch layers, and we can't do it if the water fills the trench."

Quick moments hurrying away. Once Ruth Drake seemed about to speak but her words were lost in a choked cry as the cat teetered dangerously on the side of the fill. An instant it clung there—the full bellow of the engine shaking the night—and then it rocked, slipped backward down the steep pitch.

Peter McKay ran, but Swede Nelson and the dump men were there ahead of him. The operator's lips were gray and his voice shook. "I'm through. I ain't climbin' that fill again. I ain't gettin' myself killed!"

Peter McKay said, "I'll get it, Slim. Take a rest."

"But you ain't run a cat for a year . . ." Swede began.

"And you never ran one, Swede." McKay climbed up into the seat. "She's my job. Get going, Swede!"

Swede Nelson turned dumbly away, and McKay yanked the throttle wide, caught at slippery levers. The cat jerked backward a dozen feet and then lunged at the fill slope. Up, with mud flying from the treads; up, until the motor labored and the treads spun futilely.

The danger was here, at the top of each breathless climb; and fear came swelling up inside Peter McKay. A mistake, as the cat turned, and it would roll. There wouldn't be time to get clear, and, trapped upon the seat, he would go with it, tumbling to the bottom of the fill.

Now! He locked one tread, and the cat rocked as the other brought it slowly around. Tilted sharply and turning in less than its own length, all its great weight was on the single tread, and that tread rested on mud as slick as glass.

A raw moment and it was done. McKay had just a glimpse of Ruth's slim figure, of her hands pressed tight against her face, and then the cat was plunging down the slope, pushing a wave of gravel ahead of it.

Again and again he made that trip, and he saw her each time the cat turned at the top of its climb. Blurred hours, and trips beyond count. Gravel running like quicksilver before the blade of the cat. And then, where Ruth Drake had stood, the flood lamps showed only slanting rain.

He saw the water that trip, and realized that the gravel had filled the ditch, had risen three feet above the floor of the swamp.

Swede Nelson came through the rain. "Don't try to do it all, Pete. Anybody could make that spread now."

"That's right." Weariness pulled at McKay's shoulders, and a dull ache spread upward from his hips. "Another two feet and we can get the trucks down here."

Swede said, "She's whipped now."

Peter McKay didn't answer, for he was looking up at the slim, white-slickered figure waiting where the trucks backed in to dump.

"You better hurry," Swede said.

Peter McKay ran. Ruth Drake was pale, still, and the rain had made a tight cap of her hair. She smiled and her voice was soft. "You did it," she said. "You stopped the springs and you beat the rain."

Peter McKay said, "I beat Porter too. Where is he?"

"He's gone," she answered steadily.

McKay smiled bitterly. "So I break a promise. So I've lost a chance to . . ."

"You've lost a chance to use your hands on him," she said quietly. "But he lost more than that here tonight, Pete. He lost his self-respect."

"I see . . ."

HE TOUCHED her arm, and the silence was warm between them. A moment, and they heard the heavy sound of a truck motor. Color came into Ruth Drake's cheeks and she said:

"Look, Peter!"

Peter McKay turned. The truck that rolled toward them was one of his, but there was a strange, bright banner fluttering above the cab. There were men, grinning men, standing in the boxlike body; townsmen who held shining instruments.

The truck driver yelled: "Hit it, boys!"

There was a shuffle of movement. A fat man settled the gleaming coils of a tuba around him; a trumpet whispered a brassy note. A voice said, "One! Two!" and the warm beat of music filled their ears.

Peter McKay's throat was tight. "What is this, Ruth?"

"The band," she whispered, "remember? When you came home." She looked up, smiling. "I found out about those stumps days ago, and I learned other things too. I couldn't think of any other way to tell you."

"So I came home tonight." There was laughter in his words. "But we don't start over, Ruth, we go on from the day we left off." He caught her hand. "Come on, let's get out of this crowd."

"We're both watchin' a skywriter–and *smack!*"

Young Jorgens drove in here with his front fender crumpled like a boiled shirt after a christenin'.

"Bet you did some cussin' when you got *that* one," I says, sympathetic.

"Not a word," he says, "for I had the extreme good fortune to lock fenders with the most beautiful dame in the world!"

"Ain't you scrapin' acquaintance the hard way?" I ask.

"Don't get me wrong," he says. "Both of us was watchin' a skywriter—and *smack!*"

"You stopped sudden, huh? I *told* you stop and go is the toughest drivin' you do," I remind him. Then I swing into my sales story.

"You need oil *made* for stop and go," I say. "When you start up your engine, *my* oil don't lay there sluggish in your crankcase while movin' parts scrape together dry. It gets goin' in a *flash*—and it's got *body* for hard, fast drivin'—lemme tell you, Golden Shell Oil at 25¢ a quart is the greatest oil buy you ever seen!"

Geebies! Soon as I say "Golden Shell," Jorgens' face lit up like a firemen's carnival.

"Put some in—*for sentimental reasons!*" he hollers. "GOLDEN SHELL—that's what this skywriter was writin' when I smacked the gal!"

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

Let's Wipe Out T. B.

RECENT press announcements encourage the belief that our old enemy, tuberculosis, is shortly to be utterly routed in the United States. If the plans formulated by the National Tuberculosis Association and the United States Public Health Service receive effective support in the next Congress and state legislatures, it is possible that this once dreaded leader among the causes of death and human misery will be practically unknown to the next generation. To the man in the street this statement may sound Utopian but we have it on competent authority that this is a well-planned scheme entirely within the range of practical accomplishment.

To appreciate the significance of this claim, we need only see what has been accomplished against tuberculosis in the last thirty-five years. Since 1904, when the National Tuberculosis Association was first organized, the death rate from this disease has been reduced to less than one quarter.

As a result of this achievement, about one and a half years have been added to the average length of human life in our country.

The success of the tuberculosis campaign can be attributed to a number of factors. Chief among these was the wholesale education of the American public. The average citizen was made to understand that a tubercular infection was not a death warrant; that there was much hope for recovery when treatment was instituted early. Other important factors in the campaign have been the rapid extension of tuberculosis clinics and dispensaries where people could receive expert medical care; the growth of visiting nurse services and the frequent medical surveys among school children. The wholesale slaughter of cows infected with tuberculosis has saved many children's lives.

It was natural that those officially or professionally concerned with the control of the disease should now plan to eradicate it altogether. These practical, hardheaded experts have now drawn up a plan which is inspiring in its broad scope and purpose. For example, it is their intention to discover every individual case of tuberculosis. Since there are approximately 330,000 active cases of the disease known to the authorities at the present time it is probable that there are nearly 800,000 persons who have been exposed by family contact to tuberculosis. It is proposed that every one of these contacts be thoroughly examined by X-ray for traces of early tuberculosis. For the new cases thus discovered, it is expected that 40,000 additional hospital beds will have to be provided.

Since it is intended to gain the greatest possible control of the disease in the shortest practical time, work on these hospitals will have to begin at once.

The cost of this program will be large. In the course of the next six years, the total expenditures, it is estimated, will reach at least 269 millions of dollars. Of this sum, it is figured that 140 millions will be required for hospital construction, 113 millions for hospital maintenance and about 15½ millions for case finding.

Naturally, so large an amount will be beyond the means of the individual states; the major part of the cost will have to be borne by the federal government. But considering the great losses annually sustained by the country through the continued depredations of tuberculosis, even so huge an outlay will be well worth while. Recent estimates of the present loss from tuberculosis due to decreased working capacity alone have been placed at $2,600,000,000. When we consider the additional cost of treatment (about $4,000 per case according to one estimate), not to mention the sums spent for relief of the families of tuberculous workers, the social waste is staggering.

In two respects the present program of the National Tuberculosis Association and the official agencies will have to be amended to achieve satisfactory results. Hereafter it will not suffice to isolate and treat open or infectious cases only. More and more, as the number of tuberculosis cases decreases, attention will have to be concentrated upon the protection of the contacts of open cases. And wherever the double menace of infection and poverty is discovered, much more will have to be done to safeguard such persons than has been the practice in the past.

The majority of the families of the tuberculars are poor and undernourished. Accordingly, the new plan, to be successful, must provide for the adequate care of such families not only during the period of the patient's treatment but also for some time following his recovery. This will involve considerably more than the usual amount accorded families on relief. Regular medical supervision of these families also is demanded to prevent other members from contracting the disease.

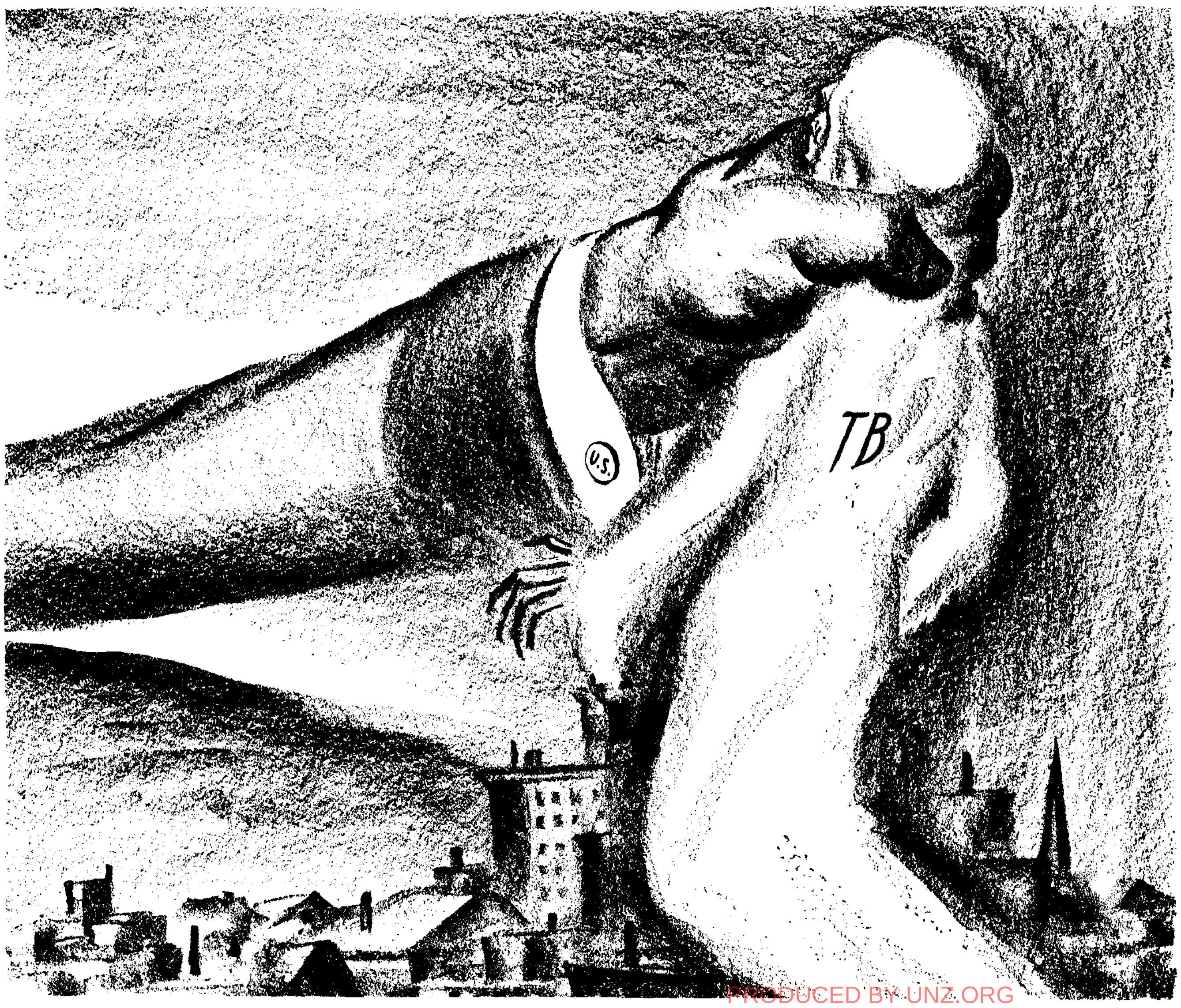
But even more important is the aftercare of the patient himself. He must not, as in the past, be permitted to return to occupations and environmental conditions likely to cause a return of his illness. On his discharge from the tuberculosis sanatorium, provision must be made for his gradual adjustment in an occupation suited to his impaired physical and psychological condition.

For a while he will need constant medical supervision to forestall a return of the disease. In many cases, his meager earnings will have to be supplemented with a sufficient amount to enable his family to subsist on a healthful basis until he is strong enough to support them without aid. There is no sense in spending several thousand dollars to cure a patient of tuberculosis only to return him to the same sources of infection originally responsible for his illness.

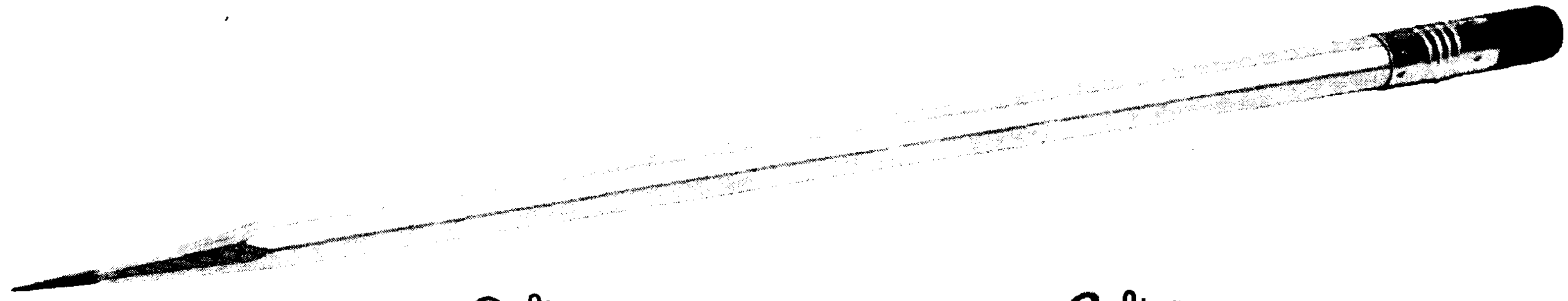
Collier's agrees that the time is ripe for a death-dealing blow to tuberculosis. Public and private interests are ready to go the limit to this end. The public mind has been made receptive to the idea while the disease has been reduced to a condition extremely vulnerable to the final attack.

Complete success, however, will not be attained by halfway measures. The attack must be launched in every quarter and with every resource at our command. We have now reached the mopping-up stage of the fight, where attention must be concentrated upon details and thoroughness of procedure rather than on broad mass effects. Our future course must be devoted to preventive and protective measures even more than to curative methods.

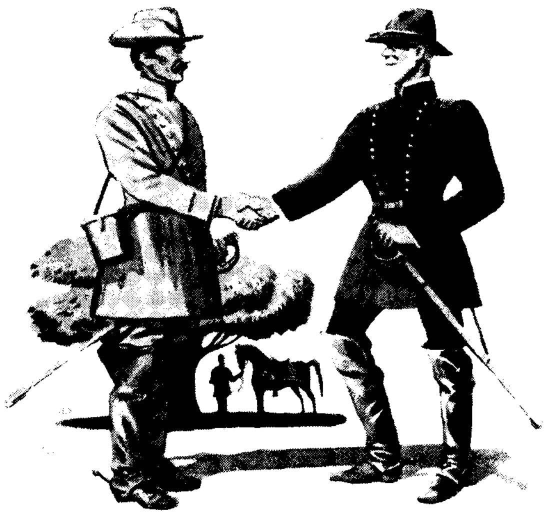
If we mean to eradicate tuberculosis we can do it and it will be the best investment government can make.



Whiskey Exam for Men

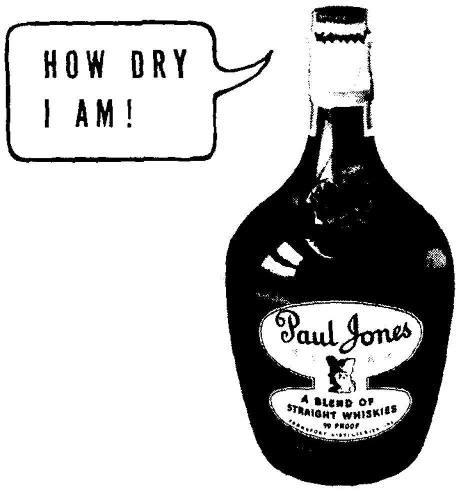


1. **Q:** What year is famous because it marked the end of a war and the birth of an illustrious whiskey?



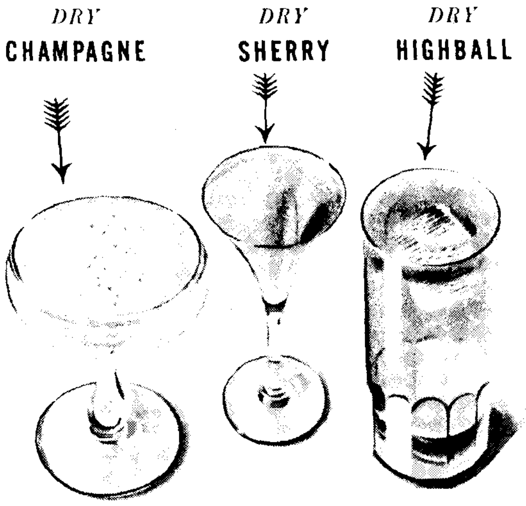
A: 1865—for in that year the Civil War ended and Paul Jones Whiskey was brought forth, to quickly become known the country over as "A gentleman's whiskey."

2. **Q:** What quality is this whiskey especially noted for today?



A: Above all, for its DRYNESS. For Paul Jones is a truly DRY whiskey—hearty and robust, as a man's whiskey should be—yet without even a trace of sweetness in its make-up.

3. **Q:** Why does this quality of DRYNESS appeal to so many discriminating drinkers?



A: Connoisseurs have always sought the quality of DRYNESS—in their champagne, sherry, and highballs, too. Naturally, they were quick to acclaim a whiskey like Paul Jones, which brings them this same distinctive quality.

4. **Q:** What is the best way to try a DRY whiskey?

A: That depends entirely on the drink you prefer. You'll find that Paul Jones, because of its brisk, keen-flavored DRYNESS, is very much on the special side, whether you try it straight, in a cocktail, or in a highball.

5. **Q:** When is the best time to try it?

A: We can't think of any better time than right now! So tie a string around your finger, or do *something* to remind you to try Paul Jones at your favorite bar—or buy a bottle at the nearest package store *today*. Once you discover how *grand* a DRY whiskey can be, you'll say, "It's Paul Jones for *me*—from now on!"

*IT'S DRY**

and every drop is straight WHISKEY!

*DRY means not sweet.

A blend of straight whiskies—
100% straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated,
Louisville and Baltimore

"Star" AUCTIONEER FOR

BILL CURRIN, Like Most of the Other Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Mr. Smoker: You say most of these tobacco experts smoke Luckies?

Mr. Lucky Strike: Yes, 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. Sworn records prove it.

Mr. Smoker: How many of these tobacco experts work for you?

Mr. L. S.: Not one! They're all *independent* tobacco men. Auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: Are these men the best judges of tobacco?

Mr. L. S.: You bet they are! Just for example, there's Bill Currin. He's been an auctioneer for 16 years, and has sold millions of pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Smoker: And Currin smokes Luckies?

Mr. L. S.: Yes—and has for 15 years. Not only for their fine tobacco, but because of the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco—makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on the throat.

Mr. Smoker: That sounds good to me. I'll try them.

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—BECAUSE "IT'S TOASTED"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Bill Currin—Auctioneer—has smoked Luckies for 15 years

Sworn Records Show That—

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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